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THE HERIM BASHI.

THE HEKIM BASHI:

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH STONELL

A NOVEL IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:

SMITH, KILDER AND CO., 43, CORNHILL.

1841.

11/15/35

THE HERIM BASHI.

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THE HEKIM BASHI:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF GIUSEPPE ANTONELLI,

A DOCTOR IN THE TURKISH SERVICE.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF KARS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

2

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

—
1864.

284

Wb/69/360

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Bay in the
Staatsbibliothek
München

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

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1864

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THE HEKIM BASHI.

CHAPTER I.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR—A PAINFUL INTERVIEW WITH THE
PASHA—A LOVE AFFAIR—THE BABA'S STORY.

THE plague was stayed, and men began to breathe freely, and return to their usual occupations and amusements. My own heavy labours were lightened, and I was now meditating a journey to Constantinople, to deliver my charge into the hands of some of her Greek relatives. She, poor thing! was urgent to depart, as her present life was insufferably dull. She was, in truth, a prisoner, and her nurse Katinka was her sole companion; no wonder, then, that she pined for a change to some scene where she would not be reminded, at every moment, of her sad loss.

My preparations, however, were slow, and constantly interrupted; for, to confess the truth, I had borrowed half of Marie's fortune, tempted by the

enormous interest I could obtain with but little risk, as it would have been dangerous to cheat a favourite of the pasha. It was scarcely surprising, then, that I was in no hurry to depart.

I had kept an elderly Mussulman servant and his wife in Marie's house as guardians, and I had given the strictest injunctions to them not to admit any guest whatever. One morning, on paying my usual visit to my charge, Marie complained that her privacy had been invaded by a horrid creature, who had smoked a pipe in the best room, and filled the house with an odour of tobacco ; and had, moreover, stared at her in an unwarrantable manner. From her description, he was neither a citizen of Mosul, a Turk, nor an Arab ; so I clapped my hands, and called Ahmet, whom I bitterly reproached for disobedience of orders.

“ Ne yapaim—what can I do ? ” answered Ahmet. “ I cannot resist a dervish ; he would dry up my blood by the evil eye. I did but give him a pipe, and he gave the virgin his blessing.”

It was in vain to contend with Ahmet on a subject of this kind. He was a trustworthy man, but a good Mussulman, and would as soon have renounced his religion as have offended a dervish. Moreover, nothing is more common than the unceremonious

visit of a fakir, and I could not see that any harm would ensue from this one ; I was only annoyed that the letter of the law I had laid down should have been broken.

I soothed Marie by tender words, and explained to her the character of a dervish, and how necessary it was to humour the religious prejudices of the people amongst whom we live.

Katinka here joined in the conversation, and said that, for her part, she looked upon dervishes as the worst of Mussulmans. When she was a child in Smyrna, they were at the bottom of every mischief, and one of them had slain her uncle in the open street, during the massacres consequent upon the Greek revolution. “Dervishes, indeed ! I spit on dervishes !” exclaimed the “paramana.”

Of late, Marie had always insisted upon her paramana (or nurse) being present during our conversations. The poor child was scarce fifteen, but her lonely and peculiar position had developed the instincts of a modest maiden, jealously afraid of the least infraction of propriety. She now began gently to upbraid me for my delay in our intended journey to the capital, until, seeing a cloud gather on my brow, she cried, “Forgive me, signore, forgive me ! I know you will stay here no longer

than necessary ; but you see how sadly I live in this house from day to day, and how I long to be with some relations."

Just then our conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the outer door. I heard Ahmet's voice speaking in a tone of great respect. I rose to see what could be the meaning of this, when I heard footsteps in the courtyard. I looked through the bars of the window, and saw Ahmet preceding two individuals, dressed like ordinary Moslem citizens. I rushed to the door to prevent the intrusion, and was paralyzed by the greeting of a well-known voice.

It was the pasha, in "tebdil," or disguise, and with him was Osman Bey.

I could not oppose them, and they entered the room. Marie and her nurse rose to escape, but there was only one door to the apartment, and Osman had placed himself before it.

The pasha seated himself, and, in his usual tone of authority, bade us all do the same. Marie stood fearful and indignant at the intrusion, and looked to me to resent it.

"Tell the virgin to be seated," said the pasha.

"Come and sit by me, dear Marie," I said ; and the girl obeyed, beckoning her paramana to come to her side.

The pasha's eyes gloated over the fair form of the lovely girl, until, blushing with indignant shame, she hid her face on the breast of the paramana. The latter, ignorant of the rank of the visitor, but, from his language, judging he was Turkish, exclaimed, "Aib, aib!—shame on you, mannerless Turk that you are! It is not thus that our maidens are looked on by strangers!"

"Suz—hold your tongue," said Osman, "you female dog without religion!"

"Female dog, indeed! you cuckold! you pezi-venk! you son of a Turkish she-ass! Pooh! I spit on you, your father (if ever you had one), your mother (who never knew his name), you——"

"Paramana! paramana!" exclaimed Marie, "hush!" But the paramana's tongue was loosed, and I had to interfere. The pasha, too, gravely rebuked Osman for offending the good woman, whose voluble tongue was stopped with the greatest difficulty. After a while, the storm subsided, and coffee and pipes were served. The pasha conducted himself with the greatest politeness, and seemed to have laid aside his authority with his uniform, and to have assumed an air of parental kindness and pity towards Marie, who was gradually reconciled to him. He presently declared himself, and said that

he had loved Krasinski, and could not refrain from coming in person to offer any assistance. Marie's blue eyes sparkled with tears of gratitude at this mention of her father; and as the pasha was an elderly man, the effects of his first rude stare wore off, and she conversed very modestly and sweetly on the virtues of her beloved parents. The pasha honoured us with an unusually long visit. He praised my solicitude for the welfare of the orphan-girl, whom he remarked upon as being much taller than her age would have led him to expect; but he supposed Frank girls were unlike others in this respect. He at last rose to depart, and patted and stroked the golden locks of Marie, and then bade me wait upon him the same evening.

When he had departed, I sank upon the sofa in a state of mind little to be envied. I told Marie to leave me quite alone, as I was not well; and she obeyed, though evidently anxious to ask me questions about our grand visitor. The paramana was loud in the praises of the "sweet man." I saw the glitter of avarice in her eyes, and I had remarked a heavy fee of gold slipped into her hand as the pasha departed. I shuddered, as the conviction forced itself on my mind, that this Turkish voluptuary had taken a fancy to Marie; and how utterly un-

guarded she was ! for what could I do for her protection ? “ What could I do ? ” Suddenly the idea possessed me of placing her under the protection of Rafya Khanum. No time was to be lost. I rose to depart, bidding Ahmet to admit no one in my absence, not even a dervish. At the door, I was met by a hasty summons to the cadi, who was ill, and desired my attendance. Not only did he require my care for himself, but two or three members of his family wanted to have their pulses felt, and prescriptions written for them ; and so it was somewhat late in the day before I could depart.

I mounted my horse, and turned his head towards the house of the khatoun, when, suddenly, a chiaoush from the palace appeared, with an urgent summons to the pasha.

My heart sank at this message, and I mechanically turned towards the residence, and followed the chiaoush.

Again did I find myself in the private room in the precincts of the harem, all alone with my master, whom I now feared and detested with the whole strength of my nature.

“ Bouyoroon, Hekim Bashi ; guel, otoor—come and sit down,” said the pasha, in his blandest tones.

I obeyed, with my usual humility, and awaited the pleasure of his Excellency.

“The young maiden has grown much since I last inquired about her, eh, Hekim Bashi! She scarcely looks like ten years of age, eh, Hekim Bashi!” and the pasha chuckled as he made this remark.

“The dust of your feet may have been mistaken, Pasha Effendim,” I replied, “but the maiden is quite young.”

“Evet — yes, she is young — very young, and pretty. When do you intend to marry her, Hekim Bashi?”

“Usta’fr Ullah—God forbid!” I answered; “your slave has no such intention: the dust of your feet is already betrothed.”

“Eulé mi—is it so? Then the maiden is free. It is a pity to let ripe fruit hang too long; why not find her a husband?”

“Effendim, I am about to ask your Excellency’s permission to take her to Constantinople, and give her to her friends,” I replied.

“Yavash, yavash—gently, my friend, there is no great hurry. Who are her friends—are they Frank or Rayah?” asked the pasha.

“They are Rayahs, Effendim.”

The pasha deliberately smoked for a few moments

without speaking, then clapped his hands and called for coffee. This, too, was drunk in silence, and the attendants once more left us alone.

The pasha then looked me steadily in the face, and slowly said, "Hekim Bashi, what have you done with the money of the dead Polish doctor?"

I felt that I turned crimson and pale by turns, and with dry and stammering tongue I answered, "Money? Effendim, there was no money—at least, very little. I have placed some at interest for the benefit of the maiden; I have a few jewels by me, Effendim—a very few—and I was going to ask your Excellency's advice how to dispose of them."

"Oh, Hekim Bashi!" said the pasha, pulling me by the ear, "you are a sly fox; but you must pull off your papoosh, if you want to catch *me* asleep. The doctor was rich, and you have got a good sum of money. Peki, zarar yok—there is no harm in that; but I am pasha here, and I go shares in all treasures. It is hardly fair that you should have both money and maiden. She is a beauty, and you know it, Hekim Bashi, but 'white bread is not for every dog.'"

"Usta'fr Ullah—God forbid!" I replied; "the money is at your service; there is not much—only

five hundred ducats. But what will the maiden do? How can I give her naked to her friends?—they will say I stole the money!”

“Never mind the money, Hekim Bashi; I only want to give the maiden a home. She shall come and be my first khanum. What could her friends do more for her? There, keep the money, and send me the girl without delay.”

“Aman, Effendim, aman! I am your sacrifice, O Pasha! I am but the dust of your feet,” I replied, throwing myself at his feet, and kissing the floor. “The girl is a Christian, O Pasha!—she cannot enter a Mussulman’s harem.”

The pasha was silent for a moment, but he scowled at me with the expression of a demon. At last he opened his mouth, and spoke in tones distinct, but little louder than a whisper, and every word seemed incisive and pungent to the ear.

“Hekim Bashi, take care. If you oppose me in this matter, in the slightest way—nay, if you do not aid me in persuading the maiden to come quietly—mark me, quietly—your career shall be even like that of this pipe-bowl,” and the pasha crushed the bowl to powder under his foot.

A dead silence supervened, which was broken by his Excellency, who said, “Let the maiden be here

to-morrow night ; I will send for her at sunset. Go ! ”

I arose, kissed the hem of the tyrant's pelisse, and went my way with a heavy heart. I never showed myself to Marie. I went straight home, and then sent for Katinka. I was prepared for a storm, and with an enchanter's rod of gold I was ready to allay it. But the vile woman had already been tampered with. Her bright Greek eyes glistened with avarice ; she was to accompany her young mistress, and be the confidential servant of the biringi khanum, or first lady of the pasha, with untold gold to spend.

“ Leave me alone, signore, for managing the young lady. She shall get safe into the harem without an idea as to where she is going. She will think it is the first day's journey towards Constantinople. She is packing up now, and often asks for you. Ha ! ha ! once safe within the harem, trust me to manage her. ‘ Won't she be frightened ? ’ do you say ? Pooh ! a young maiden is always frightened at first ; but the pasha is such a sweet, good man, she likes him already. Signore, you will remember me—I am a poor old woman.”

I gave the odious woman gold, and told her to rejoin her mistress quickly. I felt that the whole

affair could not be in better hands, but I was sick at heart, and longed to forget that any Marie had ever existed. As some consolation to my wounded feelings, I repaired to my room to examine the jewels, which I had removed to my own house for safety. They were very handsome, and to my inexperienced eyes, seemed worth more than two thousand ducats. I took out of the casket an emerald necklace of great beauty, and could not but think how well it would have adorned poor Marie's fair neck. Such reflections were, however, worse than useless, so I banished them from my mind, and found some satisfaction in the thought that, after all, religion apart, Marie was well provided for. And what of religion? If she were inclined, she might keep her own faith; such an arrangement is by no means unknown in Turkish harems; but as she was so young, she would much more likely adapt herself quietly to her new position, become a Mahomedan, and be happy.

True it was that the pasha had a more legitimate harem already at Constantinople, and there was the chance that he might become tired of his new flame, as he had of the Circassians, and give poor Marie to one of his secretaries or chiboukjis. But she was vastly superior, both in body and mind, to any-

thing, Circassian, Kurdish, or Arab, that I had ever seen, and so would probably maintain an influence over the man, or, if the worst came to the worst, and if Marie were transferred to another Turk, might not he be a good husband? And then women are so ductile, and so soon reconcile themselves to circumstances. "After all, young girls are daily sacrificed to old men in all countries, and at all times, and this affair is none of mine. I did my best to protect the poor girl; what more could I do? I will think no more of the matter."

I was of too practical a turn of mind to regret what was irreparable; moreover, my mind was now fired by a most glorious scheme of ambition which had lately occurred to me. I had frequently been summoned of late to attend Rafya Khanum,* whose ailments were, in truth, purely imaginary. Nothing loth, however, to indulge her fancies, I was constant in my attendance, made my visits as long as decency would permit, and was always richly rewarded. Love levels all distinctions. Here was the widow of a wealthy Mussulman magnate in love with a nameless adventurer and a Ghiaour. Shame was it for her to confess her weakness, but she did confess it.

* The Khatoon Rafya and Rafya Khanum are respectively the Arabic and Turkish for the lady Rafya.

Taking advantage of the momentary absence of her attendant, she said to me, "Hekim Bashi, be wise; make the confession of faith, and I will be thy slave for ever."

"Khatoon," I answered, "my heart is all on fire; thine eyes have drunk up my blood; I am only happy near thee. Surely I will think on this matter: and if my destiny leads me to thy faith, I will follow it."

We snatched a hasty embrace—our lips met in one long burning kiss—and so I was converted to her faith.

I pondered deeply on my position. It was not without a pang of dread and remorse that I contemplated leaving the faith of my fathers, and adopting that of the false prophet; but I was too philosophical to dwell much on the terrors of a future state of existence. I was young and healthy, and there seemed time enough to think of death and judgment. Moreover, Mahomedanism was the religion of the country in which I dwelt, and I could hope for no worthy career as a Christian. And, after all, the Mussulmans worshipped the same God as do the Catholics. Why not fix my devotion on one God, and ignore those mysteries which, perhaps, are but the invention of priests? This question of religion,

on the whole, perplexed me less than that of marriage. Far from having forgotten Leonora, I still loved her deeply : and it had been the most cherished object of my life to return and marry her. I felt sure she would be faithful to me through evil report and good report, short of the step I contemplated. If I became a Mussulman, and married a Turkish woman, then, of course, I must take leave of Leonora.

Since my arrival in Mosul I had seen but little of the imrahor Moosa, who, from some freak, had left the service of the pasha, and, though a bektash, was devoting himself to the study of law and religion, under a learned sheikh. He was by far the most friendly and honest Turk, as well as the most intelligent, that I had yet met with, and I determined to go and consult with him.

He lived in a small room attached to a mosque, and I had some difficulty at first in finding him, being repelled more than once by the insolence of the softas, or students, among whom he was now enrolled, and who are, beyond comparison, the most fanatical savages in Turkey.

At last I found my friend, dwelling in honourable poverty in a small cell, the furniture of which consisted of a prayer-carpet, a water-jug, a yorgan, or counterpane, a small sofa divan, and half a dozen

books. He was engaged in reading the Koran, with a grey-bearded old man. As I entered, the latter carefully put away the book, and drew himself up on a corner of the sofa, eyeing me askance with an expression of contemptuous fanaticism.

Moosa received me with his usual cordiality, not even deeming it necessary (as most Turks would under the same circumstances) to put on an aspect of Mussulman exclusiveness. I took my seat, and a little bare-legged lad presently brought pipes and coffee.

I had hoped to have seen and spoken alone with my friend, but the learned man of the law would take no hints, so we conversed as if he were not present.

After discussing some general subjects, I broached that nearest my heart. I asked what probationary rites or ceremonies were necessary before becoming a Mussulman.

Ere Moosa could open his mouth, the white-turbaned old man exclaimed—

“Talk not of rites and ceremonies, O man! Profess the faith, proclaim the unity, be circumcised, and save thy soul.”

“Such is my desire, baba,” I answered; “but a man does not change his religion as he would his coat: he requires reflection.”

“Moreover, the hekim,” said Moosa, “is unwilling

hastily to deprive the Christian nation of an ornament, though Islam be anxiously waiting to receive him. Converts to the faith have to think well on this matter."

"Why should a man wait to escape the pains of hell?" said the old man; "why should he linger and look back, until, like Lot's wife, he be utterly destroyed without remedy? Lo! the time is not far distant when the sword of Islam shall be unsheathed from Hind even to ghiaour Izmir, and the Kiaffirs shall be swept from the earth. I, even I, Abderhaman, have spoken."

"Another argument," observed Moosa, "and a very strong one; by all means make up your mind to embrace the true faith."

I again expressed my desire to examine carefully the tenets of Islam, but there were certain laws and customs on which I wished to be previously more fully informed. In a cautious manner I inquired into the laws regulating the contract of marriage and the facility of divorce. Moosa answered me readily, and the old man, now regarding me as a sort of neophyte, laid aside all his fanatical sourness, and largely expatiated on Mahomedan sheraat (religious law), and kanoon, or common law. I learned, to my astonishment, that the facility of divorcing a wife was

far greater in the East than in the West ; that, in fact, it sufficed to pronounce the formula three times, and the couple were free ; that, after divorcing his wife, a Mussulman can take her back again without ceremony ; but if he has divorced her three times, ere he can remarry her she must be married to another man ; and not until this new marriage is consummated, and a new divorce pronounced by the second husband, can the original one resume his spouse.

The old man, grown garrulous on these subjects, related an anecdote, illustrative of the Mussulman law of marriage.

“ A certain Shah of Persia, the great Khudabende, was possessed of a jewel of a wife, whom he loved almost as much as himself ; but this houri, being somewhat proud and hasty, did from time to time ruffle the temper of the king of kings—so much so that he had on two occasions pronounced the sentence of divorce. Still, as the Shah could not thus deprive himself of the light of his eyes, he pardoned her each time, and again took her into favour.

“ But it so happened that on a certain day this beloved queen behaved herself so ill, that the king, being transported with rage, and listening only to the promptings of the devil, pronounced, the third time, the fatal words of divorce.

“On this he retired to his zenana, to drown his anger and grief in wine and music. That night, as the king lay down to sleep, the recollection of his rash act came upon him, and it repented him that he had ever uttered the irrevocable words. Sleep was chased from his eyes, and the most monotonous strains of the kanoon could not banish from his thoughts the charms of Zeynel, nor mitigate the remorse he felt at his imprudence. So early in the morning he summoned the Sheikh ul Islam, and all the great men learned in the laws of the Prophet, and, explaining to them his difficulty, asked what the king of kings might do to recover the wife of his bosom.

“Then the Sheikh ul Islam, in each hair of whose white beard was the learning of a college, declared that the king of kings, the shadow of the Almighty, must submit to the law, even as the meanest of his subjects, and must see his wife married to another, ere he could again take her to his bed. So the king rent his clothes, and, in his despair, asked if there were no other wise and holy man whom he could consult in this grievous difficulty. One of the attendants then stepped forward, and mentioned a certain holy dervish, who lived at some days' distance, in seclusion.

“ ‘ Send for him instantly,’ exclaimed the king.

“ Now this holy dervish had learned all the troubles of the Shah in a dream, and the desire of his majesty to see him had already been foretold, long ere it was conceived in the royal breast ; so before the messenger had departed a little old man, in a shabby dress, rode into the court-yard of the palace, tied up his ass, and walked into the august assembly with his shoes under his arm.

“ ‘ Who art thou ?’ asked the Shah.

“ ‘ I am Ibrahim il Fakir, of Koi,’ answered the little old man.

“ ‘ And why dost thou carry thy shoes under thy arm ?’ asked the king.

“ ‘ Because so it is commanded by the apostle of God (God favour and preserve him !) ; for did he not lose his shoes when attending a council of the Hanefis, and, therefore, commanded that all his faithful followers should hereafter carry their shoes under their arms into a place of assembly ?’

“ ‘ Now there thou liest !’ exclaimed the sheikh of the Hanefis ; “ for our sect did not exist in the days of the Prophet, upon whom be peace !”

“ ‘ If so,’ answered the little old man, ‘ it must have been an assembly of the Malakee that the Prophet attended.’

“ ‘Neither can that be,’ exclaimed the sheikh of the Malakee; ‘for our sect was unheard of in those days.’

“ And likewise so said the sheikh of each sect there present, when the old man named them successively in the same manner. So when each and all had spoken, the old man raised his voice in a tone of indignation, and exclaimed,—

“ ‘If so be, then, that none of these sects existed in the Prophet’s time, how can you pretend to lay down their laws as infallible, and thus heap on Islam burdens grievous to be borne, which were never sanctioned by the Prophet, nor found in the excellent book?’

“ So the Shah was greatly delighted, and declared that Ibrahim il Fakir was the first of sages, and commanded that all men should do him honour.

“ Now envy and jealousy devoured the hearts of the sheikhs and wise men in council, and one of these exclaimed,—

“ ‘O Ibrahim! if thou art wise, thou canst doubtless tell us where is the centre of the earth.’

“ ‘Where my ass is picketed,’ answered Ibrahim. ‘Dost thou dispute it? Then prove the contrary.’

“ Another sage, seeing his brother discomfited, asked Ibrahim how many stars the firmament contained?

“ ‘As many stars as there are hairs on my ass,’ answered Ibrahim; ‘dost thou doubt it, then count them.’

“So the wise men and the sheikhs in council assembled were silenced, and durst ask him no more questions; and the Shah, with a light heart, dismissed them, and thankfully took again to his bed Zeynel, his beloved wife.”

So ended the story of Abderrhaman; after relating which he smoked his pipe solemnly for a few moments, and then said,—

“Ibrahim spoke the truth; the plain and simple precepts of the blessed Koran have been bedaubed by commentators, while the faithful grope about in the dark, the blind leading the blind, until Islam is fallen from its high estate, and lies under the frown of the Almighty. Meantime, the people of ‘harb,’ the accursed Kiaffirs, grow strong, and threaten the throne of the Caliph; but the day is coming when Islam shall again draw the sword, and God, the all-merciful, will again fight for His people.”

Then to me—“My son, come out from among the Kiaffirs, and join thee with the people of God.”

So saying, the old man unfolded his legs from under him, put his feet into his papoosh, and shuffled out of the room.

CHAPTER II.

“ A vein had burst, and her sweet lips’ pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood that ran o’er,
 And her head drooped, as when the lily lies
 O’ercharged with rain.”

NOT many days after this conversation with Moosa and the Imaum Abderrhaman (for the old man whom I met was no other than the imaum* of the principal mosque), I was riding over the meidan, having just visited the pasha, when I fell a-musing upon the subject which absorbed my whole soul. I still shrank irresolutely from the final step that was to shut me out for ever from all hope of Leonora. I dallied with my resolve, for I felt that my destiny was leading me into the temple of Islam ; and yet I lingered on the way. So sure was I of the possession of the Khatoon Rafya and her wealth that my bearing had already acquired a certain amount of arrogance, more becoming a haughty Mussulman than one of the despised faith of Issa.

* Imaum, a Moslem priest.

As I rode along on my Arab horse—for I was now well mounted—a beggar, somewhat importunate, got in my way, and I struck him with a horse-hair fly flap, telling him to begone. My own Mussulman groom had so often lashed these poor wretches, as they lingered on the path, and they had borne the infliction so meekly, that I was astonished when the beggar turned and yelled out at me the foulest imprecations, calling me a *kiaffir*, a *ghiaour*, the son of a Christian dog, a man without religion, an eater of filth, a *kelp ibn kelp*—a dog, and the son of a dog, and ended by hurling at me a mass of the vilest filth from a neighbouring gutter. My shame and anger were intense before this last insult, which drove me beside myself. I would have drawn my sword on the beggar; but I saw the vile rabble took his part; and when I was bespattered with dirt, a loud laugh was raised, and a voice from amongst the crowd was heard exclaiming, “Lo! thus shall the enemies of our religion be put to confusion.” I rode away grinding my teeth with impotent rage; nor did I feel myself again until I had undergone the purification of the bath.

That afternoon I rode to the house of the *cadi*.* Leaving my horse at the door, I entered the large

* *Cadi*, a judge.

salaamlik, or hall of audience, where the cadi sat, surrounded by several of the notables of the city, amongst whom were the Mufti, my old friend the Imaum Abderrhaman, and other white-turbaned elders.

No one rose as I entered, such an honour was reserved for Mussulmans; and, though accustomed to the contemptuous condescension accorded me, it was becoming unbearable, for I felt that I was suffering the penalties attached to Christianity, while I had lost its privileges, as I meditated apostasy.

I took my seat in the lowest place in that assembly, and humbly saluted the cadi, and then the rest of the company. A scarcely perceptible nod of the head was vouchsafed by the cadi and Abderrhaman, while the others regarded me with a rude stare.

I was swelling with rage and mortification. Presently a cup of coffee was brought me, but no pipe. I was not considered worthy to smoke in such exalted company.

“O Cadi!” said I, in a voice trembling with emotion, “is there any hope of paradise for a Christian?”

“Hell is the final home of the Christian,” was the answer.

“Then listen, and answer me, O Cadi! How can I, being a Christian, escape the flames of hell?”

“Man, I have answered thee; hell is for unbelievers,” said the cadi.

“Look,” said the Mufti, “look at me, O Hakeem! Thou wert born in Islam, as are all infants (37); thy unbelieving parents poisoned thy mind, and left thee uncircumcised. Reject their counsel, pronounce the formula, be circumcised, and thou art saved.”

“O Cadi, listen!” I exclaimed. “*La ilaha illah 'llahu Mahomed rasulu 'llah*—there is no God but the God, and Mahomed is the Apostle of God.”

Had I fired a pistol into that grave assembly, the effect could not have been more startling. One exclaimed, “The Kiaffir blasphemes, cut him down!” and three or four swords were drawn. The cadi cried, “La, la!—no, no, he is in earnest, he is a brother, he enters Islam!”

“O faithful!” I exclaimed, “how can a man remain blind when God opens his eyes? Is not Islam for all mankind who receive the excellent Book? Would you cut down a child of God at the gates of paradise? Praise be to God, I am no

longer a Kiaffir. See, I spit on the Cross, I reject Jesus—I am a Mussulman.”

“Man!” exclaimed an imaum, “speak not thus of the blessed Jesus (upon whom be peace!) In accepting our lord Mahomed (may God favour and preserve him!), the holy Issa must also be thy guide to paradise. He is one of our chiefest prophets.”

I was staggered at this doctrine, and scarcely knew what to reply; but I was relieved from my embarrassment by the cadi, who, being a man of the world, knew my motives in changing my religion, and was anxious to ingratiate himself with one on the threshold of prosperity. He proposed an immediate visit to the mosque. I was at once laid hold of, a crowd followed, amongst whom the news had spread in various forms. Some said I had cursed the Prophet, and that I was to be stoned to death on the meidan, and many were the volunteers for this religious service. Presently we arrived at the mosque; my friends arranged themselves in rows, and began to chant the prayers, led by the imaum. I was then told to repeat, word for word, an Arabic formula, after the Mufti, which I did, to the great edification of the multitude.

I was afterwards hurried away to a side room in the mosque, the apartment of one of the softas, or

students. Here the jerach, or barber-surgeon, was in attendance.

* * * * *

In the solitude of my own house, as I lay for ten days on my bed, I had abundant opportunity for reflection, and, at first, I had much to do to stifle the uneasy sensations of a conscience not quite dead. In addition to religious qualms, which I contrived to dismiss as superstitious and unworthy the notice of a man, the lovely face of the lost Leonora would mingle with my dreams, and make me half repent the step I had taken over the threshold of wealth, power, and riches. During the day I was happy, for I was never alone. Easterns are, of all people, fond of gossip; so my bed was surrounded by my Mussulman friends from morning till evening, and they kept me constantly amused. But the hour of repose is an early one in Mosul, and soon after sunset I was left to my reflections, which were not those of a tranquil conscience.

My marriage with Rafya Khanum was fixed for the earliest possible day. She was of a somewhat literary turn of mind, and would send me missives wrapped in the finest muslin, tied by cords of silk, and sealed with her Persian seal; and with the letters came always some little delicacy, also en-

veloped in muslin, tied with gaudy ribbons. A pot of honey was accompanied by the following *billet doux*, written in Turkish, and in the finest Persian characters :—

“ I send to my beloved one, shadowed by the wings of celestial grace and divine aid, some honey, gathered by the bees of paradise from flowers fragrant as the delicious breath of my Yussuf; let him eat of the sweetness thereof, and be patient; let him wax in felicity and fragrant odour in the glorious path of Islam into which he has entered, led by the hands of angels, who have plucked so fair a flower from the kingdom of Satan the accursed, that it may flourish in the celestial garden of the Apostle of God. May Yussuf, my beloved one, soon be restored to the arms of her who is pining in the house rendered dark and sunless by his absence. May the sun of his glorious magnificence soon dispel the vapoury clouds of night, and dazzle his beloved Rafya with the effulgence of his sacred person.”

In answer to such effusions as these, I was restricted to verbal messages, as I could not yet write Turkish with sufficient elegance, though I had learned much of the colloquial language, and was able to read a letter.

I appreciated, however, the change in the style of

correspondence adopted, not only by Rafya, but by all those Turks who ever addressed me a letter. To me, as a Moslem, the words “mûma-ilei” (extolled), or “mezkur” (mentioned), would be used. To a Christian, the words “merkum” (traced out), “mezbur” (alluded to), or “mestur” (written) would be applied,—words which custom made contemptible, compared with the former.

About the close of my convalescence, I had parted with my friends one evening, after sunset, and had prepared myself to court sleep. But, as I have said, sleep was my difficulty; the step I had taken was so momentous, the prospect of my marriage so brilliant, and yet, like everything in the country, so uncertain, that my mind was ill at ease. Added to this, when alone, thoughts of Leonora and of Marie would torment me in spite of myself. The latter I hoped was reconciling herself gradually to her new existence, though at times she would doubtless be melancholy when she thought of her parents. The comforting presence of her old nurse, however, and the conviction that her natural protectors were dead, and therefore beyond recall, would surely go far to make her resigned to her new home, not to speak of the kindness of the pasha, who was evidently sincerely attached to her.

I was aware, on the other hand, that the profligate horrors of some Turkish harems, more especially irregular ones, were altogether beyond belief, and can scarce even be hinted at. This latter conviction was too unpleasant to be allowed to dwell in my mind, so I always repelled the train of thought as soon as it intruded itself upon me. On the night in question, my sleep was light and unrefreshing,—so much so, that I determined upon taking a dose of laudanum. Fearful of producing too narcotic an effect, I unfortunately swallowed enough to stimulate, instead of narcotize the brain, and my sleep, if such it could be called, was constantly broken, and full of the most vivid dreams.

I dreamed that Krasinski and his wife were alive, and were both of them about to go on a long journey, and were confiding their daughter to me; that she clung to them, and shrieked, and regarded me with loathing; that Krasinski was transformed into the pasha, and was struggling with Marie, who shrieked “Mother! mother!” on which dogs of horrid aspect barked, and howled, and menaced to devour me; and so from a state of nightmare, and bathed in perspiration, I awoke.

I sate up, and as is customary with a Mussulman who has had an evil dream, I exclaimed, “O God!

favour our lord Mahomed!" and spat three times over my left shoulder, to prevent evil consequences.

The dogs were, in truth, barking furiously, and I cursed them as I lay tossing on the bed, hot and feverish. I arose, drank deeply of cold water, bathed my face and arms, and a third time composed myself and slept. Dreams once more invaded my miserable soul, and the beauteous face of Leonora looked reproachfully at me. Was it Leonora? No; the head was shaded by the kefeeah, the brows were darker and sterner:—it was the visage of Faruk, the Arab sheikh; and I started as it approached me.

Again the scene changed, and again Krasinski appeared. Was it Krasinski?—The face was that of a female—a beautiful blue-eyed girl, but so sad that I began to weep. It was Marie; and she said, "Mother! mother!—Where is my mother?" and then again the furious dogs menaced me, and barked, and howled, and I awoke once more, perspiring profusely, and trembling like one in an ague fit. "May the devil take those dogs to gehennum!" I pettishly exclaimed, and tried to compose myself, but the sad words, "Mother! mother!" still rang in my ears, until, in my disordered imagination, they seemed uttered as from the neighbouring house of poor

Krasinski. I buried my head in the bed-clothes, and shuddered. Was I bewitched—had Satan, then, power over me? I longed to pray, but I could not. I had dared to deny my Saviour; I durst not mock Him.

“Mother! mother!” was again heard, in the very life-tones of poor Marie, though ineffably sad, and again did the foul city dogs bark and howl. I had grown desperate. I sprang from my bed, cast a pelisse over me, and went to cool my fevered brow on the roof. A brilliant autumnal moon was shining, and objects were almost as visible as in the day. I paced the roof, averting my face from the house of my poor dead Polish friend; but once again, nearer, clearer, sadder than ever, came the words, “Mother! mother!” I turned and looked: I was frozen with terror. There—there, on the roof of the house, a few paces from mine, was a slight female figure seated on the stones, and leaning against the parapet; and again came the words, “Mother! mother!”

I sprang down into the street; I rushed to the fatal house—the doors were open. I entered the deserted rooms, and soon found myself on the roof; and there visibly, palpably in the flesh, lay Marie, crouching under the parapet; and from time to

time, in tones that thrilled through every nerve, she moaned, "Mother! mother! Where is my mother?"

"Marie—dear Marie," I uttered, in the gentlest accents.

A shriek, as of a lost soul, pierced my ears, and as she cast her eyes on me, she cowered under the wall, as if she would bury herself in the masonry. I knelt beside her, and spoke in Greek—in her mother's tongue—"ti theleis, Marie Kaimèna?"

She slowly turned towards me, and laughed a weak, idiotic laugh, that horrified me more than even her shriek had done.

At that moment I heard the voice of Hana, my Christian servant, who had been awakened by my hurried rush out of the house, and had hastily followed me.

"Hana, guel—come," I cried, and then, as if I had touched the nerve of an animal during vivisection, a loud, piercing shriek followed those Turkish words.

I hurriedly ordered Hana to bring his wife, or any decent woman, to help us; meantime I remained guarding the poor creature, who from time to time said, in plaintive tones, "Mother! mother! dear mother!" and then she would turn her wandering

eyes towards me—eyes that had lost their healthy lustre, and only burned with the dim fire of insanity. And oh ! how changed was that fair face ! It looked haggard, wild, and unnaturally old. A strange, unearthly look there was of her father—a look I had never before observed ; and at times I could imagine my old friend come from the grave to demand his daughter, and yet the features expressed a sad reproach rather than sternness. Oh ! how I wept while I watched.

Marie was still—still and motionless, and I hoped she slept in that crouching attitude. Presently the voices of women were heard in the narrow street. Hana returning, led the way, with his wife and son, Hamseeah. They ascended the stairs of the house.

“ Hush ! ” I said, “ she sleeps.”

I placed my hand on the floor to rise—it was wet. I looked—it was stained with blood. I touched, I shook the sleeper ; blood oozed from her mouth. She had burst a vessel, and was dead. (38)

CHAPTER III.

A MOSLEM MARRIAGE—ATTEMPTED REVENGE—THE JEREED—
A TURKISH FEAST—EASTERN LUXURY.

THE tragic scene I have related cast a gloom on my spirits for some days. Moreover, the event gave rise to much scandal. That one of the pasha's women should have been found dead in an empty house, with me, his doctor, attending on her, was a subject of much malignant gossip. The Christians said there had been foul play, and that I was connected with it. These people naturally regarded me with aversion since I had become a Mussulman. I heard, too, that they claimed the corpse of poor Marie, and performed a mass for her soul; she was buried in the Catholic cemetery. Be it so; and may Heaven rest her soul! I considered myself in no wise to blame for her unfortunate death; for how could I resist the will of the pasha?

The only thing a pasha dreads in a case of this kind is the interference of an European consul, who often can make much mischief. But, in this case,

the victim was unprotected by any European power. Moreover, the French consul was absent, and he was the only foreign official likely to report a case of this kind to his embassy at Constantinople. So we feared not the evil-intentioned whisperings of the Christians. (39.)

I was careful that there should be no delay in my marriage with the Khatoon Rafya. As she was a widow, the noisy ceremonies attendant on the contract were dispensed with, and we were married quietly. I made, however, the richest presents to my bride, and found poor Marie's jewels very useful for the occasion.

Being anxious to show the reality of my conversion, on the earliest opportunity, I went to the mosque with a number of my friends on the *leylet ed dukhleh*, or marriage night, just before *eshe*, or midnight prayer, attired in the old Mussulman costume, and wearing a Cashmere shawl as turban, I repeated my prayers, and copied the postures with an unction unusual even amongst softas. On returning from the devotions, I was preceded by *meshals*, or torches, and numbers of my friends carried lighted candles. Besides these were the *welled el layalee*, or children of the night, who chanted *muweshahs*—odes in honour of the Prophet.

After my marriage I gave more than one sumptuous entertainment to my friends, who had increased in proportion to my wealth, but the choicest feast was that offered to the pasha.

On this occasion, the banquet was to be held on the plain in front of the city. A number of tents were pitched in an open space within view of my wife's house ; and she, with a number of her friends, was seated on the roof, witnessing what she could of the entertainment. About three hours before sunset, the pasha, with his retinue, rode up to the door of the principal tent, where I was waiting to receive him. I stooped to kiss the hem of his garment, but this he would in no wise permit. I conducted him to the main pile of cushions, and seated myself before him on my heels, on which he peremptorily insisted that I should place myself on the same cushion. Pipes were brought. I took mine, and placed it on one side, but his Excellency made me smoke it, which I did sideways and as if by stealth.

A number of youths had assembled in the field to exhibit their prowess in the national game of jereed. In Mosul this noble pastime is seen in perfection. The young men are mounted on horses of Arab blood ; for they live in the heart of the horse-breeding country. The Mosulean dandy shows,

as yet, no European contamination in his costume. His main garment is the *entereh* of crimson-striped silk. A shawl or sash is wound round the waist. By his side hangs a sabre, often an heirloom, sheathed in a heavy silver scabbard. A short jacket of blue or crimson cloth, richly embroidered with gold, is covered with a light cloak of the finest muslin, which, while protecting the wearer from dust, scarcely conceals the glories of the gold embroidery beneath. A large turban covers the head; and red morocco boots protect the feet. The youth wears only a moustache, and the eyelids and eyebrows are carefully touched with kohl to increase the effect of the soul-subduing glances of the eyes.

The horse on which the gay young cavalier is mounted is equally adorned. His saddle is often a marvel of embroidery, and hung with tassels; his bridle, too, is elaborately decked with silk and gold.

At a signal from the pasha, a hundred of these gay cavaliers put their horses into motion, and, challenging each other, began the mimic war with the jereed.

Letting out their fiery horses into a mad gallop, chasing each other, suddenly wheeling round, and, launching at their adversaries the jereed, again pur-

sued, wheeling in and out of the maze of rival combatants, the horsemen by turn became the aggressors and the pursued, until, amid the dust and cries, the flash of weapons, the flying darts in the air, and the sheen of white, red, and yellow garments, we had a true picture of a Saracenic fight; and I wished but to see a heavily-armed European knight, mounted on a Flemish war-horse, charge straight through the crowd, to make perfect a battle scene of the Crusaders.

Meantime, on a little rising ground were seated numerous groups of women, watching with interest their brothers and sweethearts. These fair ones are, however, but undistinguishable figures: each one is covered with a dark blue garment, and wears a black horsehair veil over the face.

As the mimic fight continued, the pasha became intensely excited. It recalled to him his boyish days, and similar scenes on the table-lands of Circassia, where hardy warriors, mounted on steeds less beautiful in form, though equally fiery and enduring, engage in similar pastimes. The pasha called for his horse, and presently seizing a jereed, he launched into the throng, and singling out the most skilful combatant, he hurled the weapon at him, striking him heavily on the shoulder, and then became the fugitive. Hadji

Ali turned, rapidly pursued the pasha, and missed the fairest mark. The latter again hit the poor Hadji such a heavy blow between the shoulders that he reeled on his horse, and fell heavily, amidst loud cries of "Aferin—well done," mostly from his Excellency's own people. Again did the pasha single out an adversary, who, in turn, was signally discomfited, amidst the venal plaudits of the Stamboul Turks. The pasha then, somewhat fatigued from his unusual exertions, dismounted, called for a cup of sherbet, and handsomely indemnified the victims of his prowess, who naturally made the most of their hurts.

I was at once in attendance on his Excellency, and loudly applauded his marvellous horsemanship; my praises were echoed by all the guests, and many were the "mashallahs"* uttered by those who declared they had never seen, even amongst the Bedouin, so firm a seat, or so vigorous an arm. Elated by the incense of flattery, the pasha again mounted, and, balancing his weapon in his right hand, caracolled on the edge of the crowd, seeking a worthy victim. Suddenly, from a group of motionless horsemen, emerged a light and weedy-looking steed, mounted by a shabby

* Mashallah—the work of God! like our Good God! or Good gracious!

figure, who impudently flung a jereed at the pasha, which fell on his horse's flanks.

Striking the sharp edge of his broad stirrups into his charger's sides, the pasha darted forward in pursuit of the stranger, who cleverly flung his body over his horse's side in such a manner as to expose the smallest possible mark to the jereed. The pasha pushed on at full speed ; and yet the impudent fellow he was pursuing, though apparently far worse mounted, managed to keep ahead of the great man's charger. A few moments sufficed to take the two combatants a mile beyond the meidan, or open space. They were now quite alone, when suddenly we saw a puff of smoke issue from the foremost horseman, and the pasha at the same moment pulled up his horse on his haunches, amid a cloud of dust. All was commotion, and at once two hundred men were off at full speed towards the scene. The pasha was soon surrounded by his devoted worshippers, who crowded round him to offer their services. He was wholly unhurt, but trembled with rage and fright.

“ Why stand you here,” he cried to those about him, “ when there are five purses to gain by bringing me the head of that pig who fired at me ? Off with you ! ”

Before these words were well uttered, the best

mounted of the irregulars were in full pursuit of the fugitive, and a motley crowd of horsemen followed, but dropped off by twos and threes. The mysterious stranger escaped into the desert, and was never seen again; but at night three different men brought in as many gory human heads. The first gained a handsome baksheesh, but the others were put in prison and severely beaten. These heads belonged to wretched peasants. The would-be assassin was a son of the poisoned Faruk.

For some time, I feared that my feast was spoiled by this untoward event. The jereed players had dispersed; but the pasha, after a while, recovered his equanimity, and suggested that we should adjourn to the house. The cooks were in dismay; but by dint of great efforts the whole material, including the charcoal fires, was removed to my residence, and we were soon seated in the large salaamlik, determined to enjoy ourselves.

Just at sunset I arose, and with admirable self-possession went through my prayers, before the whole company, with the most perfect air of abstraction.

Presently, small cups of rakee and rosoglio were handed round, to which fiery liquids his Excellency helped himself freely. After this a number of servants brought in the ibrik and leyen, or washing

utensils, with embroidered towels and napkins, and then two large round brass trays were carried into the room, and placed upon iskemlehs, or stools, and speedily covered with eatables. A large bason of soup was placed on the table, flanked with pickles and abundance of bread. I invited his Excellency, who seated himself, and exclaimed, "Bismillah," ere he dipped his spoon into the dish. The soup removed, some pastry, made with cheese, appeared, and this tasted, in its place were presented dolmas of forced meat rolled in vine-leaves. After this followed a lamb, roasted whole, and stuffed with pistachio nuts, a delicious roast, of which we all ate heartily. I took care, of course, to tear off with my fingers the most delicate morsels for the pasha. Then appeared, in turns, a fowl and young peas; yernik halvassy, a sweet dish composed of semolina, butter, and fresh honey; sweet calves'-foot jelly; katyif, a sweet dish of flour, eggs, and butter, and sundry other delicacies, too numerous to mention, but all of which were tasted; and, lastly, the zerdeh pilaf, as a signal that the feast was over.

Mindful of my new religious character, I was anxious that my entertainment should be suitable to my position as a good Mussulman, so I had invited to the house men who were accustomed to

perform the khatmeh, or recitation of the Koran, or the zikr, or repetition of the name of God and the profession of His unity. Soon after the dinner, while coffee was handed round, and pipes refilled, the chief performers began to chant muweshahs, or odes in honour of the Prophet, and after these a man of sonorous voice recited the Fathah, or first chapter of the Koran. The pasha yawned, and his courtiers fidgeted; and when the repetition had concluded, his Excellency asked for music. At once messengers were despatched into the city, and in a few minutes the musicians appeared, and began to tune their instruments. A red-nosed old fellow played the stringed kanoon; a grave-looking youth the kemengeh, a curious sort of viol; a bloated old fellow, with weeping eyes, the ood, a sort of guitar; while a Kurd piped upon the nay.

Though the music was to me both discordant and monotonous, my guests seemed vastly pleased, and the religious part of the entertainment was dispensed with. Rakee was next called for and drank freely, and after a while the pasha asked if no champagne were to be had. With difficulty two cases were found in the store of a Christian, and the pasha drank copiously, his example being followed by all his parasites. As the wine and rakee began to stir

the blood of the jovial Turks, they called for further fun, and soon a troop of dancing-girls appeared, which was the signal of an orgie such as I cannot further describe; it must suffice to say that the banquet ended in a scene of the wildest debauchery.

I was fearful lest the scandal which would naturally follow upon a scene of this kind should discredit me amongst the orthodox, so for some days I scarcely ventured out of my house, anxious to let the affair blow over; and when next I emerged, it was on a Friday, when I wished to be conspicuous in my attendance at the principal mosque. It is scarcely necessary to say that I had given up my medical appointments, as beneath the dignity of a wealthy Mussulman.

I was most cautious, too, in choosing my acquaintance. I eschewed the gay and profligate young Mussulmans, and sought rather the grave and religious—esteeming it better to be seen in their company. But most of all did I avoid the Christians; for is it not written in the Koran, “O ye who have believed, take not the Jews and Christians as friends; they are friends one to another; and whosoever of you taketh them as friends, verily he is of them.”

When in company, I would exclaim to myself, in a low voice, as if struggling with sin, and after the

manner of a pious Moslem, when the recollection of a wicked action troubles him, “Usta’fr Allah el-Azeem—I beg forgiveness of God the Great;” and even when I sneezed, I learned to put the back of my left hand to my mouth, and say, “I seek refuge with God from Satan the accursed,” lest Satan should leap down my throat. I did not believe he would, but I wished to conform to the habits of my most pious friends; and for the same reason when I locked a door, entered any new house, or laid down my clothes at night, I would exclaim, “In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful.”

While thus carefully following the religious customs of my neighbours, I took care to enjoy the wealth that my dotting wife had placed at my feet. I had a stud of well-bred Arab horses, with saddles and bridles of the most expensive kind. I had numerous servants, dressed in the finest clothes that money could procure; and, above all, my collection of pipes and mouth-pieces was such as to excite the envy of the pasha himself. Rafya’s first husband had left some choice jewelled mouth-pieces, and I purchased pieces of amber, and employed a jeweller to set them with some of poor Marie’s diamonds. Our house was already sumptuously furnished, so I meddled not with the oriental decorations, most of

which I admired, and to which my wife was accustomed ; but I gave her a new pleasure by forming a beautiful garden outside the city walls, with a fountain of water and a pretty kiosk, to which she and her attendants would often retire in the cool of the evening.

On my own account, too, I purchased the fleetest greyhounds, and hunted gazelles during the heavy rains. It is only during the wet season that it is possible to course gazelles, when, the earth being soft, the sharp hoofs of these agile animals sink deep into the mud, while the broad paw of the dog has no such disadvantage. My dogs were of two kinds,—the fleet animals of the Persian mountains, whose legs were feathered with long silky hair ; and the smooth dog, identical with the European greyhound. I had, moreover, falcons from the Sinjar, and fowling-pieces from Europe ; and so I tasted the delights of a wealthy Moslem of Mesopotamia.

CHAPTER IV.

TAX-GATHERING EXPERIENCES—THE MIDJLIS—OSMAN'S PLANS
FOR MY BENEFIT.

To repose in the lap of Oriental luxury, to be clothed in fine Riza linen, to ride the finest horses in the country, and above all, to be surrounded by devoted servants, standing with hands folded, and watchful look, ready to anticipate my slightest wish, and to be courted and caressed by those who but lately regarded me with a contempt they were at no pains to conceal; these were, indeed, enjoyments which I tasted with the keen relish of one not born to them.

But after a while, even these palled upon me, and I broke a resolution I had formed, which was never to meddle with the local politics or intrigues, and, at the instance of Osman Bey, I became a member of the Midjlis, or council of the province. Since the Tanzimat, Christians had been admitted into these councils, and I had read in the Stamboul French

newspapers the most triumphant articles on the progress of Turkey in civilization and tolerance, especially quoting this fundamental reform, which at once gave the Christians the inestimable gift of self-government. It required but small experience to see the practical working of this so-called reform. True it was that in a council of ten the pasha summoned two Christians to come and take their seats. They entered with folded hands and abject attitude, and saluting each Mussulman present, took their places. They were always silent during the debates, save when asked a question, and motionless, except when one of them would rise to fill the pipe of the president. They durst not smoke themselves in the august company of their betters.

When the council was at an end, and the resolutions were drawn up, these members were required (with the rest) to put their seals to the proceedings, and thus they frequently sanctioned the most tyrannical abuse of authority, in the shape of measures of spoliation against their own people. (40.)

When I joined the council the *uchur*, or tithes, were offered for sale to any one who would contract for them; in other words, any solvent person, paying the Government a sum agreed upon, was authorized, and if need be, assisted by the troops, to collect the

tithes, or farm them. It was for the provincial council to decide as to the value of the tax. For this purpose a secret meeting was held, and we agreed to name the lowest possible sum, not to compete with each other, but to draw lots as to who should accept the office of farmer of the tithes, and that the lucky individual should pay a certain sum to each member for the collusion. (41.)

Surely my lucky star was in the ascendant when the lot fell upon me! The value of the uchur had been previously determined at an absurdly low figure, so that the profit would undoubtedly be enormous. Having command of ready money, I was enabled at once to pay into the treasury the sum agreed upon, which was satisfactory to the pasha. No sooner, however, had I prepared myself for a journey over the province, for the purpose of collecting the money from the cultivators, than I was besieged by the other members of the council, who requested me to sell to them the tithes of different districts and villages. To secure their good offices I was obliged to do this, but I took care to secure a profit upon each transaction. These men in their turn retailed the smaller villages, or sold the whole of their share to others at a profit, so that the uchur of some villages was the subject of four or five different sales before

it was levied. I reserved, however, a large district for myself.

One of my first visitors, when it was known that I was the farmer of the tithes, was Osman Bey, who offered his services in the collection. Being inexperienced in the matter, I thought I could not do better than come to terms with him ; so, for a handsome percentage, he agreed to do all the rough work. Instead of travelling about from village to village, hearing complaints and listening to lies from a wretched peasantry, and conscious of being largely cheated, I should thus tranquilly enjoy the pleasures of my home, while the clever and unscrupulous Osman was working for me.

But the chief part of my speculation was yet to be effected, after I had become the farmer of the uchur. The amount of the taxes for the different kaimakliks, mudirliks, and villages had to be assessed, and this was the duty of the kaimakams and mudirs. In order then to raise the assessment as high as possible, it was well worth my while to invest a certain sum of money in bribing these local authorities, and this was adroitly managed by my factotum, Osman Bey.

I handed over to him also my travelling mules and tents, and delegated to him my authority, with

the most profitable results. He sent in a large amount of agricultural produce, which was sold to Government as well as to the merchants; and besides this he gathered much coin.

Even money, however, is at times dearly purchased, and so it was in this case. From time to time complaints were brought to the pasha, and through him to me, of the proceedings of Osman Bey. The most usual and legitimate mode of making the peasant pay highly, is not to allow him to cut his crops until they are nearly wasted. When he finds the market price of the produce daily falling, he will come to almost any terms, by which he is not only enabled to put his sickle into the crop, but also gets rid of the tithe farmer and his myrmidons, who have been, meantime, consuming the peasant's fowls and eggs, besides doing far worse mischief. But Osman Bey was an energetic man, and carried things with a high hand. He was, moreover, a lover of strong drink, and when excited knew no law but that of his desires. Thus it was that the pasha, sending for me, one day, put into my hand a document detailing the evil-doings of Osman Bey, while collecting my tithes.

At the Christian village of Mar Serkis he had driven the priest out of his house, and installed himself

and troop, and had taken possession of many of the women of the village, amongst whom one young girl of tender years had died from the outrages of himself and band.

At the village of Nimrood he had cruelly beaten an old man, and caused the hairs of his beard to be plucked out.

At the village of Shemsin he had caused two men, fathers of families, to be hung up by their feet, and fire kindled under them, after having first dishonoured their wives.

At the village of Selemya he had put three men to the torture, one of whom had since died.

“May God love you, Yusuf Effendi (such being now my name), what am I to do?” said the pasha. “Osman Bey is young and hot-blooded, and his men are delibashis (mad-heads), and one may expect them to run riot amongst the women. There is no great harm in that; for, after all, these peasants are like animals; but he ought to be careful of their lives. Such things are talked about, and may come to the ears of these consuls (may hell consume them!), and from them such things travel to Constantinople, and make no end of mischief. God love you, Yusuf Effendi! do write him a letter, and tell him to be careful, and, by-the-by, ask him if he has

seen anything young and pretty amongst those Yezidees." (42.)

I lost no time in writing to Osman, and told him he had got into a scrape through his over-zeal; at the same time I gave him a hint as to how the pasha might be propitiated.

I soon grew tired of the petty triumphs of a provincial capital, and the soft luxury of an Eastern life, and I longed to plunge into the grand intrigues of the capital, and emerge a pasha and governor of a province. I knew I had more brains and more knowledge of administration than any Turkish pasha that ever breathed. These wretched governors are cutting down trees to eat the fruit; they are sapping the very sources of industry; they frighten capital into holes and hiding-places, where it lies dead and unproductive; they waste and destroy, and then fly to Constantinople to spend and waste, until fortune delivers another wretched province to their clutches. Once become a pasha, I would encourage industry, and seek to develope the wonderful resources of the country by building bridges, making roads, and digging canals for irrigation, while I would easily enrich myself by certain monopolies.

I consulted my wife on the subject, and she was, as I had expected, strongly averse at first to my

leaving her, and equally determined not to undertake so long and dangerous a journey. But when I told her of my ambitious projects, and painted in vivid colours the certainty of my becoming a pasha—and once the governor of a province, why not eventually the grand vizier? more unlikely things had happened, for had I not the marafet, the skill and science of a Frank, though a good Mussulman?—when I had put these arguments before her, all objections vanished, and she threw herself readily into the scheme. I was to go to Constantinople, bearing rich gifts for the Sadrazam, or grand vizier, and other men of influence, and try to obtain a pashalik.

Not many days after this determination, when I had even begun to make preparations for my journey, Osman Bey arrived from his tour and sought me out. He had been most successful in his collection, and in addition to the full tithes, he brought me several presents. He first showed me a priceless Arab mare, of which he begged my acceptance. She had been taken, so he said, from a noted freebooter, the Sheikh of the Tai, during a plundering expedition, when Osman had himself, in defence of a village, encountered and slain the sheikh. He swore so solemnly in support of the truth of his

story, that I could not call it in question. Then he offered me a still more valuable present, a Yezidee boy and girl of about ten and twelve years of age, who had been given him by their parents, so he said, who were too poor to keep them. My first impulse was to refuse the children absolutely, but it occurred to me they might be useful at Constantinople; so I thanked him, and took them into my household.

A few days after this interview Osman Bey again called, and made a most mysterious communication. He told me that the council, and the inhabitants in general, were much dissatisfied with the government of Hafiz Pasha; that he had oppressed the people, peculated to a large extent, and impoverished the resources of the province; that since he had arrived the discontent amongst all classes had become so great as to menace a revolt; that the principal members of the council, and the chief functionaries of the city, were proposing to get up a masbata, or petition to the Grand Vizier, praying for the removal of Hafiz Pasha, and detailing the griefs they suffered under his government. All this surprised me, as Hafiz Pasha was by no means a bad example of a Turkish governor, and had frequently, to my knowledge, interfered to protect the peasantry from the

rapacity of his subordinates. As our conversation proceeded, however, Osman Bey gradually developed his plot, for such it was. He told me plainly that I made no use of the splendid position I had gained, and that if I listened to him he would show me a path which would lead straight to the highest honours of the empire.

“There is no reason,” said he, “why you should not in a few years become the Grand Vizier.”

“But,” I urged, “my Christian origin will stand in my way. Men will never forget that I am a renegade.”

“Is not Omar Pasha a renegade?” asked Osman; “and has he not gained the rank of Sirdar i ekrem, or generalissimo of all the forces of the empire? and is he not heaping up riches from the favour of the Sultan? You Franks have better brains than we have, and when you join us, and become of our religion and nation, you are sure to succeed.”

I then asked what had better be done, on which Osman detailed to me a clever and daring plot. It was to bribe most of the members of the Midjlis, and some of the notables of the city, to affix their seals to a masbata addressed to the Grand Vizier, complaining of the *zulm*—the tyranny and oppression—of the

pasha, and praying for his removal. "Now, it will require no great sum to manage this," said Osman, "for, on paying handsomely to the cadi, and thus securing him and one or two others, the rest will not dare to refuse to sign, since they are far more afraid of offending those who live in the city than a pasha of Constantinople whose stay is brief and uncertain."

"But then," I remarked, "I don't see how I am to obtain the pasha's place if he be removed."

"By precisely the same means," said Osman. "I calculate that about half the money you have gained by your uchur speculation will purchase all the signatures you require in Mosul, and the other half of the money, added to about four thousand ducats of your own, will purchase success at Constantinople. The two Yezidee children ought to satisfy the Grand Vizier, perhaps he might not like to touch gold."

"But how," I asked, "can I have the face to ask for these signatures, and how can I offer the cadi money? Suppose he were to refuse the bribe, and denounce me, I should then make an enemy of the pasha, who would ruin me."

"Hekim Ba— affédersen, I ask pardon, Yusuf Effendi, I know you are not used to these matters, they belong only to Greeks and Osmanlis. I am

both in one, for my mother was a Greek woman, saved from the massacre of Scio, and bought by my father; so I have the talent in my head, and I have not lived thirty years in Turkey for nothing. Leave it then to me, Yusuf Effendi. You will be pasha, and you will be my friend and reward me well, and I will stick close to you; we shall be like two almonds in one shell. I will undertake to get the masbata drawn out, and then sealed by every one of consequence in the city, and the pasha shall never hear or even dream of it. Every one who signs dare not open his mouth until the pasha is gone, and if I were to fail there is no proof that you are in the plot. You might deny it, and your word is as good as mine. I only want the necessary sum for the cadi, to make a commencement, and when his seal is obtained, I will then proceed with the others."

After some more conversation, in which Osman painted in bright colours the advantages of being a pasha, and made light of all difficulties, I produced the sum necessary, and he departed on his errand of intrigue.

During some days I suffered considerable anxiety, but Osman called from time to time, and showed me some fresh signatures to the document. His suc-

cess was complete ; in a few days the mazbata was handed to me with fifty names, comprising every one in the city of any consequence, excepting the pasha's own people, and I now was fully prepared for my journey.

Before leaving, I called on his Excellency to bid him good-by. He received me with much politeness, not to say affection, and with a degree of respect that formed a great contrast to his former condescension. I was clearly one whose good opinion and interest were worth having, especially now that I was on my way to the capital.

When I rose, and bowed myself low, with my hand almost to the ground as I made the temeneh, the pasha likewise rose, and bowed equally low, and then accompanied me to the door.

On the following morning a number of my friends, mounted on their best horses, and finely dressed, gave me the honour of a teshyî, in other words, formed as escort for an hour out of the city. We then drew up, embraced each other by turns, and once again I found myself on the road to Constantinople, and, as I hoped, to greater honours than I had yet tasted.

CHAPTER V.

I START FOR CONSTANTINOPLE WITH ARAB HORSES AND OTHER PRESENTS—I INSTAL MYSELF AT THE CAPITAL, AND CALL TO MY AID COSTAKI AND MADAME FRANCOIS.

DURING my progress northwards I had much time for reflection, and formed various plans of intrigue, which I intended to carry out the moment I reached the capital. I had first thought of travelling by post horses, and the journey from Mosul to Samsoun or Trebizond can be performed in this manner by a strong man without excessive fatigue in ten or twelve days; but I reflected that nothing can be done in Constantinople without presents or money. I was as yet a stranger, I knew no one of consequence, and my few Christian acquaintances might, perhaps, be disposed to shun me as a renegade (I felt certain the tahlimji would), and if not, they were people in a humble position, and of no use to me. I had then the world to begin anew, a world of my own choosing, and from a splendid vantage-ground. From my experience of the country so far, I had

found gold to be all-powerful, integrity of small account, and as I possessed the all-potent metal, and was not overburdened with the latter virtue, I looked with confidence to the future. I preferred then to travel slowly, carrying with me all my presents and money, and I had in truth some valuable baggage.

I had several Arab horses of great price, worthy of being presented to any one in Constantinople, even to the Sultan himself, and I could scarce make a more acceptable present to any dignitary than a choice Arab steed, which is not to be had always for money. One of mine was a bay stallion of the Saghlawi breed, with a peculiar combination of lucky marks. I intended him for the Grand Vizier.

A mare I had of the blood of Keheilan el Adjus, which had been taken from the sheikh of the Tai by Osman Bey. She was a chestnut, with a white mark on the fetlock of the off fore-leg, a lucky sign, besides which she was an animal of great beauty and intrinsic value, only five years old. I thought she would be acceptable to my old friend and patron, Ibrahim Pasha.

Another stallion was a magnificent creature of unusual size, but of attested Maneghi Hedradj breed, and only four years old, a chestnut, with dark mane

and tail, and legs, with a white star on the forehead. This animal, I thought, might be given to the Minister of War.

Lastly, a mare of the same breed as the above, of six years of age, and of grey colour, with one white leg, I destined for any useful and influential friend : besides these, I had other fine animals less worthy of special mention. Next in importance were the two Yezidee children, who could perform dances of a peculiar character, and such as cannot decently be described. I thought these slaves would suit the harem of old Nassoon Pasha, a man of great influence and crapulous tastes. Then I had jewels of great value, for my wife had been liberal in preparing me for my venture, and had added largely to the gems I already possessed. Above all, I had a full purse ; for both my wife and I looked upon my visit to the capital with the intended gifts as a good investment, and the more money we thus placed, the larger and more certain would be our gains.

My journey was not unattended with danger, more especially in the plain from Mosul to the mountains, and in the defiles of Kurdistan, so I thought it good economy to travel with a large body-guard. Up to the mountains I had fifty men, and for the next four days twenty, after which I contented

myself with ten picked and well-armed Kurds, all of one tribe, and for whom their chief, Noory Khan Bey, was responsible.

My numerous escort, my servants, horses, baggage, and tents, gave me great importance wherever I arrived. I was at no great expense for provisions, as my men well knew the art of foraging, and the villagers durst not dream of payment. I was a Mussulman, one of the lords of the land, and I took care that the Christians especially should know and feel this. It was a new and pleasing sensation to me to be looked up to, and dreaded. I had so long crouched myself, that I relished the change of position, and gloried in seeing others prostrate at my feet, and thus it was that the Christians had no reason to rejoice in my visits. The wretches were so inhospitable, too, that I enjoyed squeezing them; moreover, I had a latent sensation that they despised me as a renegade, which angered me.

My journey passed without any adventure worthy of chronicle, and I arrived at length at Constantinople, the well guarded. As I sailed down the Bosphorus, and once more gloried in those delicious shores—for it was again the spring of the year—I half repented of my intention of trying to be Pasha of Mosul, and felt inclined to fix my residence in

these lovely scenes, where I could enjoy the privileges of a wealthy Mussulman, and at the same time taste something of European pleasures. In this city there were numerous clever and amusing men of my own nation, too philosophical to object to a man's religion, and yet accomplished enough to be charming companions. Why should I not, then, propose to my wife to reside on the Bosphorus, the centre of all that is delicious to the Moslem, and by no means dull for the European? She, however, I reflected, would not leave Mosul, save as the wife of a powerful pasha; this was her determination, so I resolved to go on with the work in hand and aim steadily at one object.

My most natural course would have been to ride straight to Pera, and put up at one of the best hotels, where I should have been comfortable; but my policy was to ally myself with Mussulmans from the very first, so I went to one of the large khans in the city, where I temporarily installed myself and servants, while I searched for a convenient house. This I soon found on the Divan Yolly, in a quarter uncontaminated by Jews or Christians. Having taken the house, I next furnished it suitably, which task I achieved at no great expense, as I studiously eschewed European furniture, so that there was

little to purchase beyond the divans, the bedding, a few handsome carpets, and some mangals or charcoal braziers. Nothing can be simpler than the furniture of a Moslem's house at Constantinople, and yet there is good taste and elegance throughout.

It was also necessary for me to purchase a caique, in which I could row about the Bosphorus, and make calls on those of my friends who lived in yaalis or summer-houses. I should have liked to have indulged in a caique of three pairs of oars, but custom forbade this ostentatious extravagance. Such caiques are only used by men of certain rank; and private individuals would be considered ridiculous if they assumed this distinguishing mark of high office. I contented myself, therefore, with an ikee chifté, or two pairs of oars' caique, but this was exquisitely appointed. The boatmen were handsome young Laz mountaineers, and their silk shirts, open at the chest, were of the finest Stamboul manufacture. When I went out on the Bosphorus, I had one servant seated on the raised deck behind me, and another in the body of the boat, both handsome young Moslems.

The hiring of the house, the purchase of the furniture, the installation of my servants and horses, occupied me some days, and kept my time fully

employed. When I felt myself comfortably settled, I was anxious to begin my intrigues, and yet at first was wholly at a loss how to proceed. I hesitated to go directly to the Minister of the Interior, or the Grand Vizier, with the petition against the Pasha of Mosul. I should thereby, as I thought, put myself in the position of a mere tatar, or messenger, entrusted with the document; besides, nothing of this sort could be done in Turkey in so straightforward a manner.

For a few days I was in a state of great perplexity. I knew no Mussulman of consequence, and the Christians I wished to avoid.

I bethought myself, however, that mankind in Constantinople were not strictly divided into Christian and Moslem; that there were persons who held a neutral position in religion, and, though nominally Christian, were constantly with their Moslem patrons, and made themselves useful as go-betweens.

Though I was acquainted with no Mussulman of high position sufficiently well to visit on equal terms, I yet knew a few of these *soi-disant* Christians, and I thought that one of them would be available in smoothing the first steps of my new career.

I remembered Costaki, the secretary of the Ezadji Bashi, or pharmacien-en-chef. This Costaki was

quite the sort of man who might be useful to me. I would not demean myself by going in search of him, but I wrote a note in French, requesting him to dine and spend the evening with me.

This missive, signed Yussuf, I sent by my smartest servant, whom I instructed to say that Yussuf Effendi, who had only recently arrived from Mosul, requested an immediate answer.

In the course of two hours my servant brought from Pera a note, couched in the humblest language, thanking me for my invitation, which the writer accepted with profound homage. Thereupon I sent a fine horse, with a richly-dressed Bosnian *sayiss*, or groom, to Costaki's house to conduct my guest, who had no idea who his Moslem friend could be. I was aware that no Mussulman, under ordinary circumstances, would show half this politeness to a Christian, unless he wished to get some special service from him. This last was my case: I wanted to make Costaki useful, and I wished him to understand my intentions. Punctual to the time indicated, the little man made his appearance. Having been brought from Pera on a fine horse with rich saddle-cloth and resplendent groom, and next finding himself in a large house full of well-dressed servants, Costaki, on entering the salaamlik, obeyed his im-

pulse, which was to run up to me, and kiss the edge of my pelisse, and then stand before me with hands folded over his stomach.

I saw at a glance that he had no recollection of my person, so I bade him be seated, and asked if he did not recollect Doctor Antonelli, for whom he had obtained an appointment in Salonica.

A sudden recognition followed, and Costaki congratulated me, still in respectful language, on my return to Constantinople.

Presently dinner was served, all in Turkish fashion, and every dish was excellent, as I had been careful in the selection of a cook. Costaki did ample justice to the fare, though there was no wine produced, as I durst not expose myself to the criticisms of my Moslem servants. After the dinner I began gradually to expose my position to my guest; I first told him that I was in very comfortable circumstances, which, indeed, he must have observed; but I confessed to one great failing—I was ambitious, and therefore wished to enter the public service in some sphere worthy of my talents. I next proposed a visit to my stables, where I showed a stud of horses such as a pasha might have envied; and when the conversation turned upon pipes and mouth-pieces, I asked my guest's opinion upon some very choice

specimens ornamented with diamonds, any one of which would equal a year of Costaki's salary. He was dazzled by such a display of wealth, and his manner became more and more obsequious. "As for the public service," he remarked, "you could have almost any place, if you were willing to expend a certain portion of your wealth in judicious presents."

That night I said but little more to my friend, but on parting in the morning, I begged him to return and dine with me on the earliest opportunity, and to bring with him some useful Mussulman friend—some man with a talent for affairs; and I then begged my guest's acceptance of a diamond ring, which made his eyes sparkle with gratified amazement. As I saw him ride off on one of my finest Arabs, I felt sure I had sown the seed in the right place.

I was, meantime, constant and exemplary in my attendance at mosque, and it was not long before the Imaum of the quarter paid me a visit. He soon discovered that I was a Mussulman of but recent conversion, but he was not insensible to my politeness, my extremely pious bearing, and the signs of wealth around me. His visit led to others, until I had exchanged calls with all the principal people of the

quarter, including two retired Pashas, and one Liva, or brigadier-general.

In the course of a day or two, Costaki came to dine, bringing with him Saafeti Effendi, a gentleman holding an appointment at the Porte. A short time sufficed to make us intimate. He readily undertook to procure me an interview with the Mustechar or home secretary, and, moreover, to prepare his Excellency for any *maslahat*, or business, I might have on hand. This was precisely what I wanted, so I entrusted my new friend with one of my finest horses for the minister, and hinted that this was but an instalment of what might follow, and with a handsome watch for himself, Saafeti Effendi left my house rejoicing.

Each day that I passed in the capital added to my burning desire to see Leonora. I longed, yet dreaded, to catch sight of her or her father, for I knew too well that my religion and my wife had placed an impassable gulf between us. It occurred to me that Costaki, who was now a daily visitor at my house, would be the very man to gain all the information I desired, without in any way compromising me; so I bid him inquire if the tahlimji and his family were well and prosperous.

“You see, mon cher,” I remarked, “that these

people are old friends of mine, but in my present position I am really obliged to limit my acquaintance almost entirely to Mussulmans, and therefore to drop many persons for whom, however, I have a certain regard. This family of Scarpa are amongst the number; I have quite a curiosity to learn something of their condition."

"Je comprends—I understand you perfectly," answered Costaki; "and if you desired to see old Scarpa, I could easily bring him; but if you merely wish to hear of his present state I can tell you all about it, for I know the man well. He is now in disgrace; the old ass will never be able to get on in the world; he has too much pride and obstinacy. I hear he has sorely offended Halil Pasha on some absurd point of honour. The fact is, Scarpa is not adapted to this country, where men must put their consciences in their pockets occasionally, and do as they are bid. I hear that he refused point blank to carry out some secret instruction of the pasha, since which the old man has been suspended for some months, and, they say, will be sent to Damascus, or be obliged to leave the service altogether, when he would starve. I know the family have already suffered much, and are even now in great poverty."

A pang shot through my heart on hearing this

intelligence. I longed to rush to the rescue of those I still loved.

“And what,” I asked, “of the family: he has a wife and daughter, has he not?”

“Oh, certainly; the daughter is quite a beauty; at least it is said so. I think her too pale. She is not bad-looking, however, but a perfect *dévôte*, and has refused several offers of marriage, and, it is supposed, will take the veil. Her mother ought to have managed better; with her daughter's good looks she might have secured an excellent *parti*. Perhaps, after all, they are looking for some wealthier man than has yet offered himself. Indeed I hear that one of the Volpinis is sweet upon the young lady. They are millionnaires, and I should not be surprised if these Scarpas are playing a deep game. The pretty Leonora will be lucky if she captivates young Volpini. He belongs to a rigidly Catholic family, and his mother and sisters are very religious, so I should not be surprised if Aristide is caught, after all.”

This account of Leonora was not altogether displeasing to me. I flattered myself that she had remained single for my sake, and though her family could not have failed to hear of my apostasy, still, on my account, she might be unable to marry another. I rejected indignantly the theory of the Greek Costaki,

whose mean soul could never grasp the noble simplicity of a nature so far above his own, and I felt acutely the loss I had suffered. For some time I was silent, and for a moment felt I would gladly exchange all my wealth and position for the hand and heart of one whom I now regarded with more devotion than ever. I blamed myself, too, for not having kept up a correspondence with the family, by which my heart might possibly have been kept true—possibly—alas! the possibility would have been faint indeed; the career I had entered on was too dazzling; the position of a struggling doctor in an ill-requited service, exposed as he is to the arrogance and contumely of a race intellectually beneath him, presented too great a contrast to that which I had gained; so that even Leonora, with her beauty of soul and body, could not counterbalance the material advantages which had perverted my best feelings.

During our conversation, Costaki mentioned the fact that the Turkish ladies were by no means the ciphers in political plots that Europeans often supposed, but that many of the changes in the ministry had their origin in the Sultan's harem. This was to me quite a new idea, and caused me a feeling of regret that my wife had declined so firmly to accompany me. Had I but thought of this beforehand, I

might have persuaded her to undertake the journey. I mentioned these regrets to Costaki, who shared in them; "but," said he, "the error may be retrieved to a certain point; there are here two or three Frank ladies, who are intimate in most of the great harems, and who are clever intriguers; suppose you were to make the acquaintance of one of these? You would find her useful in procuring the influence of some great khanum, who might rule the harem of a minister, and, what is more, guide his actions."

"But how can I make such acquaintances," I asked, "without mixing in Christian society, and to that, as I have said, I am averse?"

"I can arrange your affair," said my friend; "there is a Perote lady who is constantly in some great man's harem, and who has a fine talent for intrigue, joined to an insatiate appetite for gold. I feel sure she could easily be gained, and that she would be most useful in your employment. Will you permit me to introduce her? I fear you would have to meet her in Pera, as it would not be well for you to receive women in your house here; so, if you will deign to visit my house, I will secure her being there to meet you."

"I have not the least objection to the plan," I answered. "Who is the lady, and of what nationality?"

“She is French,” answered Costaki, “and her name is Madame François.”

“Madame François !” I exclaimed ; “by all means ask her to meet me. I know her well ; just mention my former name, Antonelli, and she will be sure not to disappoint us.”

Costaki promised to arrange this matter, and to secure me an interview without delay.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MUSTECHAR—MY PRESENTS ARE ACCEPTABLE—THE MASHATA IS PRESENTED—I RENEW MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH MADAME FRANCOIS.

ON the day following this conversation, Saafeti Effendi presented himself, bringing an invitation for me to call on the Mustechar, or home secretary, who consented to receive me soon after midday prayers. I was a good deal agitated by this summons, as I felt I must not lose the opportunity of presenting the petition against Hafiz Pasha, and this was a delicate matter, all the more so as I was new to the customs of Constantinople. I now brought out the document from its recess, and showing it to Saafeti Effendi, asked his advice as to the best manner of proceeding in the matter. Saafeti carefully read and examined it, and then said, "You should lose no time in presenting this 'masbata,' since it is probable that as soon as you departed the secret would ooze out, and the pasha would at once contrive some means of counteracting the effect of the document. He would

probably send off a confidential messenger, with rich gifts to his friends here, and with a masbata from an opposite party ; he would also do his utmost to injure your character, so as to blacken your face with the ministry. If, however, you can manage to conclude the affair before his counteracting measures are complete, the victory will remain with you, and it is then possible that you may meet Hafiz on the road from Mosul, when you proceed there as pasha. I can ensure you a favourable hearing from the Mustechar ; you will not have to explain your desires, as he already knows them. He was charmed with the mare, and evidently gratified when I hinted at further presents. Be not afraid when you meet him, but present your masbata before you depart."

We presently mounted our horses, and set out for the 'At Meidan,' where his Excellency resided. I took with me my handsomest grooms in their gorgeous dresses, also my pipe-bearer, and another servant, and I was mounted on my favourite and most showy horse "Arslan." The sentries saluted as I passed, and I recognized their salute by a graceful wave of the hand, while I maintained a grave and self-important demeanour. I could not but contrast the present with the past ; scarce two years ago I paced these same streets, weary and foot-sore, an

unsuccessful doctor, who, for the sake of a fee of twenty piastres, had walked many a weary mile, through the hot and dusty streets of this great city. I was then a "shapkali," a wearer of the hat, and the proud Mussulman who passed would push me to the wall with contempt. I was a ghiaour, too, one of the despised religion, and men scowled at me, though God knows I was harmless and humble to all. Now all was changed, the poor men stood with their backs to the wall awaiting my salute, and they then bowed themselves to the earth, as my proud charger, with his rich housings, paced the rough pavement, champ-ing his silver bit. I rode into the spacious courtyard of the Mustechar, dismounted, and with Saafeti Effendi entered the house. The crowd of menials officiously hurried to take charge of my papoosh, or outer shoes, and disembarass me of my cloak. They were richly recompensed by my confidential servant. We were at once admitted to the presence of the Mustechar, who arose and greeted me with an air of the most perfect courtesy. "I fear," said he, "that you must have suffered great hardships on your journey. I understand you have recently arrived from Mosul; how many days were you on the road?"

"I was a month on the road, your Excellency," I

replied, "but I was anxious to preserve my horses, which are of great value; the dust of your feet has ventured to offer your Excellency a specimen of Mesopotamian blood."

"Mashallah, the mare is a beauty,"—and his Excellency then proceeded to discuss the relative merits of the different breeds of the desert. I was gratified to find him a connoisseur in horseflesh, so I ventured, in the most deferential manner, to invite his Excellency to pay me a visit, and inspect my stables. "I would not dare," I added, "to seek so great an honour, but that I see your Excellency admires fine horses."

"Hai, hai, Yussuf Effendi, horses are my delight," said the Mustechar; "but why should I not give myself the pleasure of a visit to your konag, apart from the horses. Inshallah, I will come next Friday."

"Effendim, the house and horses of your slave are not his own; your slave will await your Excellency, to present them with inexpressible pleasure and profound devotion."

Meantime a row of well-dressed and handsome servants were standing motionless at the end of the room, with eyes intently fixed on their master. He raised his head, and uttering the words "Chibouk,

cahvé," the men instantly and noiselessly vanished, and presently re-appeared, bearing long jessamine pipes, one of which was presented at the same moment to each person. An instant afterwards, two more attendants entered, one with a tray covered with a gold-embroidered cloth, which being removed by the other, a number of coffee-cups appeared, and were served to us all at once, as were the pipes.

I found the Mustechar one of the most polished and agreeable of men, well informed as to the state of Europe, and an excellent linguist. During our conversation he occasionally changed his language from Turkish to French, using the latter especially when discussing European affairs. After a long and interesting conversation there was a silence of a few moments, during which time I tried to invent an excuse for presenting the masbata. The Mustechar at last gave me the opportunity; so, drawing the document from my pocket, I said, "I am most unwilling to intrude upon the exalted affairs which require the luminous intellect of your Excellency with so small a matter as the grievances of a remote province like Mosul; but I could not refuse the prayers and entreaties of good Moslems, the subjects of his Imperial Majesty, may God favour and preserve him; and so did I consent to undertake a long and

painful journey, to bring to your footstool a humble petition from the Cadi and all the notabilities of Mosul. You will see, Effendim, that they have something to complain of. They groan under the 'zulm,' the tyranny of this Hafiz Pasha. He makes free with the goods, and even the women of Moslems. If he satisfied his desires on the Christians, I would not venture to bring any masbata from them; for their perversity in refusing the light of Islam deserves punishment, and their goods are the spoil of Moslems; but this Hafiz Pasha knows no law, and makes no distinctions, and so it is that the country is ruined, and the people murmur, and their best and greatest men have sent your slave to lay this masbata at your Excellency's feet."

The pasha took the document, and carefully read it. I thought I detected a sneer or smile on his face as he did so. He merely observed, that most of the Mosuleans, it appeared, were called "Osman," which was remarkable, and gave rise to some disquieting doubts in my mind. However, his Excellency promised to lay the petition before the Grand Vizier; and then called for fresh pipes, which I took as a signal to depart. The pasha bade me adieu in the most gracious manner, remarking that such men as myself were required in the provinces, and he

hoped I would not refuse the cares of office should I be called upon to undertake a pashalik.

As I rode away from this most satisfactory interview, I carried my head higher than ever, and felt satisfied that before long I should succeed in my ambitious project, and arrive at the coveted dignity of pasha and governor of a province.

On arriving at my house I found Costaki waiting to receive me, and anxious to be of service. He brought a note from Madame François, and told me that, agreeably to my desires, he had made further inquiries concerning the "tahlimji" and his family, and had ascertained that he was under orders to depart to Damascus, and take up an appointment there. Bidding Costaki to stay and dine with me, which indeed was his usual habit, I opened the note of my old friend Madame François.

She wrote in terms of warm friendship. "You have done well," she said, "to turn Turk, since you have made a good thing of it; you are a philosopher, and not an ignorant fanatic. You say there is but one God, *eh bien!* we say the same thing, though we say there are three in one; well, then, if we omit the latter, which none of us understand, what difference is there between our two religions? The Turks, I am told, believe in Jesus Christ, so do we; again,

what is the difference? Parbleu! you have reason in turning Turk, since you have married a rich woman by so doing. Again, the Turks believe in Mahomed, their prophet; *eh bien*, we believe there was a Mahomed, and as for his being a prophet—Dieu sait. I always knew, my dear friend, that you would make a beautiful career, and I always told you so, though you were at times discouraged, and no wonder; every beginning is hard, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*.

“I will wait for you, my dear friend, if you will honour me with a visit at eleven o'clock, *alla franca*, you will come and take a little *déjeuner* with me, *n'est-ce-pas?* Come quite alone, and we will consult about what is to be done. You have gained a fine position, certainly, but you may climb higher, and perhaps I can help you, who knows?”

I entertained that evening a number of my Mussulman neighbours, Costaki being a humble guest, taking the lowest place, and occasionally filling my pipe to show his zeal, if my servants, scarcely numerous enough for all my guests, happened to be engaged with the rest of the company.

During such feasts as this, precisely as the chant of the muezzin was heard from the mahfil of the neighbouring mosque, I was the first to rise, per-

form the abdest, or washing, spread my carpet before me, turn towards Mecca, and gravely go through the prescribed form of prayer, to the edification of my guests, and thus was my character established as a good Mussulman, and thus did I hope to make them forget that I had ever been a Christian, and merited the odious name of renegade.

I did not fail to call and breakfast with Madame François, who received me with officious politeness. She gave me a world of advice as to how to gain the interest of such and such pashas, and strongly advised me to cultivate the Armenians. "By all means," said she, "borrow a good round sum of money from Duz Oglou, at heavy interest, promising him to double the interest, or repay him twice the principal when you obtain a place. He is the confidant and man of business of Halil Pasha, who is deeply in his debt. Duz Oglou also holds in mortgage nearly all the property of the Grand Vizier; Duz Oglou is the man, and he is by no means insensible to rich presents and to attentions from a Mussulman. Why not pay him a visit?"

This I promised to do; meantime I asked the good lady if she could do something for me through her acquaintances in the harems.

"Certainly I can, but I must have something to

work with; you must entrust me with some diamonds, and then I can do everything," said the lady.

"I shall be but too glad to entrust you with some jewels," I answered. "I have also some fine Riza linen, which you know is in great esteem, and very costly. To-morrow I will send you over a packet of value, to be used precisely according to your judgment; meantime, I have brought a trifle for your acceptance, as a souvenir of the past."

"Oh, you are too good, dear Yusuf Effendi; *mon Dieu!* but this is far too grand for a poor old woman like me," exclaimed madame, as her eyes sparkled over a diamond brooch, worth I suppose about two hundred ducats.

I allowed her transports to calm; meantime I smoked my pipe, and then asked if she happened to be acquainted with an Italian family, of the name of Scarpa.

"*Mais oui, je crois bien*—I should think I do, and I know a certain *Mdlle. Scarpa*, and I know a certain monsieur who was going to marry her, but was too wise to throw himself away on a penniless chit like that. Ah! *mon cher Yusuf Effendi*, you see I know all about it; but you don't expect her to turn Turk, and go into your harem, do you?"

“Not so fast, my dear madame, I merely asked if you knew the family. Although prudence forbade my marrying the dear girl, I yet feel a great interest in her, and it pained me to hear that the family were in distress, and I wished to consult you as to whether something might be done to assist the good old man, without wounding his self-respect.”

“Oh ! que vous êtes bon ! What a good heart you have !” exclaimed madame. “Well now, I see you love that girl yet, and no wonder, for she is a marvellous beauty. Do you wish to see her ?”

“Indeed, I should like to do so,” I replied, “but to what good purpose ? I cannot marry her. I would give more than half my wealth if she would become a Moslem, but that, doubtless, is out of the question. She is, I hear, a perfect *dévôte*.”

“*Mademoiselle* est un peu *dévôte*, but no matter ; I have known pious people do strange things, and if she loves you, she might even become a philosopher like yourself ; then wealth will perform miracles you know.”

“Madame,” I replied, “I have the most profound faith in wealth, but there are some things that even money won’t buy, and Leonora is one of those things.”

“ Ah, bah ! mon cher, it is not the question of buying her by force of money ; but, you see, a good many things go to influence a girl’s heart. Gold will win most women—gold alone, I mean ; there are others again who cannot be bought by anything so gross, but these will yield to love, and these are the best of women. If there are hearts so cold as to be touched by neither, they are not worth having. Now, as you have on your side both money and love, surely you can perform miracles.”

“ Alas, madame ! you speak of impossibilities, how can I approach Leonora now ? I should be spurned as a renegade ; besides, I have a wife, that fact alone is fatal to my hopes.”

“ Attendez, donc—a beautiful idea has struck me ; leave it to me, I will arrange the affair.”

“ But how, madame ? for God’s sake tell me, what is your idea ? ”

“ Listen, then. I will call on Madame Scarpa, I will contrive to get an interview with mademoiselle. I will praise you and speak of your excellent character, your generosity, your goodness of heart, and regret feelingly your sad apostasy ; all this she will listen to, I know. I will then speak of your loneliness in Mosul, and say that under such circumstances, when her parents had refused their consent

to your union, it was not to be wondered at that you should have become reckless, and fallen a victim to the allurements of your late wife."

"My *late* wife! comment, madame? What mean you by my *late* wife?"

"Why, your Moslem wife is dead, is she not?" asked madame.

"God forbid!" I replied, "she is alive and well, I trust."

"Well, now, how people talk," replied Madame François; "I heard she was dead; I really forgot who it was who told me; no matter, there is a report to that effect, and it will serve your purpose with mademoiselle; so, whether alive or dead, I must speak of the khanum as your late wife. I will then dwell upon your wealth, and describe it as something fabulous. Lastly, I will assure the maiden that your conversion to Islamism was merely nominal; that you are at heart a Christian, and I will say that it rests with her to make you a true son of the Church; that if she were to marry you, all the wealth you have in this country could easily be realized, and then you might retire to Europe, and devote a large sum to the service of the Church. I know this will touch her more than anything else, since she has been very busy lately amongst the priests and sisters

of mercy, and has helped the latter in their school of St. François, in Galata."

"Madame!" I exclaimed, "your intelligence is admirable. Believe me, I shall ever be your most devoted friend if you can manage this matter; and as for my present wife, why, you know, she is a Moslem, and would not object to my having one or two more ladies in my harem; and when mademoiselle, after our marriage, hears that I have another spouse, why she must make the best of it. When there is no remedy, you know people become resigned to circumstances."

"Certainly," said Madame François; "besides, there are precedents sufficient to satisfy any one. There is Ismael Effendi, for example, who married an Englishwoman, each of the two retaining their religion; and there is Ali Effendi also, who espoused a German: in fine, there are numerous instances at the present moment of similar matches, and I never hear of their being more unhappy than other mixed marriages. Why should they be so? Depend upon it, the happiness of wedded life depends upon compatibility of disposition, and not on creeds and churches. You love each other, and so you would make each other happy. Perhaps, it would not be quite so well for madame the Khatoon; but then she is a Turk, and so we need not mind her. Eh bien!

I am prepared for the undertaking. May I suggest that I am the bearer of some little present; something of value sufficient to show that you are in earnest, and that may give mademoiselle an idea of the wealth that awaits her acceptance?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "I will send you something worthy of the occasion. I should never think of despatching you on such a mission with empty hands."

We bade adieux, each esteeming the other's talents. The day was still young, so I determined to call on my old friend, Ibrahim Pasha. I had anticipated that he would have no recollection of me, since a poor hekim, disposed of a couple of years ago, could hardly be expected to live in the recollection of so exalted a dignitary of the Sublime Porte. I was, however, mistaken. On entering the Salaamlık, where the pasha, now minister of police, was seated in the midst of several personages, he arose, walked a few paces forward, said, "Usta'fr Ullah—God forbid," when I attempted to kiss his robe, seated me near him, and, in fine, treated me precisely as if I had been a Mussulman of degree.

His Excellency anxiously inquired about my health, questioned me about the state of the Asiatic provinces, and promised me an early visit.

Before our interview was concluded, I had begged his acceptance of an Arab mare which I had brought from Mesopotamia, and he had most graciously ordered his seyiss bashi to go and take possession.

I took leave of his Excellency with all the formal politeness usual between Mussulmans of high rank, and so I concluded my day's work.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EMERALD NECKLACE—THE KARA GUZ—FOREBODINGS—THE
HAMMAM—OSMAN BEY REAPPEARS—AYA SOFIA—A TURKISH
INSTITUTION—A STROLL IN PERA—A RENCONTRE.

ON reaching home I employed myself in making up a valuable packet of jewels, dresses, and other costly objects, to be given to two or three influential ladies, the wives of great men. After I had carefully sealed this, I counted over the rest of my diminished treasures, and studied what would be most suitable for Leonora. I decided that the emerald necklace, the most beautiful and costly object in poor Marie's trousseau, would surely dazzle the eyes, if not the judgment, of any maiden of seventeen, not excepting the wise and beautiful Leonora. It was, in truth, an exquisite work of art, independent of its intrinsic value, and had evidently been designed and fashioned in Paris; from there, doubtless, purchased by some Sultan for a favourite wife, or odalik, and by her given to the wife of a pasha, whose effects had eventually been purchased by a Christian, and so

Krasinski, seeking for a portable investment of his savings, had purchased the costly decoration, hoping to realize by it in Europe a larger sum than he had expended in a remote province in Asia, where money was scarce. The ornament was far too splendid to give lightly, and without hope of return, but the conversation of Mdme. François had turned my head. I felt confident of winning Leonora. Why not? everything seemed to yield to my address and ability. My lucky star was in the ascendant; I determined to pursue this adventure to the end, and win my Leonora, and so recover my emerald necklace. With it I sent a note to Mdme. François, explaining that I wished the gift to be offered with all possible tact and address; and then my useful little friend Costaki took charge of the Armenian hammal, or porter, who carried the packet of linen, and other valuables.

Each day was now actively employed in visiting pashas and ministers of state, with whom I conversed freely on the administration of the provinces, and thought that I was impressing them with a profound idea of my talents. Of this I felt assured, since they would frequently confess that such and such a notion had never struck them before, and often regretted their want of a European education. I had heard the governing class of Turks maligned by Europeans,

as being stupid, short-sighted, bigoted, and avaricious. I now thought that such notions were but the echoes of the very bigotry of which these Turkish dignitaries were accused, for though they were certainly inferior to the best of our European statesmen, and though their remarks were by no means striking or original, they yet would listen to my views with evident interest, and never call in question the soundness of the most advanced European theories. I soon found it quite unnecessary to keep up my somewhat Pharisaical religious demeanour, since, except in the presence of a mollah, the higher classes of Turks would omit all religious observances, and in some cases even affect to ridicule the formulas of Mahomedanism. I was more than once invited to dine and spend the night at the houses of great men, where wine, especially champagne, was drunk far more freely than amongst Europeans, and where scenes occurred which might be deemed indecorous, since few of the guests could walk at the close of the entertainment.

The Mussulman and native Christian quarters of Constantinople are, nevertheless, most decent in their outward demeanour, forming in this respect a great contrast to Pera and Galata, the abode of the Europeans, who, owing to the peculiar state of the treaties

with the Porte, live under the laws of the independent states of Europe, and are consequently but little interfered with by the police. The Turks are outwardly an orderly people, and yet present strange contrasts. During any religious or public rejoicing, a favourite diversion is the "kara guz," something of the nature of our punchinello, or rather the *ombres Chinoises*, and this kara guz was deemed by respectable Turks a proper exhibition for their harems and children. I cannot describe this grossly obscene drama, nor dare I allude to other vices so rife amongst this grave and decorous people, who are said by some to be spoiled and corrupted by their intercourse with Europeans. They certainly show a singular facility in acquiring Western vices, but I never found they gave up their own. (43.)

I found abundance of intelligence amongst the governing class, but it was of the lowest form, and might rather be termed cunning. My friend Tilki Pasha, for instance, had distinguished himself by what was considered a masterly stroke of statesmanship. On the promulgation of the tanzimat hairiyé, a project of reform which was intended to check the then existing system of exactions, the pasha called upon the large rayah population to furnish statements of the exact amount of the contributions they



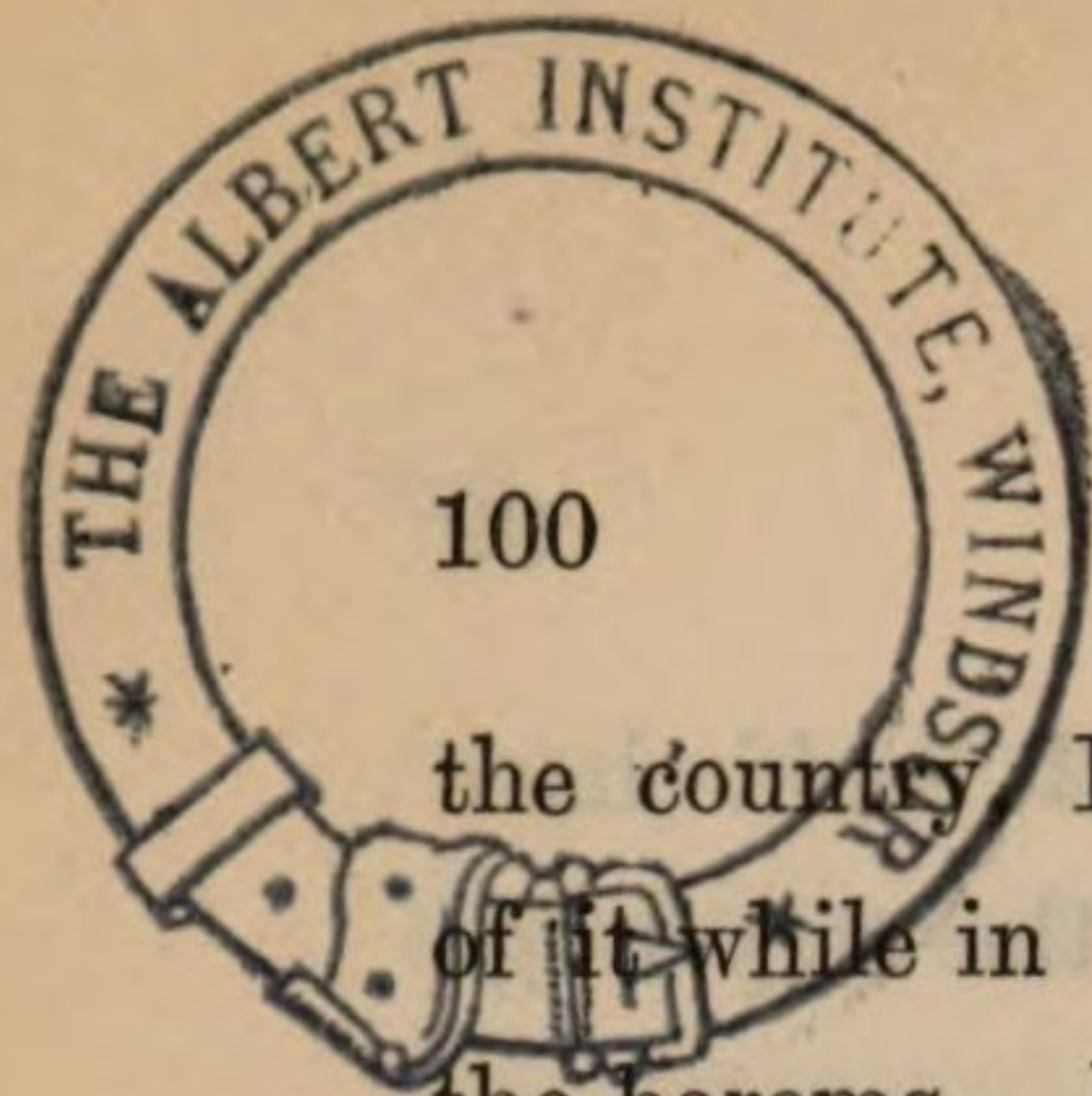
had been arbitrarily subjected to, in addition to the lawful taxes, which was promptly done; and since it was presumed that they had been able to satisfy all the demands made upon them, Tilki at once assessed them with the whole amount, and thereby gained the reputation of a great statesman. (44.)

While enjoying myself in the salaamluks of the great, and receiving from all of them the most flattering promises, I yet could get no definite answer to the "masbata." Whenever I called on the Mustechar, he told me that his Highness the Grand Vizier had received the document, and promised to give an early reply, and the Mustechar usually concluded his conversation by the words, "'yaren inshallah'—to-morrow, please God," and yet the morrow would bring the same answer. I was accustomed to the dilatory habits of the Turks, but delay in this case was most dangerous, hence it was that I haunted the ante-rooms of the Sublime Porte, and lavished gifts on those subordinates who were supposed to have any power whatever to push matters. I had, moreover, according to the advice of Madame François, found my way to the house of one or two Armenian magnates, and was greeted with every mark of the most abject respect; but when I came to ask for a loan, I found my host had not the power to

lay his hands on any cash, and, if I could have believed his asseverations, he was on the very verge of bankruptcy.

Another source of uneasiness, too, began to rob me of sleep. I had not yet received a letter from my wife. I had been nearly six weeks in the capital, and sundry mails had arrived, but as yet not a line from Rafya. Neither had any Mosulean called upon me, though surely some must have come to Constantinople since my arrival. Most of those, however, who travelled between the two cities were Christian merchants, and these would not seek me out. Still, I was uneasy, more especially as I had now invested nearly all my treasures, and saw no immediate sign of a return; in other words, I had given away nearly all my presents, and still my friends and patrons admired the horses I rode, and hinted that further gifts would not be refused.

A day or two after Madame François had received the packet of presents she wrote to me a very hopeful letter. "Be patient, my friend," she said. "Paris was not built in a day, neither can you have all you want in the twinkling of an eyelid. Though we live in the East, we have not Aladdin's lamp; at least, I have not, though in comparing your present condition with that of two years ago on your arrival in



THE HEKIM BASHI.

the country. I suspect you may have had the loan of it while in Mosul. I am working hard for you in the harems. Khadija Khanum, the wife of Ibrahim Pasha, and the daughter of the Grand Vizier, swears you shall be made Pasha of Mosul, and you will then send her another 'tisbeh' of pearls. She says she will give her husband no peace until she hears of your appointment. Hafisa Khanum, the wife of Tilki Pasha, was enchanted by the 'tepelik' of diamonds, and says she will go to the Grand Vizier herself, and insist on your appointment, but she told me that she wants a 'kooshak' still more than a 'tepelik'—these Turkish women are insatiable. I gave to Ayesha Khanum the 'guirdanlik' of pearls; she is a great friend of mine, and the widow of the late Mehemed Pasha, and is constantly in the harem of the Grand Vizier, so you see you have plenty of friends now interesting themselves for you.

“And now I must tell what I have done in another quarter. I called on the Scarpas. Poor devils, they are evidently in poverty; that old man is always quarrelling with his employers; he is a proud old fellow, and will never get on in Constantinople. Well, I called, and sat a long time with these people, and I mentioned your name, just to see what effect that would produce. The old man turned deaf, and

would not understand me ; madame blushed, and turned away her face, while mademoiselle just stepped into another room ; but they would not talk about you, and so I could not learn what were their opinions. Presently the tahlimji was obliged to go out on duty, and a friend of madame's came in ; then it was that I contrived to get a good deal of conversation with mademoiselle. She showed some just indignation at your faithlessness, which was natural, but I dwelt upon your position, your loneliness and temptations, and I could see my arguments had the effect desired. Poor girl ! the tears stood in her eyes when I spoke thus of you. She was quite fluttered when I presented the necklace, and at first would not receive it, but I told her you would be heart-broken at a refusal, and so she finished by accepting the ornament, and her eyes sparkled as she examined it. Now, my dear friend, let me *strongly advise* you not to go near the house for some time to come. I will gradually bring her round to regard you with all her old favour, but if you call now, depend upon it, you will spoil your affair. The game is in your hand, but prudence is essential ; be prudent, be patient, and you will be successful. Adieu, cher ami."

I read this letter on Friday morning, after which I

prepared myself for mosque. I was waiting daily for a favourable answer to the masbata. Saafeti Effendi called, and I asked him if we had sufficiently courted Abdul Pasha, the minister of justice. "Amongst all the dignitaries we have visited of late," I remarked, "I scarcely recollect going more than once to Abdul Pasha, and I should think the masbata would probably be referred to him for an opinion."

"Fear not, Effendim," replied Saafeti, "I have looked after him anxiously, and he has had the most valuable presents, for I heard some time since that he was Hafiz Pasha's protector. I cannot think, however, that Hafiz will send handsomer gifts than yours. See, here is the list."

I looked over this document, and found I had already expended a fortune at Constantinople. The speculation was, indeed, a bold one, but I was sure of success; I expected hourly to hear that Hafiz Pasha had been "azl," dismissed, and that I had been appointed to his post; and so I thought my money well spent.

As a Mussulman, my first duty on Friday morning was the "ghoosl," or complete bodily purification; and, as I liked to be seen performing such acts in the company of Moslems, I preferred visiting the public bath, called the "Tchinelly ham-

mam," to making use of the hammam in my own house.

As I entered the bath I offered up a short ejaculatory prayer for protection against evil spirits, and I then crossed the threshold with my left foot first. With my servants I chose a convenient "yatak," or raised compartment, and there, having divested myself of my outer garments, I reposed for a time, and smoked a pipe. I presently descended from the "yatak," and putting my feet into the "naelin," or clogs, I walked, supported by a "telak," into the "saooklik," or comparatively cool chamber, from whence I soon passed to the "sidjaklik," or sudatorium. Here I lay perspiring freely; and, with a brain rendered still more active by the throbbing heart, I brooded over the mazy intrigue in which I was now involved.

The sudatorium of a Turkish bath is a fit place for exciting a gloomy imagination. All around is strange and unearthly, the silence is only broken by an occasional grunt from a naked figure undergoing the manipulations of the "telak." The light is admitted in feeble rays from a few lenses on the domed roof. The half-dressed telaks move about like ghastly invalids in the oppressive atmosphere, or like men doomed to expiate their crimes in this

infernal prison-house. While I lay on the "gubek tashy," or large marble slab in the centre of the hot room, I heard a voice, calling for the telak, which made me start with astonishment. It was the voice of Osman Bey, or one strongly resembling it. I listened again, but heard it no more; and, on scanning curiously the different bathers, I was unable to recognize the face of my associate of the "masbata," and so concluded I was mistaken, but determined on a further scrutiny when I had left the dark sudatorium.

When my body was prepared for the operation by the heat, I put myself into the hands of a telak, and was kneaded, rubbed, and scraped; and, finally, covered with soap and soused with hot water. I then was divested of my "peshtamel," or wrapper, and, clothed in fresh linen, I returned to the "yatak," there to enjoy that delicious dreamy repose, and sensation of extreme cleanliness, only felt after the hammam. I lay musing on my position, smoking the "narguileh," or water-pipe, and sipping coffee, while my eyes rested on the face of a swarthy Moslem opposite, who, like myself, was enjoying his pipe and coffee.

I know not how it was, but a sort of fascination attracted my gaze towards the man, and my mind

was possessed of a dreamy consciousness that I had seen him before, but where and when I knew not. At last he proceeded to dress, and then pulling off the head-cloths, and letting fall the linen wrapper from his shoulders, my startled eyes detected the Dervish Abdullah; there could be no mistake in those bronzed and scarred shoulders, and the peculiar slope of the neck. I watched him with intense curiosity, and mused on the singular life these fakirs lead, wandering from city to city. There was nothing strange in this Abdullah being in Constantinople, though it was rather odd that I should see him in a bath; about the last place where I should look for a dirty dervish. While thus I watched him, to my utter astonishment he donned the dress of a Turkish officer, and then I know not how to describe my sensations when he seemed transformed, as if by a miracle, into Osman Bey. Yes, there could be no doubt of it—there was Osman Bey, and there was the Dervish Abdullah. I seemed to have a glimpse into some horrible secret, and a sensation of indefinable dread oppressed me as I discovered that the dervish, the confidant and employé of the pasha, was no other than Osman, who had instigated me to prepare the masbata against his patron. The remark of the Mustechar, “that most of the notables in

Mosul seemed to be called Osman," recurred with painful force to my mind, and I could not resist the conviction that the masbata, after all, was not a real one, and that I had been thoroughly duped, and made the victim of some foul plot. Had I, at first, seen Osman in his real character, I should at once have made myself known to him, but this discovery of his former disguise put him in an entirely new light, and I resolved to be on my guard, and not to declare myself until I had learned something of the object of his mission to Constantinople. I therefore turned myself about and lay with my face to the wall until he had left the bath, and then I prepared for the mosque.

I proceeded with Saafeti to Aya Sofia, where I went through the worship amidst a crowd of Moslems of all Eastern nations. After the service I strolled about this magnificent temple, and could not help remarking to my companion that Aya Sofia was like the standard of a regiment in battle; that the Muscovites dreamed of worshipping some day here, and that in the heart of the poorest Greek of the city there lingered a latent spark of ambition, which was to see, ere he died, the cross once more planted over the dome of Aya Sofia. "Each enemy of Islam," I said, "looks to this standard, once in the van of Christendom, and longs to seize it."

“ And the time will come when our enemies will overpower us,” said Saafeti. “ We Moslems worship here in Europe, but yonder lies our final home, and in that conviction we are buried in Scutari, that the Christian dogs may not defile our graves.” (45.)

We strolled into the southern court and inspected the toorbas or tombs of imperial personages, which consist of large coffin-shaped boxes, covered with costly shawls, and surmounted by short vertical projections supporting a turban. At the head of these biers are inscriptions in gold embroidery, upon a crimson ground, recording the name and title of the illustrious dead. A balustrade of carved cedar protects the enclosure. Large silver candelabra stand in front, and several Korans are placed upon their stands for the use of the students and readers. The most remarkable of these tombs is that containing the remains of Murad III., in which repose also the seventeen murdered brothers, and the son of Mohammed III., who died in 1602.

“ Thank God,” I remarked, “ those days are gone by. No Sultan would now venture to murder an innocent family to secure his accession.”

“ What words are these ?” replied Saafeti. “ Know you not that such a form of murder is sanctioned by adet—by the custom of the state—and that probably

every year the infants of Abdul Azeez are stifled as soon as born?" (46.)

I was shocked and incredulous, but Saafeti proceeded to lay before me evidence which rendered it impossible to refuse my credence to the fact, that murder in the seraglio was still an institution in the modern Ottoman empire, the country of so many hatts or reforms.

Leaving Aya Sofia, I proceeded towards Pera, but before crossing the bridge, I had a full view of the harbour. Suddenly the cannon began to give their thundering salutes, the echoes of which were brought back from the valleys and promontories of the vine-clad Asiatic hills. His Imperial Majesty, the Hoonkiar, or blood-drinker, was returning from his devotions in the mosque of Sultan Ahmet. First two richly decorated caiques, rowed by fourteen oars, and proceeding abreast, shot out from the mass of shipping at anchor, the men shouting loudly to clear the way for the progress of the monarch. Fifty yards behind came at a majestic pace the state caique, in which sate the Sultan. About fifty rowers propelled the gorgeous boat, white decked out with gold, and surmounted by a canopy of crimson silk and velvet. The grand marshal and two others of the household were in attendance

on the jaded monarch, exhausted by a life of sensuality. A second canopied caique followed, containing more dignitaries of the empire in attendance, after which two large boats, crowded with the imperial suite. The brilliant sky, the limpid waters of the Bosphorus, the white-robed boatmen and the stately barges, combined to form the most imposing pageant in the world. All the royal spectacles of Europe, decked out with their quaint costumes and gilded trappings, fall far below the weekly progress of the Turkish Sultan on the waters of the Golden Horn.

Saafeti watched the procession until it disappeared amongst the huge vessels of the fleet. He then said, "There goes our Padishah to his harem; when next he comes out he will go to the mosque, and then back again to his women and wine; and this is the caliph of Islam, Sultan Abdul Mejid Khan. Vai, vai, no wonder that Islam has so fallen."

On Friday, after mosque, it is a custom with Turkish grandees to pass over into Pera, and inspect the wonders of Frank shops. On such occasions will be seen corpulent pashas, gravely inspecting and purchasing wonderful toys, or sauntering into jewellers' shops, and cheapening watches. We were now on our way to join these pleasure-takers. As

we crossed the bridge, and climbed the steep hill of Galata, again did this well-known quarter recall to my mind the days when, weary and footsore, I had toiled up this hill after hours of heart-sickening attendance at apothecaries' shops in Stamboul. How often had I struggled on a sirocco day up that noisome street, with feeble legs and aching stomach. I now was mounted on my charger "Arslan," an ^{"dim"} animal whose beauty would attract the eyes even of the stateliest pasha. His symmetry of form well became his quiet but costly housings, for while adopting to the full the Asiatic fashion of horse trappings, I had the taste of a European for finish of detail, and with me, no rusty stirrups or bit contrasted with the golden embroidery of the "shabraque," a too common sight in Constantinople. While adopting, also, the custom of a Turkish aristocrat in the number of my attendants, I was yet most careful not to excite malignant ridicule by too great a display. A single groom walked by my side, his hand resting on the back of the horse, and two well-dressed servants followed, one carrying my pipe, the other a small leather case. This was a modest number of attendants, but I was in no fear of being mistaken for a nobody, or a Christian, I knew too well the little niceties of bearing of the true Osmanli,

and my horse alone would excite respect. I presently approached the cross-roads at the top of the great Pera street, where were two sentries, and an officer on guard, and I heard with delight the latter give the word, on which the soldiers came forward and presented arms, while I gravely returned the salute, with the proper degree of nonchalance. I felt elated; I was one of the lords of the country, rich and respected.

While thus musing, I suddenly caught sight of something which caused my heart to leap with emotion. I saw distinctly, at about a hundred yards distance, the Signora Scarpa and her daughter approaching. No longer did my newly acquired Mussulman pride avail me. I felt abashed, ashamed thus to be seen tricked out in Turkish costume, playing the part of a Turk; I, born a Christian, and once a poor and honest man. In one moment all my sins rushed like a torrent on my conscience, as if I were being led to the seat of a pure and just judge. But I recovered myself quickly, for I recollected that the maiden had received the emerald necklace, and had not repulsed my propositions. She approached, all unconscious of my presence. My own Leonora. Heavens! how lovely had she become; her scarcely ripened graces of a year ago had now budded into

womanly maturity, and she was radiantly beautiful. At that moment I adored her, and would gladly have exchanged wealth, position, nay life itself, for one warm embrace, or even for one kind and loving regard. She looked so modest and gentle that I felt sure she would meet me at least as an old friend. I reined up my horse, and, addressing the mother, said, "Signora, come sta?" and turning to Leonora, "Signorina, il suo servo." The mother returned a cold bow; at first a look of startled surprise gave animation to the features of Leonora, then a quick glance of recognition, accompanied by a crimson blush mantling face and neck. I stooped on the neck of my charger, and exclaimed, "Cara Leonora!" Drawing herself to her full height, her eyes flashing fire, the young maiden, even more beautiful in her rage, positively glared at me, and then through those brilliant teeth issued the words, "Renegade, let me pass," and mother and daughter moved on.

Had the lightning of heaven fallen on me, and scathed my brain, I could not have felt more stunned. Unutterably wretched as I was, my heart yet burned as though a hell were kindled there—a hell of love and rage. I had been stabbed in my kindest affections with a poisoned dagger, and my blood turned to gall.

I turned my horse's head to Constantinople Proper, to the stronghold of Islam, and I cursed all Christendom in my anger. I was now ten times more a Mussulman than ever. Renegade indeed! as if a rational being could not change his opinion when he chose, and on what subject he chose, religion not excepted, without being branded by an opprobrious name. I shook off the dust of my feet against Pera and all its hybrid people, and damned it as a nest of vipers, the scum and offscouring of Europe. I determined henceforth to be a Turk in heart and soul, and hoped some day to wield power sufficient to make the renegade feared, if not respected.

CHAPTER VIII.

TERRIBLE FOREBODINGS—BAD NEWS FROM MOSUL—I MAKE ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE, AND FIND MYSELF RUINED.

ONCE again in my own house, though surrounded by every luxury, I was yet a prey to vexation and anxiety. I felt the sensation of an impending calamity that would not be shaken off. I could not dismiss from my mind the unaccountable appearance of Osman Bey, and the discovery that he was no other than the Dervish Abdullah. This boded me no good. Would to God I had never listened to his oily tongue, ever exciting my avarice, prompting me to dangerous plots! The recollection of the masbata rankled like a thorn in my breast. I could find no peace. I dreaded that this Osman was, after all, in league with the pasha, and that the masbata was forged. This terrible suspicion poisoned my existence, my luxuries were irksome, my pomp a wearisome burden. I almost anticipated some terrible denouement that would consign me to a felon's

prison, and dissipate with a breath the result of all my careful plots, and the stately fabric of my good fortune. I writhed in an agony of terror when my mind dwelt on the dark side of the picture. But then, on the other hand, I strove to take a brighter view of my position. Surely so deep and crafty a plot was beyond a Turk's cunning. Why should it occur to me, after all, that the masbata was false, and that Osman had deceived me? He might well have been in the pasha's confidence, and yet prefer to see me in the latter's place, hoping to gain more under my pashalik than under that of Hafiz. It was at least as likely that Osman was a traitor to the pasha as to me. I cursed my imprudence, in not having spoken to the cadi, or some of those whose signatures were, as I supposed, appended to the masbata; but then I was warned by Osman to observe the strictest silence in the matter, and to put the affair entirely in his hands, and in the conduct of so delicate a negotiation his request appeared not unreasonable.

I sometimes thought of breaking up my town establishment and retiring to Mosul; but I had staked too much on this plot; besides, I should be in the power of the pasha there, and I had not lived long enough in the city to gain any support from

the citizens as a body. It might be dangerous for a pasha to violate justice in the case of a wealthy local magnate, it would not be so when the victim was an upstart, and only recently converted to Islam. So I reflected that a return to Mosul would certainly call for many heavy sacrifices on the part of my wife to protect me from the pasha's just anger, which even then might not be averted.

While I thus sat brooding over the perils which a guilty conscience had invoked, my head servant, Ismael, pushed aside the purdeh, and stood before me with hands folded and dejected countenance. At first I thought he had but caught the gloomy mood of his master, thinking it unbecoming to look cheerful while I looked sad; but his eyes were fixed steadily on me with a portentous gaze that at length alarmed me, and I exclaimed, "Né var—what is the matter, Ismael?"

"Pardon me, Effendim, your slave knows nothing. Inshallah, please God it is not true."

"Speak, pezivenk—scoundrel!" I cried, in a voice of terror, "speak!"

Ismael, instead of answering, drew aside the curtain, and said, "Guel—come," and to my startled eyes, Ahmet, my Mussulman servant, appeared. He, too, stood silent and sorrowful before me.

“Ahmet nè khaber—what is the news?” I asked, in tones of forced calmness, though ready to faint with terror.

“Pardon me, Effendim,” he answered. “Affeder-sen—grant me pardon, I have no good news.”

“Speak, then,” I shrieked; “for God’s sake, speak, and tell me all you know.”

“Effendim, your slave kisses your feet, his news is bad; may God forgive him! the Khatoon is translated—she is in paradise.”

I turned my face to the wall, and groaned aloud. Of all calamities that could possibly happen at this moment this was the most terrible. My wife was dead, and this too, at Mosul, with Hafiz Pasha ruling the city. I confess that my grief, as it bowed me to the earth, was almost wholly selfish, and was mostly pure terror on my own account. I questioned Ahmet as to when and how the Khatoon had died. “Six weeks ago,” was his answer.

“Six weeks ago, and you, villain, have thus loitered! I will——”

“Effendim, hear me,” answered Ahmet. “When the Khatoon died, I rushed off to the master of the post, to ask for post-horses; he said, ‘Yes,’ but put me off. I then mounted my own horse, and rode four hoofs (full gallop) to the first post station, and

then galloped on with post horses. Effendim, I neither slept nor ate until I reached Samsoon, and there the pasha put me in prison."

"Put you in prison! for what?"

"Wallah, I don't know, but just as I was going on board the steamer two zaptiés came and took me off to prison; they said I had robbed a man on the road. Wallah, they lied: I was too tired to rob any one, neither did I want any money since I have lived under the shadow of your Excellency; but I was a month in prison in Samsoon, and then they let me out, and said it was all a mistake, and the pasha gave me a mejidié."

I was now roused by terror to exertion. I sent for Saafeti Effendi to come to my aid, intending to commit to his care my house and effects while I went off to Mosul to claim the property of my late wife. I was well aware of the risks I ran in so doing, but I had no choice between this danger and absolute ruin, for I well knew that in Turkey property could not long take care of itself. I looked at my watch, and found I had just time to obtain a ticket in Galata for the Austrian steamer to Samsoon. I resolved to procure this myself, so I hastily put on my coat, slipped on my papoosh, and proceeded to the street door. This I opened, and was stepping

out, when a zaptié, or police officer, stopped me with the word "Yazak—it is forbidden." I stared at the man with terror and astonishment, and asked him what he meant. He tossed up his head, and was silent. It was some time before I could realize the fact that I was a prisoner in my own house. I returned to my own room, which I paced in agony, listening to every footstep.

At length appeared Saafeti Effendi. My messenger had met him coming to my house. I rushed towards him, as to an old friend, for protection. I was coolly repulsed. He gave me not the salutation of peace; but briefly announced that Abdul Pasha, the minister of justice, wished to see me.

"Am I a prisoner, then?" I asked.

"You are," replied Saafeti, "and I have orders to bring you at once to the minister of justice, as he wishes to give you an informal examination, and confront you with your accusers before you are sent to prison, as he can scarcely believe that you are guilty of the crimes you are accused of."

"I am ready; let us go," I replied.

I walked, as if in a dream, towards the house of Abdul Pasha, and had proceeded some distance ere I was aware that we were followed and guarded by four policemen.

At length we reached the house, and were ushered into the presence of the pasha, who sate with a secretary, and two other men whom I did not know. My reception was simply that of a prisoner. Saafeti was invited to sit on the divan ; I was left standing.

“Bring in the accuser,” said the pasha. The *purdeh* was drawn aside, and Osman Bey appeared.

I looked with horror at the brazen face of villany that now presented itself.

The pasha beckoned to the *sirr kiatib*, or private secretary, who brought his Excellency a bag,* the contents of which were turned out, and the fatal *masbata* produced.

The pasha held up the document, which he passed to me, asking if that were not the *masbata* I had brought from Mosul; and on my answering “Yes,” he handed it to Osman Bey (now *keyah*, or intendant, of Hafiz Pasha), asking him if those were true signatures.

“Pasha Effendim,” answered Osman, “the whole document is a forgery, as your Excellency may well see, since it is written in bad Arabic, and signed by the coarse seals of common people. There is not the impression of one Persian cut seal amongst the whole

* Official documents are kept in bags in the public offices in Turkey.

number, excepting my own. (47.) Look, Effendim, just before the sudden departure of Yussuf, the prisoner, I lost my seal, and see, here is the impression of it repeated several times. I swear to it. Can any further proof be needed of forgery and conspiracy?"

"What have you to say, Yussuf?" asked the minister.

"Effendim, what can I say?" I replied. "I can only tell the simple truth, though in so doing I confess to conspiracy. That man, Osman, prepared the masbata; it was he who procured the signatures, and it was he who advised me to bring it to Constantinople."

"Allah! Allah! hear his impudence," replied Osman, with a smile of wonder at my audacity.

"Yussuf," replied the minister, "I fear you are an impudent knave, and have brought into Islam all the crimes of Frangestan; this accusation, after all, is comparatively a light affair: there is another crime you are accused of. The Pasha of Mosul charges you with having taken possession of a young girl, the daughter of one Hekim Krasinski, and having possessed yourself of all her heritage, the parents being dead; and, lastly, with having murdered her in an empty house. What say you to this, Yussuf?"

On hearing this accusation, I raised my hands to

heaven, and swore, by Allah, that it was utterly false. I then began to tell how it happened, that the pasha himself took possession of the girl, and how she had escaped from the harem to the empty house which had been her home. "But," I exclaimed, "I have witnesses; let them be sent for from Mosul. I demand that they be sent for. I am a Mussulman. I demand justice."

"Who are your witnesses?" asked the minister.

"Hanna, my Christian servant, his wife Miriam, and Hamseeah, his son."

"Know you not," said the minister, "that before a court of Islam no Christian can bear witness?"

"How so, Effendim?" I exclaimed. "The hattı humayoon of the Sultan, published after the Russian war, declares that hereafter Christian evidence shall be received throughout the Ottoman Empire. I am a Mussulman; in God do I put my trust, and I demand that those witnesses be sent for."

"Suz—silence, pezivenk!" said the minister. "Is it for you, a ghiaour, calling yourself a Mussulman, to prate about hatts, and to obstruct the course of justice by bringing lying witnesses into the courts of Islam? Take him away, and next Wednesday let him be tried before the criminal court for murder, forgery, and conspiracy."

“Effendim, shall I take him to Tarskhanè? (the Bagnio)” asked the zaptié bashi, or police-officer.

“No,” answered the minister; “for the present he may be confined to his house until further evidence arrives from Mosul.”

That night I lay as in a fever, tossing my aching head on my pillow of thorns. Surely I felt that worm that never dieth, for the viper of remorse was nestled in my heart, and his poison burned in my veins. Sleep was out of the question; or if for a few minutes my wearied eyelids closed, dreams of the wildest nature hurried through my heated brain, and some frightful image startled me into the horrors of real life again. Oh! how I envied the coarse “zaptié,” who, lying by my side, his arm chained to mine, snored in the heavy sleep of an animal! “What,” thought I, “will be the end of all this? I see no escape; I have no friends; ruin of body and soul is inevitable.”

“Leonora! thou, too, hast spurned me; but I richly deserved it at thy hands. And when that scornful word passed from thy gentle mouth, I was in thy eyes, at least, at the height of prosperity. Never didst thou court me when wealthy—the necklace?—no, never didst thou touch bribe of mine. I know full well that the vile Frenchwoman deceived

me, and that I have been as infatuated in that matter as in every other that I have undertaken since I set my foot on this accursed soil. What folly, what madness, has marked every step of my career in Turkey! And yet no, it was no folly or madness that led me to give my heart to thee; had I but kept faith with thee, had I but made thee my guiding star, and followed the pure light of thy guileless counsels, I should now have been dwelling in the serene atmosphere of a peaceful conscience, and then I could have mocked at poverty. And for what have I bartered love, faith, honour, and religion? for gold, for fine linen, soft couches, and Arab horses. And where are these? I have scarce tasted the golden apples ere they have turned into the fruit of the Dead Sea, and filled my mouth with bitterness."

When I thought of my past life—and I thought of nothing else all night—I groaned aloud, I wept, I cursed by turns, but I durst not pray. I had no God to turn to in my agony. All was blackness and darkness, and I gazed into the future as into a bottomless pit, without a ray of hope. I would at times lift up my heart to God, to the Supreme Being, the Centre of the Universe, the God of Christians and Moslems; but an oppressive sense of dread pervaded my soul, I felt myself a guilty wretch; I

sought for a mediator, and I shuddered, for I had denied my Saviour.

At times again, I would seek refuge in philosophy, and try to calm my troubled soul with the cold, hard lessons of the Stoic. I would fain have laughed at all religions, and looked to self-interest as the guide of a man's life, but in vain. I believed and trembled; my early faith had its roots deep in my heart, and, instead of the comfort it might have afforded me under the smart lash of adversity, it added to my torture.

The longest night will have an end, and day will dawn on a seeming interminable darkness; and so it was that at length my keeper yawned and awoke, and at once unchained our arms, for he was ordered to put no constraint on my movements, except at night, beyond that of keeping me a prisoner to my house. My servants waited on me, though with a marked diminution of respect, and I passed a wearisome day, subject at times to paroxysms of mental agony, alternated by hours of gloomy despair.

As the shades of evening fell, and I, wearied, was already preparing to hide my sorrows in bed, my servant announced two visitors. I nerved myself for the interview, as I anticipated being led to another examination, or even to prison. I heard the papoosh

shaken off, and Saafeti Effendi and Costaki appeared.

I had no idea what their visit portended, and so received them with the impassive calmness of an automaton.

They seated themselves on the divan. I called for pipes and coffee, and a long silence ensued, only broken by one or two conventional remarks and salutes. I was determined not to be the first to speak.

At length Saafeti said, "You look ill, Yussuf Effendi; would you like a doctor?" This was uttered in a kindly tone. I had steeled my heart to meet new accusations and reproaches; but these first friendly words broke down all my defences, a globe rose in my throat, I essayed to answer, but the corners of my mouth were convulsed, and I sobbed aloud.

"Weep not," said Saafeti; "you are cast down, but may rise again. A diamond is still a diamond, though it fall into the mire. We bring you words of hope—listen."

"What words are these?" I replied; "mock me not; there is no hope for me."

"Yussuf Effendi," said Costaki, "you are not without friends; I have heard of your misfortune, and have not been idle. I have seen Ibrahim Pasha;

I told him you were falsely accused, and that you sought refuge in his shadow, and he has been to the minister of justice, and spoken to him in your favour."

"Ibrahim Pasha speaks not to the wind," said Saafeti; "when he opens his mouth men listen, and some there are that tremble at his voice. Mashallah, he is much of a man—chock adam dur."

"And what then has Ibrahim Pasha done for me?" I asked.

"He has spoken in your favour," answered Costaki; "so now you are safe: he has called you his friend. Inshallah, there is an end of the matter."

"Am I then free? are all proceedings at an end?" I asked, in a state of excitement, which I tried in vain to suppress.

"Yavash, yavash—gently, my friend," said Saafeti. "You may jump over a molehill, but you must travel round a mountain; murder and forgery are no light matters, and your friends may yet have to work for you."

"Listen," I said. "I am a helpless prisoner now, but if by any means you can procure me the means of reaching Mosul, and claiming my late wife's property, there is enough to reward you handsomely. I

will count into your hands gold mejidiés by hundreds."

"But," said Saafeti, "how can we procure a prisoner the liberty he asks for? After all, you are accused of murder and misappropriation of trust money, besides forgery. All this is an affair of life and death. Are you, then, so innocent that you are sure of an acquittal when your trial comes on?"

"What, then, has Ibrahim Pasha done for me?" I asked. "You do but make sport of me; why laugh at my misfortunes? Such conduct is unworthy of a Mussulman."

"We do not laugh at you," said Costaki. "Ibrahim Pasha has indeed spoken, but he is not the Padishah, to pardon whom he chooses. You are accused of heavy crimes, Yussuf Effendi, and are about to be brought to trial. There is no question of European protection, as you are now a Mussulman. (48.) Possibly your innocence may be proved, but if not, the mildest punishment is the galleys for life."

"Then, in God's name, what is the use of Ibrahim Pasha's words, and why mock me by raising hopes, and then plunging me into despair?"

"There *are* hopes, nevertheless," said Saafeti, "and it remains with you whether Ibrahim Pasha may or may not have spoken in vain."

“With me!” I exclaimed; “for God’s sake tell me what I can do! I will pay heavily, even to the half of my fortune.”

“And enjoy the other half in the galleys, eh?” said Costaki; “the half won’t do.”

“What! do they then require the whole of my property. Am I then to starve?”

“You will be no poorer,” said Saafeti, “than you were three years ago; and there was no starving then. Yussuf Effendi is one of those born with the heritage of luck, and if they throw him into the Bosphorus he will rise with a fish in his mouth.”

“Indeed, but I had nearly starved,” I replied, “and I dread, above all things, being cast again on the streets of Constantinople, beggared and disgraced. Give me your advice, my friends; what am I to do?”

“Bow to your destiny,” answered Saafeti, “and profit by the lessons of adversity. God has permitted you to climb to a dizzy height; but, having lost your footing, why hang on by your arms? they will give way. The Almighty has wrecked your vessel; swim on shore naked, and attempt not to carry off treasures of gold, or you will sink unpitied. As a free man you may recover yourself, and learn wisdom

and virtue from the past ; as a prisoner in the arsenal, you are lost, and will only endure a living death, even as a toad in a rock."

A long silence ensued, and the smoke of our pipes enveloped us in a mist while I was pondering on my miserable position. The words of Saafeti were irresistible, so I said, "I agree : what am I to do ?"

Saafeti clapped his hands and cried, "Guelsen—let him come." The curtain was drawn aside, and the hateful form of Osman appeared.

I started with horror, as if a venomous reptile had glided into the room, but I put a strong constraint upon myself.

Osman took from his bosom a legal document, which, after hearing it read, I forthwith signed with my seal, and thus renounced all and every right or pretension to any property belonging to the late Rafya Khatoon. I was once more penniless, but Saafeti announced that I was a free man, and that no proceedings would be taken against me.

Costaki then drew me aside, and said, "Where is your horse 'Arslan' ? I admire him—I want him. Look, here is another commission, as hekim. The Sultan never allows a Mussulman to starve. Where is the horse ? May I take him ?"

“ You are welcome to the horse, Costaki ; but what is this commission ? ”

• “ You are appointed hekim to the hospital at Damascus.”

“ Damascus ! ” I exclaimed, and once more I thought of Leonora.

CHAPTER IX.

BITTER REFLECTIONS—TURKISH DIPLOMACY—SIMHAN THE SYRIAN
—SYRIAN CHRISTIANS—SMYRNA—THE SISTERS OF MERCY—
BEYROUT.

RUINED though I was, it was not without a sense of relief that I awoke the next morning, and felt that at last I knew the worst. On looking back I confessed to myself that I had not been happy, even in the midst of my triumphs. There were moments of satisfaction from the indulgence of greed and passion, but these were alloyed by an uneasy sensation. There had always been the "fly in the ointment." When I became possessed of poor Marie's jewels and gold, I felt for a time the pleasure of gratified avarice; but my conscience would not be silenced, for the still small voice told me these treasures were not mine, and that no good could come of them, and I never opened the casket wherein were deposited the glittering ornaments but I thought of the poor girl's tragic death, and wondered if, by any chance, I might ever be accused of having had a share in it.

Then again, when I had married the Khatoon, and was surrounded by wealth and luxury, and courted by the magnates of the land, I was miserable at times from what I then called superstitious feelings ; and if not tormented by these I was jealous and sensitive lest any minute observances of etiquette should be omitted during my intercourse with Moslems, for I always thought they regarded me with a certain degree of contempt as a renegade. When in an evil hour I listened to the cunning promptings of Osman, though elated by grand visions of ambition, I was at times a prey to all manner of dread, chiefly that Hafiz Pasha should learn through some source the object of my journey, and should have me poisoned. I well remembered the small leathern-bound case, and having seen it used for the Arab sheikh, I naturally thought it might again be employed. At times I was so nervous on this point that I left my coffee untasted, spilling it furtively on the floor ; and once, since my return to the capital, I dismissed a good cook, on learning he could speak Arabic, for I feared he might be an emissary of Hafiz Pasha from Assyria.

The real danger I was in never occurred to my mind. I could not imagine that Osman would betray me, since his interests were, as I thought,

bound up with mine. He had served me well when I farmed the taxes, and I naturally thought he aimed at having me for the pasha, and being my right-hand man, thereby making himself rich ; at the same time I fully intended to throw him over when I became pasha, for I always disliked the ruffian.

Now all was clear to me, and I blushed with shame and anger when I reflected how I had been outwitted by barbarous Turks ; but I have ever found that in low cunning and intrigue these Asiatics are more than a match for Europeans. The Pasha of Mosul had evidently been in league with this man Osman, who was an apt instrument for any unscrupulous work, and had served Hafiz as a dervish when disguise was necessary. The more I pondered on the past the more obvious did the whole plot become. How was it that Ahmet was delayed on his way from Mosul with the news of my poor wife's death ? Assuredly some of these Constantinople pashas had also been advised of my position, and had encouraged me to beggar myself by presents before they allowed the blow to fall. I had already written to my wife, asking for more funds to carry on the enterprise, and I anticipated reproaches from her in consequence, for I was fairly at the end of the ample resources I had brought with me. My old

friend, too, Madame François, skilled as she was in the conduct of plots, by a life spent amongst harems, though probably not actually in this conspiracy, had evidently secured her share of the plunder. It was not to be supposed that she had honestly used the money and jewels I had entrusted to her care ; nor was it likely that everything had gone on as smoothly as her letter indicated. Was it possible that Leonora, for example, would receive the emerald necklace as a *gage d'amour*, and the day afterwards spurn me like a dog ? Assuredly not ; and if this Frenchwoman so grossly deceived me in this instance, why not in others—why not in all ?

The lesson I received in Constantinopolitan intrigue was humiliating. I had been played with, made use of, and duped by those whom I had regarded as stupid barbarians. Barbarians, doubtless, they are, but they have faculties of a certain kind, which, amongst themselves, are never allowed to rust, and which, in consequence, are polished and effective weapons. In diplomacy a Turk will beat an European in striving for any immediate advantage. The former has no principle of honour to fetter him, and he is a skilled and practised liar. For years past the Turks have outraged Europe by massacres, and a constant spoliation of those whose creed entitles

them to Christian sympathy ; and yet these Ottomans have made Europe fight their battles for them. They have fomented jealousies between the Great Powers, thereby securing for themselves perfect immunity for their evil deeds ; they have kept a tribe of paid writers who have constantly filled the leading papers of Europe with stories of new reforms ; they have promised measures of justice for their suffering Christian subjects ; and when blood has been poured out for these Turks, and millions spent in their defence, they have again and again broken every pledge. Yet, somehow, they contrive to persuade the world that they are the keystone of the arch of the European system, which, without the Ottoman empire, would, it is supposed, fall into anarchy. Such is apparently the opinion of the oldest, though perhaps not the wisest, of European statesmen ; and the busy nations of the West, blindly trustful, put their foreign policy into the hands of men who are averse to new ideas, and cannot see that new forms of life grow out of rottenness and decay, and that future nations are being moulded from the thrifty and prolific races whose aspirations these statesmen repress.

I had ample time for bitter reflection during my voyage to Beyrout. I was still nominally a Mussul-

man, but I was utterly careless of the observances of my new religion; so much so that a dervish, squatted on the forecastle of the vessel, remonstrated with me in no measured language, and then to the bystanders exclaimed, "Look at that man, dressed in the uniform of the Padishah, and calling himself a Mussulman; he neither prays nor does the 'abdest;' surely the world is full of such religionless cuckolds: they are worse than ghiaours."

"Islam is invaded and overrun by them," remarked a greasy ruffian, on his way to Mecca; "such 'sitrilees' (wearers of surtout coats) are not to be distinguished from Franks, and they shall have their reward when the sword of Islam is drawn."

"And that shall be right soon, Inshallah," added a white-turbaned softa.

"Inshallah — Inshallah," was repeated by this mob of fanatics, and I turned away from them in disgust, and went to another part of the vessel.

I presently sate down on my carpet, for I was a deck passenger, and, opening out my saddle-bags, prepared to eat my frugal dinner of bread, cheese, olives, and cucumbers. A Christian trader was near me, and I invited him to join me. I felt a sort of kindly feeling towards Christians, now that I was sick of Islam. The man humbly accepted my hospi-

talities, and we both ate together; he was talkative and intelligent, and I soon grew interested in his gossip. His name was Simhan, and he was bound for Beyrout on some mercantile errands. On learning that I was a hekim, he begged me to feel his pulse, and prescribe for sundry ailments, more imaginary than real, which he described with great minuteness. We then began to talk about politics, and he asked me how long I had been in the service, and where I was now going to. When I told him to Damascus, he said, "Then it is clear, Effendim, that you are not in favour with the government, for Damascus is a bad fanatical place, and lately they have begun to send troublesome people there."

"But," I answered, "I am a Mussulman, so the fanaticism would not affect me."

"Still these Damascenes are troublesome. They hate the Turks almost as much as the Christians, and thirty years ago they killed a Turkish garrison, and tore in pieces the pasha. It cannot be a pleasant place to live in."

"Are there many native Christians in Damascus?" I asked.

"Many thousands," replied Simhan, "and some of them are very wealthy. You should see the interior of their houses; the walls are of carved marble, and

the roofs are one mass of gilding. Surely, nowhere in the world are there houses like unto the dwellings of the Christians at Damascus; and their women wear the richest silks, and are hung with jewels."

"And are the Mussulmans equally rich?" I asked.

"By no means," answered Simhan; "they cannot vie with the Christians in wealth. But when the latter go abroad they are shabbily dressed to give the appearance of poverty, and thus avert the greedy eye of rapine; but latterly many of them have given up this precaution, especially when protected by some great Turk, and acting for him in the character of banker, farmer of the revenue, or the like."

"Are the Christians," I asked, "allowed to ride on horseback in the city?"

"They are not formally forbidden now-a-days," answered Simhan; "but only those rendered bold by powerful protection dare do so, and the few who thus imitate Moslems have given rise to great jealousy on the part of the latter, who lately have often threatened them. Indeed, the Moslems have complained that the rayahs are becoming too rich and insolent, and ought to be taught to know their proper place, as formerly. It is not many years

since no Christian durst mount a horse in Damascus ; since then times have changed, and the Christians have begun to hold up their heads somewhat, but I fear it will lead to no good."

"How so ; is it not better that they should have more self-respect and independence ?"

"Effendim," said Simhan, "they have not more independence ; they now look to foreigners for support, and, having a great notion of the power of France, they rely too much on her protection, and in their newly-acquired confidence are apt to carry their heads too high, and thus irritate their Moslem neighbours, who look upon any self-assertion, on the part of the Christians, as an insult to the religion of Mahomed. The French and Russian consuls are inclined to encourage this state of things. It is most natural that these gentlemen, coming from a Christian country, and seeing the abject condition of their fellow-worshippers, should feel indignant, and encourage the latter to resist oppression, and appeal to the hatts and proclamations of the Sultan, than which nothing can be more liberal, since they were only intended for the European newspapers. If all the Great Powers were to act together they might, undoubtedly, protect the Christians ; but this is not the case : the French

and Russians are our friends, and do their best for us; but the Protestant English are our deadly enemies, and always take the part of the Turks, and, relying on British protection, the Moslems dare go to any lengths against us. (49.) Thus it is that I always fear the occurrence of some such outbreak of Moslem rage as happened in Aleppo a few years ago; and should such an act of outrage occur, the French might attempt to avenge us, but the English would support the Turks, and probably the Austrians would act in like manner. Moreover, although some of us venture to ride a horse in the city now and then, we are not really better off than formerly. We are richer than the Moslems, and have always been so, because we make money while they spend it; but we suffer as much persecution as ever, and, although we possess wealth, we cannot enjoy it as the Europeans do. We live in secluded houses, the outsides of which look miserable; and while we decorate our private rooms, and hang jewels on our wives, we shun making any display of our riches, and always affect poverty, lest the Moslem should court our treasures, and seek to possess them unlawfully."

"And what," I inquired, "is the object of your present journey to Beyrout?"

"I go," answered Simhan, "to purchase silk, but

I have some heavy debts to collect there, and chiefly, I regret to say, amongst Mahomedans."

"But if your oath is not received in a court of justice," I remarked, "how can you extort payment by any action of the courts of law?"

"That would, doubtless, appear to you, a comparative stranger, an insuperable obstacle; but it is astonishing how absurd laws defeat their purpose, and how the community at large assists in rendering them nugatory, even though they appeal to the fanaticism of the ruling class. For hundreds of years Christians have been debarred from giving evidence in the Mehkémé, but this prohibition has only begotten a class of unscrupulous Moslems who follow the profession of false witnesses, so that if a Christian sees that his property is likely to be sworn away, he bribes these false witnesses, who oppose one Mussulman oath to another." (50.)

This was a new fact for me, and a very interesting one to reflect upon, as being a remarkable example of the mercantile axiom, that "where a demand exists a supply will be forthcoming." "And how," I asked, "will you proceed to recover these debts of yours in Beyrout? Are you not afraid of the task you are engaged in?"

"Effendim," said Simhan, "it is a work of neces-

sity, requiring the utmost circumspection. I shall first of all gain an interview with the cadi, and acquaint him with my errand, and, to secure his interest, I shall make him a handsome present, and promise him a good percentage on all the debts recovered. There will be other presents to make to the different officers of government; and when all these are secured, I shall then begin to ask for the payment of my debts, and hope to get some of them paid without trouble. If, however, I am driven to a court of law, I shall have the cadi in my favour."

"But what will be your profits after all this trouble and expense?" I asked.

"Effendim, my charges are exorbitant to begin with; if I could count upon my debts being paid, I should not ask one-fifth of what I now do when I give credit."

Conversations such as these were useful to me, as giving me more and more insight into the state of modern Turkey; moreover, I was thinking of engaging in some sort of commerce, to increase my scanty income. With this view I consulted my new friend, and he encouraged me greatly in my commercial aspirations, and threw out hints that we might become partners in some trading venture, as I could, he thought, enjoy Mussulman privileges which I

might extend to him while a partner with me. The profits he declared were enormous, though the risks were in proportion. As there were several days of our voyage yet to elapse, I proposed to myself to learn the character of my new friend, and act accordingly. These Christians I had found to be profoundly cunning and deceitful; indeed, how could they be otherwise? They lived by these faculties; cunning and falsehood were their only defence against constant aggression. Their Moslem masters were equally untruthful, though perhaps less adroit in the arts of duplicity. After but a small experience of mankind in the East, I said deliberately—and not in my haste, like the Psalmist—that “all men are liars.”

We presently touched at Smyrna, where we remained some hours, and took up some French sisters of mercy and a Christian interpreter of the Governor-General, who, it was rumoured, had fallen into disgrace, and had received an appointment to Damascus. “Surely there is some truth in the report,” I said to myself, “that ill-behaved officers are sent to Damascus; here is another instance of it; and yet until lately I had always heard that Damascus was a pleasant city, so much so that Mahomed refrained from entering its walls, lest he might be

seduced by its voluptuous pleasures from following his career of conquest. His enemies say that he passed by the walls on account of their strength, and the preparation made by the Christian defenders; be that as it may, "Sham i Shereef," the holy Damascus, is always spoken of with enthusiasm by Moslem travellers.

We sailed through the pleasant isles of the Archipelago, enjoying the lovely climate, and the scenes of surpassing beauty, until we touched at Rhodes, once the outpost of the chivalry of the West, now blasted by the leaden misgovernment that has reduced its fair fields to almost a rocky desert. As I rambled for an hour through its narrow mediæval streets, I gazed with intense interest on the armorial bearings, scarcely defaced, of those noble Christian knights, whose heroic defence was all but unparalleled, and who were only overpowered by wave after wave of Moslem hordes, that at last overwhelmed the gallant remnant of Christendom. As I passed the walls of the citadel I came upon a hollow crater, where, but a year before, stood the old Christian church; and strange had been its fate, which I learned from the captain, on my return to the steamer. During the last siege by Suleiman, it appeared that the Christian master of the ordnance

was anxious to capitulate, and though his counsels were overruled, he was yet suspected of aiming to bring the siege to a close. At length he reported that the powder was exhausted. He was more than suspected of having sold it to the enemy, so that his indignant comrades condemned him, after a short court-martial, to die the death of a traitor, and he was executed.

This victim of Christian indignation had not given the powder to the Turks, but had hidden it in the vaults of the church, where it remained undiscovered for three hundred years; but a year before my visit to the island an electric thunder-cloud discharged itself on the steeple of the building, and fired the hidden powder, which in its explosion scattered death throughout the Moslem quarter of Rhodes. Thus did the powder of the Christian knights avenge their defeat on the descendants of their conquerors.

Our next place of detention was Cyprus, where, in spite of my Moslem creed, I tasted some of the exquisite wine which the Christians prepare in that island. This I did when rambling over the town with my new friend Simhan. He soon discovered I was a renegade, and concluded I was one of those Italian or Hungarian refugees who, cut off from their country and connections, make up their minds to

cast in their lot with the ruling race, and enjoy its privileges. Such men are seldom careful to preserve appearances, and are proverbially but half converted, for they scarcely ever appear at mosque, and drink wine as freely as any Christians. They may be said to form a class apart; being endured by the Moslems, and not disliked by the Christians. They generally marry Turkish women, and their children are not to be distinguished from genuine Osmanlis.

I began to conceive a liking for Simhan, in whom I fancied I discovered a frankness and intelligence unusual in his class. I was glad I had been courteous to him, and thus made his acquaintance, as he helped materially to alleviate the dulness of the voyage. We agreed to see more of each other at Beyrout. We were already so far intimate that he spoke to me of his family, especially of his only son, a hopeful youth of eighteen, whom he had sent to be educated in Paris, in accordance with an ambition cherished by most of the wealthier Christians. He described this boy, Stephan, as a youth of marvellous talents, and, though accepting the father's description of the prodigy with some reserve, I was pleased to see so much parental affection. Before my voyage was ended I discovered, too, that Simhan, who was a Catholic, was a fervent believer, which did not, in

my then state of mind, raise him in my estimation as a man of sense. I set him down as an amiable bigot.

The four Sisters of Mercy that had come on board at Smyrna kept themselves much alone in the after-part of the vessel, and were treated with much genuine respect by the captain, officers, and crew. In walking past them I overheard, from time to time, scraps of their conversation, which, however, did not interest me. They were much excited when the vessel came in view of Patmos, and one of them read a chapter of the New Testament while they gazed at the hazy island in the distance. After a while they all proceeded in a body to the captain, who talked with them a good while, and whose countenance expressed regretful non-acquiescence to some demand they were urging. Curiosity led me to inquire the subject of the discussion. They were requesting the captain to call at Patmos, to indulge their religious sentiment. The captain could not, of course, consent, and the sisters bore their disappointment with much good humour.

As I was pacing to and fro on deck, I found myself for a moment very close to this religious group, when my ears were startled by the name of "Leonora." My steps were arrested; I turned my back to the

group, and affected to be looking intently at the horizon, while my whole faculties were stretched to catch another word. I heard more; they were, in truth, speaking of my Leonora, and words of commendation fell from their lips.

“Yes,” said one of them, “she is soon to be of us, and let us thank our heavenly Father that one so young and beautiful has been led by affliction to choose a holy career. She is, indeed, already ripe for heaven.”

Further conversation followed, but the speakers were too far off to be heard, and I only caught a few words, but these few were significant. “A happy escape for the dear girl,” seemed to refer to our betrothal; and the words “an infamous renegade” my conscience told me could not be misapplied when taken home. I listened no more, but retired to my own corner of the vessel to think of what a real treasure I had lost in Leonora, when grasping at that ill-gotten wealth which had since forsaken me.

CHAPTER X.

BEYROUT — GIUSTINI THE ITALIAN — I HEAR MUCH ABOUT
TURKISH INTRIGUES, AND AM FAVOURED WITH AN EXAMPLE
OF A TURKISH TRIAL WHICH ENDS IN A TRAGEDY.

As we were tossed on a dangerous shore at Beyrout, wet to the skin from the waves beating on us in landing, I could not but feel an irritation against that Government which, up to the present moment, has not made a single harbour or breakwater before even its principal ports. There were, doubtless, such human contrivances in former times, but they have been washed away, just as all those splendid stone and brick bridges (the ruins of which are seen in thousands throughout the empire) have been destroyed without an effort at reparation. A traveller who landed with me declared that, when riding between Banias and Latakia, he passed fourteen bridges, only four of which were not destroyed; their integrity being due to their solid Roman construction. What a vast amount of capital must have

been lost to the human race since this magnificent country fell under the sceptre of the shepherd tribes of Central Asia, and how singular is that race which, unlike every other nomade horde, has retained its original barbarism, and steadily resisted the civilizing influences of the conquered nations, or of its European neighbours, though it has undoubtedly lost its shepherd virtues, and acquired all the vices of the corrupt Byzantines ! Such were my reflections as, covered with salt water, I landed in Beyrout, and with my baggage sought shelter in a khan.

I now found myself once more in an Arab country, and there was much to remind me of Mosul in the screaming voices and Arab costumes around me. There were also the same two antagonistic elements, the arrogant Moslem and the browbeaten Christian ; but in Beyrout the latter had somewhat raised his head under the protection of European consuls, men of higher rank than those in Mosul. Here were seen occasionally the flags of Western Christendom floating on men-of-war, carrying more guns than the Turkish fortress, and in the narrow streets of the city, sailors and marines, whose countenances bore the air of free men, cared not to pass on the right side of the Mussulman, or even to push him into the gutter. Thus the Mussulman of Beyrout feared

while he hated the Christians of Frangistan, while the rayahs, or native Christians, occasionally plucked up their courage so far as to appeal to these Western men for protection, when Mussulman outrage was pushed beyond human endurance.

Ere I had been many hours in Beyrout I paid my visit of ceremony to Khurshid Pasha, the governor of the city. My interview with him was brief, he received me with scant courtesy, and bid me hold myself in readiness to proceed to Damascus when I should be summoned to join some troops about to march there; so I retired to my chamber to muse upon the past, and make resolutions for the future. Day after day passed, and still no marching orders came. Meantime I began to make a few acquaintances, and to ramble about the bazaars, picking up the news of the country.

Far from feeling dull in Beyrout, I was soon intensely interested in the politics of the Lebanon. A great feud was raging, which, however, though in less intensity, had been chronic for some years—the feud between the Druses and Maronites.

The former were Mussulman heretics, whose most remarkable trait was that which enjoined or allowed them to assume any religion on the requirements of expediency. The latter were a Christian, but semi-

barbarous, people who acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. *Consequently Jewish survivors who had embraced Christianity in Syria -*

Day by day I frequented the market-place, and gathered news of the struggles in the mountain, as yet smouldering or only breaking out in murders or reprisals, but soon to envelope the whole Lebanon in a bloody civil war.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Signor Giustini, a most respectable Italian, who kept a pharmacy in the city, the resort of a few Europeans who loved to gossip away an idle hour. This gentleman had been, in his youth, employed in the army of Ibrahim Pasha when he wrested Syria from the Sultan, and held it with his army of occupation.

“Ah,” said Giustini, “those were days when a child might have walked from Beyrout to Damascus hung with gold and jewels, and none durst have touched it. Ibrahim was a stern man—a tyrant, if you like ; he was a shedder of blood, but the country required it, and the blood which flowed was that of murderers and violators. Life, property, and honour were then safe ; yes, safe as in the streets of Paris ; but the English came, who seemed to have formed a diabolical alliance with the Turks ; they crushed the garrisons of Beyrout and Acre, and soon expelled the Egyptians, and then !—surely never was a miserable

country so miserably governed ! Governed, did I say ?—no ; delivered up to anarchy. These Turks are worse than apathetic, they are not content to let murderers and ravishers go unpunished, they provoke civil war. Their character is a compound of fraud and blood-thirsty cunning, and their highest art of government is to set one wretched tribe to fight another, and when both are exhausted, to plunder them.”

“ Dio santo ! ” I exclaimed, “ but you speak strongly.”

“ I do speak strongly,” answered Giustini, “ and would to God my words could be heard in every cabinet of Europe ; heard above the voice of the hired writers that of late years such Turkish Ministers as Reshid Pasha have suborned to write of reforms which are so freely granted on paper, and above the voice of those statesmen who, in view of some expediency, boldly misrepresent facts when there is no one to contradict them. To me it is a mystery that a just God allows the Turks to exist. The people of Sodom and Gomorrah were burned for one kind of crime ; these Turks revel in that and every other.”

And then Giustini went into details too loathsome for me to indite. All this time I was conscious that my new friend was wholly ignorant that I had joined

these people ; that I was a Turk of my own accord, though, thank God, bad as I was, I had not yet plunged into genuine Turkish vice. Still, my cheeks burned with shame as my fellow-religionists were mercilessly criticised by the honest and indignant Giustini.

“And now,” said he, “the whole mountain is a scene of murder and rapine. Have you any idea, my friend, how many murders are recorded as having been perpetrated in the Lebanon during the last nineteen years of Turkish occupation?”

“I have no idea,” I replied ; “but I seldom hear of murders being avenged by the authorities anywhere in Turkey.”

“Caro signore,” said Giustini, “the British consul told me *he had chronicled eleven hundred assassinations in nineteen years, exclusive of bloodshed in civil warfare*, not one of which had been the subject of judicial investigation. (51.) Think of that, my friend ; and yet we have so-called civilized and Christian Governments actively supporting this foul anarchical system. Add the French Reign of Terror to the obscene orgies of the Cities of the Plain, and you have a picture of that modern Turkey which England and Austria support by diplomacy, arms, and money.”

“Signore mio,” I replied, “you said, just now, that the Turkish Government pitted one tribe against

another, and then plundered both ; what reason have you for saying so ?”

“ It is a matter of history,” replied Giustini, “ too notorious to be called in question. During the civil war which raged in the Lebanon in 1841, the Turkish soldiers helped to massacre those of the Maronites whom the Druses had spared, and stripped the very women of their clothes, until the Maronites declared, ‘ *they would sooner be plundered by the Druses than protected by the Turks.*’ * And when that fearfully bloody scene occurred, in 1841, in Deir-el-Kamar, the seraskier said that ‘ he knew the Druses intended to attack Deir-el-Kamar fourteen days before the event occurred.’ (52.) More than that : when, by the urgent representations of European powers, troops were sent to the disturbed districts, whole villages were burned under their eyes, and they never stirred a finger : and, worse still, the seraskier actually sent five camel-loads of ammunition to the head quarters of the Maronite forces, and ample ammunition to the Druses.† At that time the Moslems of Damascus, too, threatened to rise and kill the Christians. The Porte had previously sent a notorious fanatic, Najib Pasha, to be governor of that city, and he did his best to excite the religious animosities of the Moslems to such an extent

* Churchill’s *Druses and Maronites*.

† Idem.

that a massacre was imminent ; and then it was that Mr. Wood, the British consul, discovered that the pasha was secretly preparing to quit the city on the eve of a massacre.* Do you want further instances of Turkish collusion ? Was not the massacre at Aleppo, in 1850, carried out under the eyes of Zarif Mustafa Pasha, and is he not now amongst the highest dignitaries of the empire ? Is it not recorded, too, that, after inciting the Kurds to murder tens of thousands of the Christian people of Tyari, these Turks ended by robbing the survivors of the remnant of their miserable substance ? (53.) And, lastly, was not Namik Pasha at the head of the Christian massacre at Jeddah, and afterwards made minister of war, and then Pasha of Bagdad ?” (54.)

“But, my friend,” I said, “will you not admit that these Maronites are a troublesome and factious people ?”

“No doubt of it: they are barbarous and turbulent; and, though not exclusively in the wrong, they have their full share of blame; but though they have often enough provoked the Druses, numbers of these latter, on the other hand, have done their utmost to excite the hatred of the Maronites by their lawless exactions and tyrannical injustice in those districts where the

* Churchill's *Druses and Maronites*.

Christians have the misfortune to be feudally governed by the Druse aristocracy. Far be it from me to judge between these lawless tribes; they require a strong and just government to overrule both, and, instead, they have over them a foul race of harpies who delight in anarchy, and promote it."

"You have spoken of Damascus," I remarked; "are the Christians there Maronites?"

"None of them," replied Giustini; "they are a harmless population of Greek Christians, who hold themselves aloof from all these feuds, and are intent on peaceful commerce; and, despite the oppression they labour under, being a quick-witted race, of far sharper faculties than their Moslem neighbours, they have contrived to amass much wealth, though they can scarcely be said to enjoy it. But the fact of their being Christians is enough to bring upon them Turkish persecution, for, while the Moslems are wasting away under the blighting influences of conscriptions, of polygamy, and of far worse and nameless vices, these Christians provoke them by increasing wealth and fecundity." (55.)

"But how," said I, "can the rayahs grow rich and numerous if they are persecuted as you describe?"

"What!" said he, "have you read history to no better purpose than to call in question a result which

has again and again been remarked during the world's progress? Open the Old Testament, and read of the cruel persecutions of the Israelites under Pharaoh; and read further on—let me see, here is a Douai Bible, and here are words which bear upon the subject:—‘And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them; and he said unto his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass that when there falleth out any war they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. . . . But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour.’ And then do we not read a parallel of Turkish massacres in the command of Pharaoh to destroy the male children of this persecuted race?

“Read, again, the story of the Jews of the middle ages, how they were buffeted and persecuted, how they were ground down by barbarous penal laws, and massacred by thousands from time to time; and yet, were they not the richest race in Europe—granting loans to needy sovereigns, living secretly in great luxury, and multiplying exceedingly in spite of persecution? The condition of the Christians under Ottoman rule is a parallel case; and there is no contradiction involved in the assertion, that though comparatively rich and prolific, they are groaning under a tyranny which is less a disgrace to their barbarian oppressors than to those civilized nations, England and Austria, which aid and abet these Ottoman tyrants.”

Just then, two Italian compatriots entered the shop, and, saluting Signor Giustini, exclaimed, “More news, signore, more news from the mountain; the Druses have attacked the village of Beit Meri, and much slaughter is thought to have taken place; it is said the pasha has sent troops there.” A native Christian sitting in the corner of the shop, who knew some Italian, caught the words, and, throwing down his pipe, exclaimed, “Tell me, for God’s sake, what is that news about Beit Meri,” and, on hearing that fighting had begun in that village,

he turned pale and rushed out, exclaiming, "God help my family!" He was a Maronite from the mountain.

When the poor man had departed, Giustini resumed the previous discussion, when one of the Italians spoke in extenuation of the Turks. "What can they do," he said, "when these European Consuls are meddling with their internal government at every moment, and even granting protection to Turkish subjects?"

"Meddling with them!" exclaimed Giustini, in reply; "and what sort of a power is that which, calling itself lord of the two continents, and really holding under its sceptre the fairest regions of the earth, has so far fallen as to be bearded, bullied, and vexed by every small European official that calls himself a Consul? and what sort of government must that be, too, that so disgusts its subjects that they seek foreign protection on every occasion? Do you not, my friend, pronounce its greatest condemnation when you remind us that no European Power dare trust its subjects to the mercies of a venal Turkish judge! (56.) What is Turkish justice? Wait and see. When you have been as many months as I have years in Turkey, you will then have some insight into Turkish justice."

At that moment we heard in the distance a strange noise like the voices of men in angry excitement. The street was hushed, and people looked out anxiously, as if expecting some terrible catastrophe. Again did the surging roar of angry voices fall upon our ears, and we listened with anxious curiosity. Other signs of serious import were not wanting. The native Christians in the street near us began hastily closing their shops, and some other black-turbaned traders came hurrying by, their faces blanched to a deadly whiteness. Nearer and nearer came the noise, when a pale Christian rushed into the shop, followed by four or five armed Moslems. He threw himself at the feet of Giustini, clung to his legs, and fairly screamed with terror. Then came the crowd, and in the midst, stretched on a hastily-made bier, was the body of a murdered man, a Moslem. "Death to the Nazarene! death to the Nazarene who has slain our brother!" yelled the crowd. The Christian, still clinging to the knees of Giustini, was in a moment plucked out from the shop, and, wounded and bleeding, with his clothes torn to shreds, hurried down the street, the shops of which were all closed.

I followed in the wake of the mob, anxious to see what would happen, and to hear the origin of the

disturbance. The faces of the Moslem crowd (for not a Christian was to be seen) expressed the most demoniac rage.

“What has happened?” I inquired of a butcher, who, with bare arms and dishevelled turban, kept crying out, “Death to the Christians, deen, deen!”

“Happened! have you not seen?” he answered; “look, there is a Moslem; he is dead, and his blood was shed by a Christian. See, we have caught the villain, and we are taking him to the Midjlis.”

“What days are these,” exclaimed a saddler, “when Christians murder us? Where is the sword of Islam? What is the Kiaffir our Padishah doing? Dum, dum—blood, blood; we will have Christian blood.”

Just then a sharp corner was turned, and I saw the face of the dead Moslem calm and placid as a figure in wax, while the rage of hell seemed to work in the grim visages of his bearers.

But my eyes were again arrested by another sight; they fell upon the ghastly face of the Christian captive. I thought I knew him; I must have seen him elsewhere, but so changed were those pinched features, contracted by the agony of fear, that I could not for some time identify the face. I pushed through the crowd to gain a nearer view—yes, I did

know him ; it was Simhan, my fellow-traveller, the quiet old merchant, who would not have kicked a dog. "There must be some horrible mistake," I said ; "he is incapable of the crime."

Presently we entered the court of justice, where the Midjlis, hastily summoned, had assembled. I scanned the faces of the men that sat round the room : these were white-turbaned and venerable fathers, and portly well-to-do citizens, but I read in each visage the austere spirit of religious intolerance. There was no mercy in those cold eyes for a Christian, and my heart sank within me. Certain legal formalities were gone through, and a sort of trial commenced, with examination of witnesses, which occupied some hours on that eventful day. I was fascinated and chained to the spot, and, despite of hunger and weariness, remained throughout the proceedings, and witnessed the most monstrous perversion of justice that ever God permitted in this troubled world.

It came out during the trial that the body of the Moslem was found in the outskirts of the city, with a knife-wound in a vital part. He had undoubtedly been murdered ; but the deed had been done near a Moslem quarter where Christians seldom ventured, and the dead man was known to have been a quar-

relsome fellow, and at feud with several Moslems of indifferent character. No one pretended to have seen the blow struck. Such and such persons were said to have witnessed the struggle, but when these men were brought forward, they only said they had no doubt a Christian had slain the murdered man; and when asked their reason for this assertion, they answered, "because the Christians hate the Moslems." "And well they may," I thought, as I remembered my own experience in the country.

Meantime the prisoner, grown calm during his trial, seemed chiefly occupied in fervent prayer, as shown by the silent movement of his lips. His face had gradually lost the agonized expression of abject terror, and in its place appeared the bright hope of something beyond what the world could afford. Without doubt, he was preparing for martyrdom. I gazed at those calm and resolute features, and marvelled that in such extreme peril he could answer freely and with unshaken voice every question of his judges. "Surely here must be a clear conscience," I said to myself; "and here, too, there is a faith worth more than all the world can give." I recognized the heavenly hope that lighted the martyr's eye, and I envied him.

Nothing could be clearer than the account the

prisoner gave of himself, from the hour when he had arrived in the city up to the sunset of the previous day. He even brought witnesses to prove that they saw him enter his own lodgings at sunset.

“But the man was killed after sunset,” exclaimed the accusers.

“But here is the master of the house where I slept,” said Simhan, and a Christian came forward to attest this assertion.

No Christian evidence was admissible. The president asked if no Mussulman would come forward to swear to the alibi. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then arose a cry for blood. “Dum, dum—blood, blood, we will have, for such is the law of the Prophet. The Nazarene is guilty.”

Then the president arose and exclaimed, “This man is guiltless; it is impossible that he can have slain the Moslem: where are the proofs of guilt? There are none. I will not have this Christian’s blood on my head; see ye to it. I wash my hands of the affair.” And so saying, the president departed; one just man, and he a Moslem, was found in that council, but only one. Again arose the murderous cry—“Give us justice, give us blood, or we will wash the streets with Christian blood! To

arms, to arms!—dum, dum.” I saw the members of the Midjlis in anxious consultation; one of them took the place of the president, and the prisoner was called on to hear his sentence.

The mob was hushed while the judge formally passed the sentence of death upon the rayah or tributary, Simhan, and ordered him forthwith to execution.

A demoniac yell of exultation was raised, and again hushed as the prisoner expressed a wish to speak.

“O Moslems!” he cried, with a firm and distinct utterance; “I am guiltless of the blood of your brother, and that you well know; but if my blood will assuage the fury of your hearts towards the people of Christ, I give it willingly. Certain debtors of mine who owe me large sums have accused me of this crime. May God pardon them! Moslems of Beyrout, I forgive you my blood; may God also forgive you!”

A flush had mantled the cheek of the martyr as he spoke these noble words, his form seemed to dilate with a proud satisfaction, as if some supernatural power were given him in this hour of nature’s agony. He seemed desirous of saying more, but the storm of abuse again rose, and drowned all minor

sounds. He submitted to be bound, and was then hurried off to the place of execution, the crowd following, and some even wounding him with their knives. I kept close to the poor man. We soon reached the meidan, where the prisoner was ordered to kneel, but just then he caught sight of me, and spoke. I approached and heard him mention the name of his son; but the martyr was rudely pushed to the earth, his eyes bandaged, and while his lips moved in silent prayer the head was severed at one blow by the swordsman. I turned away from the disgusting sight that followed. I had already witnessed as much as I could bear, and I had seen for the first time a cause tried before a Turkish tribunal. (57.)

CHAPTER XI.

GIUSTINI'S ESTIMATE OF THE TURKISH ARISTOCRACY (!)—DRUSE
BARBARITIES—KHURSHID PASHA'S DIPLOMACY—A MASSACRE
—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CONSULS.

ON the day following this bloody tragedy, I again found my way to the shop of Signor Giustini, anxious to inquire into the cause of such an evident outpouring of fanaticism. On my saluting him, and before I could ask any question, he handed me a paper, and begged I would put my name to it for ever so small a sum. "I am endeavouring to raise a subscription," he said, "for Doctor Diamanti and his family, who are ruined through an outbreak of Mussulman frenzy (58.) The doctor was attached to the 4th Regiment of Chasseurs, and always boasted that he was beloved by his men. He and his family had followed the regiment wherever it had served for some years past, notably during the siege of Kars. Throughout the whole of that terrible blockade, when the soldiers were dying of starvation or cholera, the doctor was constant in ministering

to them. Unlike an executive officer who sometimes has to punish his men, and especially unlike a Turkish officer, who never misses an opportunity of robbing them of their pay and rations, the doctor is to them always a good angel, and may therefore safely count on their affection. A few weeks ago this poor Diamanti was with his regiment at Zahleh; there was a fight between the Druses and Maronites; the latter were beaten; the Turkish troops then assisted the Druses to massacre these Christians, and during the affair the troops of his regiment plundered the doctor's house, and murdered one of his children. Thus ruined, he fled to Damascus, where he was again subject to some Mussulman outrage; I hear his house was sacked by the invalid soldiers of the hospital. However, he is here now, anxiously seeking to return to Europe. The government owes him about two years' arrears of pay, which, of course, he cannot get; indeed, he is afraid of attempting to obtain it, lest a worse misfortune befall him. All his desire is now to get to Europe, but he is plunged into a state of abject poverty. The captain of the Austrian steamer, like a brave good man, has promised to give the poor doctor a free passage to Trieste, where he will be at home, since he is a Dalmatian."

I gave a gold mejidié to the subscription, and then asked what could be the meaning of this singular outbreak of cruelty.

“Signore, it comes from more than one black source, but the chief and vilest is at Constantinople. This country is governed by a race or clique of men, such as the world probably never before saw in the position of governors. Who are they? Who are the pashas and ministers of Turkey? Signore, I scarcely dare to sully my mouth with the foul words I should utter were I accurately to describe the origin of the great pashas of the empire; suffice it to say that many of them, so many as to give the tone to the governing class, have been the favourite slaves of the most depraved and unnatural voluptuaries. Their education is that of eunuchs and slaves immured in a harem, and yet they are sent to govern provinces. Reflect for a moment, and try to imagine a country governed by men from the Strada —— of Naples—by those beings who are looked on in the West with loathing; and yet you have the experiment tried here, and you see the results. (59.) Nature herself provides the remedy in ordinary cases: the results are so terrible that a political convulsion is the consequence, and a change of system occurs; and such would long ago have been the case here—indeed, the change had

already begun, and a reformer in Ibrahim Pasha had appeared—but, alas ! a strong and selfish government of the West, guided by a narrow-minded tradition, interfered with this salutary change, and, abusing its strength, crushed Ibrahim Pasha, and by force of arms handed over this beautiful country to a chronic anarchy and the tender mercies of the foul harpies of Constantinople. This is sufficient cause for all the turbulence of the country. I cannot, of course, divine the cause of the outrage on this poor doctor. I can only go to the *fons et origo mali*, and that is at the capital.”

The conversations I had with Signor Giustini from time to time (and I visited his pharmacy daily) gave rise to much uneasiness in my mind : not on my own account, for, as a Turkish officer and a Mussulman, I conceived I was secure from outrage ; but the country was undoubtedly unsafe for Christians, and I reflected with sad misgivings that Leonora and her family were probably now at Damascus. Day after day fresh reports of Druse outrages were brought into Beyrout, and Christians were leaving the city to seek refuge in other countries.

In the midst of these alarms I was summoned by the pasha to attend upon a detachment of troops encamped just beyond the pine wood near to Bey-

rout. I mounted a pony, and set off without delay. At the outskirts of the city I met a score of Maronite fugitives, flying from their burned and sacked villages to seek refuge in the city: some of them were men bent with age, who seemed to be suffering the very extremity of fatigue, and were from time to time supported by younger men and women. Others bore too truthful reports of Druse barbarities on their mutilated persons, for there were faces, once handsome, which were now rendered hideous by the loss of the nose; but the greater part of the fugitives were women, and these were laden with infants, and often with some treasured remnants of their once happy homes. Weary and footsore, painfully dragging along their aching limbs, or at times sinking by the roadside, they mutely appealed to passers-by for sympathy; and the brutal Turkish soldiers jeered at them, or cast stones at them, as if they were prowling dogs.

After a hot ride of an hour I reached the camp of Khurshid Pasha, who was there himself inspecting his troops. I was at once accommodated with a small bell-tent, and commenced my duties as military surgeon. As a Mussulman I had, of course, ample opportunity of ascertaining the feelings of my co-religionists. The civil war was

watched with intense interest by all the troops, who had ardently espoused the cause of the Druses. From time to time Druse chiefs would visit Khurshid Pasha, who received them courteously, though what passed on these occasions I was unable to discover.

On the morning following my arrival there were reports abroad that the Maronite villages of Baabda and Hadet, the residences of the Shehab Emirs, were about to be attacked by the Druses. This was hardly credible, unless Giustini's theory on the complicity of the Turks were correct, since these villages were not far from our encampment, and only an hour from Beyrout, so that the Turkish troops, who were supposed to be keeping the peace, could have acted instantly, and checked any movement between the contending parties. During the day, however, an armed force of three hundred Maronites was sent from the Kesrouan for the protection of their co-religionists.

They marched past our camp singing their war-songs.

"Who are those fellows?" asked the pasha of one of his aides-de-camp.

"They are ghiaours, Effendim," was the answer: "shall I ride forward and stop them?"

“Yok—no; stay them not; let them go on; there is no harm in them. Haireddin, guel—come.”

A major of that name appeared, and was called to the pasha, who whispered something into his ear, and the major mounted and rode off.

I was curious enough to watch the movement that followed, so I mounted my pony, and from a distance kept my eye on the major, who placed a hundred men in such a position as to interfere in favour of either of the combatants in case of a fight. The Bashi Bazooks, too, were pushed on so as to be ready for any emergency. All this I looked upon as satisfactory, and naturally thought that Khurshid Pasha, who had been hitherto strangely indifferent to the troubles on the mountain, was at last aroused to a sense of duty, and had determined to assert the authority of the Sultan, at all events, within the precincts of his own camp.

That day, however, passed quietly; the Druses, I concluded, learned that a Christian reinforcement was ready for them in the menaced villages, and that the pasha was resolved to assert his authority. On the following morning an aide-de-camp of the pasha rode past my tent, and stopped to salute me and exchange a few words. We had a brief conversation on the state of affairs, and he

then asked me to accompany him to the villages of Baabda and Hadet. I was only too glad of a pleasant ride, so I mounted my pony, and we started together.

“Khabar khosh dur—it is fine news, is it not, Hekim Bashi?” said Emin Effendi.

“News! what news?” I asked.

“Adjaib! wonderful: have you not heard of the Sultan’s firman? Only don’t speak of it to the ghiaours, and I will tell you. The Padishah has sent a firman authorizing us to slay the ghiaours, and take their women and property. Wallah, it is the truth.”

“Don’t believe it,” I said; “it cannot be true. Who told you?”

“The pasha said so. Wallah billah the pasha said so. I heard him; yalan déil—it is no lie.”

“Adam—man,” I answered, “what nonsense, what emptiness has the pasha spoken? Is there no other country but Turkey in the world? Are there not great Christian nations in Frangistan, and think you they would not revenge the Christians?”

“Bosh lakridi—nonsense!” answered Emin. “Mashallah, our Padishah is strong enough for the Moscovs or for the French, and we have the English on our side; the English are Farmasons, they are

not Christians, and they always take our part. When the Moscovs fought us, the English, French, and Italians took our side. When we slay the ghiaours, the French and Italians and Moscovs may rise against us, as they are ghiaours, but we have the English navy. Did it not take this country from Ibrahim Pasha twenty years ago, when the French were on his side? Ilhamdulillah — glory be to God, the Ingleez Kralishé (60) and our Padishah are great friends, and we can do as we like; and we will slay these misbegotten sons of burnt fathers, and we will have all their gold and jewels. Mashallah, Hekim Bashi! but these ghiaours are made of gold, and there are not many of our troops here, so we shall all be rich.” And Emin’s eyes sparkled with greedy joy as he anticipated the plunder he would revel in.

We presently arrived at the Maronite village of Baabda, and forthwith summoned the principal men to hear a message from the pasha.

They came to see us fully armed, and evidently prepared to repulse any Druse attack.

Emin Effendim addressed them—

“Look,” said he, “yesterday three hundred armed men marched past the pasha’s camp. Are you not ashamed of yourselves? is the pasha nothing, that

armed men should parade before him when he is here with the Sultan's troops to keep the peace? Shame on you! Put away your arms and trust to the pasha."

"Effendim," answered an emir, "we have no wish to offend the pasha, our only desire is peace; but we have here our wives and children, and yonder are our enemies thirsting for our blood. The officers of the Padishah have not as yet protected the Christians. Have not the Druses slain hundreds of our countrymen, and no Turkish troops have interfered? how, then, can we trust the pasha?"

"The Druses may have killed some Christians," answered Emin, "and have not the Christians killed some Druses? You are both fighting all over the mountain; how can the Sultan's troops be everywhere?"

A shrill voice was heard from the outskirts of the crowd that thronged around us, crying—

"What have the Turkish troops done at Hasbeya?—they have slain our brethren in cold blood; the news has just arrived."

A murmur was heard amongst the Christians, but Emin loudly and vehemently denied the truth of the report. "Be not deceived," he said; "listen not to the lies of the Druses; they have spread the

report in order to sow dissension between you and us ; send back the three hundred men, and trust to the pasha ; or if you won't, be it so, and he will leave you to fight the Druses alone, and they are five times your number."

For some minutes there was a vehement discussion amongst the crowd, and then the voice of an emir was again raised—

"Effendim, we will send back the men, and trust to the pasha. Go, tell his Excellency that we are his children, that we kiss his feet, and have no refuge but in God and the pasha."

So saying, the three hundred men from the Kes-ruan were mustered, and took their departure, while we smoked our pipes and ate water-melons on the roof of a house, after which we bade adieu to our Christian hosts and returned to the camp.

On our way back, Emin again referred to the firman, and declared he firmly believed in the truth of it, and calculated on becoming rich.

"See you not," he said, "our pasha could make peace between these Druses and Maronites any day he pleased, but he won't ; have you not heard what has happened at Hasbeya ? That man spoke truth ; the ghiaours have been cut to pieces, and Osman Bey helped in the good work. What are a few

Druses ? Our troops could burn their mothers whenever they liked. Last year they began to attack the Maronites, but our pasha put a stop to it in a day. No firman had come then, now it is different ; wait and you will see," and, so saying, Emin went his way to the pasha, while I retired to my tent.

On the following morning I was awakened at break of day by loud shouts. I rushed out and found the camp in commotion. The pasha had mounted his horse, and the troops were being put under arms. I looked towards the Christian villages of Baabda and Hadet, and saw a thick cloud of black smoke overhanging them, while a train of fugitives was scattered over the plain. The Druses, remarkable from their white turbans and long lances, were rushing, horse and foot, down the hills, shouting their war-cry, and plunging into the village on their errand of pillage and murder. I looked to the pasha, expecting every moment he would give some order to protect the villagers. At last I saw Emin speak to him and then gallop off. Presently the hundred soldiers who had been placed so as to command the road the fugitives had taken began to fire on them, the poor Christians raised the wildest cries of despair, and, letting fall their bundles of household goods, fled wildly over the plain. Just then arose a

loud and barbarous war-cry, and the Bashi Bazooks charged into the flying Christians, cutting down the shrieking women and tearing off their rings, ornaments, and clothes, tossing their babes amongst the rocks, and, like exulting demons, loading their horses with the spoil of their victims. (61.)

This sight roused me to frenzy, and yet I durst not betray my anger. I turned to the pasha, curious to see what effect the scene would have on him. He was loudly laughing. I approached to see the joke; what could it be? A soldier was detaching with difficulty, and not without a ludicrous expression of horror, the hand and wrist of a woman which had been severed at a blow, but the fingers of which, having in life tightly clutched the shabraque, had become entangled in its ragged folds.

I turned away in disgust, and heart-sick retired to my tent, where I remained until the loud yells of vengeance, and the agonized shrieks of women and the wailings of tender infants, had died away. Disgusted, enraged, and impotently furious with the vile crew that surrounded me, I said to myself—“Giustini is right; there is, there must be a plot—a foul and bloody plot—to cut off these wretched Christians. Will Europe permit it, or will it only interfere when the deed is done? Will there be an

end put to this accursed government, or will Europe in this nineteenth century content itself with the cold babblings of diplomacy? Heavens! and is this the Government that has formally been taken into the European family of nations? and are these black, cowardly deeds done in the name of that Sultan who but lately was—as if in solemn mockery of all that is pure, noble, and upright—formally invested with the insignia of the noblest orders of European chivalry? He, a sated voluptuary, dead to every sense of shame and decency, wallowing in filthy vices.” And then came the irrepressible voice of an upbraiding conscience that told me that I, too, was a Turk, that I had deliberately and from the basest motives taken my part with this horrid crew; and as these harrowing thoughts pierced my awakened conscience I lay on the floor of my tent and wept bitter tears of remorse. “Am I a Moslem, then?” I said to myself; “God forbid!” “What are you, then?” whispered my conscience, and a dark blank void filled my heart. I seemed to be looking into a blank space without one ray of light.

On the afternoon of this horrid butchery, I received a summons to attend Khurshid Pasha. I hastily slipped on my uniform, and at once obeyed the mandate.

His Excellency was standing at the door of his tent,

and as I approached I heard the cries of a man who was laid prostrate on the ground; one soldier was seated across the shoulder of the victim, while another with a stout stick was belabouring the softest part of his body. When I approached and saluted, the beating was discontinued, and the soldier went off limping and sobbing. He had been punished for concealing some church vessels, which, however, the pasha had got hold of, and safely deposited in his strong box.

“Hekim Bashi,” said the pasha, “do you know French?”

“Effendim, your slave speaks French.”

“Peki—very good; and Italian?”

“Yes, Effendim.”

“Excellent; and English?”

“No, Effendim; your slave cannot speak English.”

“Zarar yok — no matter; you know Turkish, French, and Italian, so you stay here and be my terjiman (interpreter). The consuls are coming from Beyrout.* Now mind and be atch geuzlu — wide awake, and listen to what they say amongst themselves, and then let me know all you hear.”

“Bash usteneh—on my head be it, Effendim,” I replied.

A soldier entered just then, and, saluting the pasha,

* *Papers relating to Disturbances in Syria*, 1860.

said, "Geulieurler—they are coming, Effendim." I turned my eyes to the Beyrout road, and saw a large cavalcade approaching. A dozen gold-bedizened cavasses rode first, and just behind came almost as many Europeans, most of them in uniform. I saw at once that these officials had made up their minds to remonstrate strongly, and I was not sorry to be present.

They approached the pasha's tent, and the latter rose and came forward to receive his visitors. Nothing could be more courteous than the bland tones of his Excellency as he invited each and all to be seated, and ordered pipes and coffee. The chiboukjees brought the pipes; but the French consul-general pushed his away, and said to his own interpreter:—

"Be good enough to tell the pasha that we are come on a more serious errand than to smoke and drink coffee. Tell him that Christian blood is flowing on all sides of us, and that, in assisting at these foul massacres of unoffending Christians, he has dared to insult France, who is their protector, and that he is responsible. There, tell him that to begin with."

"Insult France!" exclaimed the pasha. "God forbid! France is an ally of the Ottoman Empire. Why should I insult her? What can I do, Consolos Bey? these Druses and Christians will fight. See,

I have but a handful of troops ; they cannot be everywhere, and therefore cannot enforce the law ; they are too few in number."

This being interpreted, the consul's eyes flashed fire.

"Then tell the pasha," he exclaimed, "that he confesses the Sultan cannot govern the country ; and so, speaking on behalf of my Emperor, I tell his Excellency that France must herself protect the Christians. I have already written for French vessels of war and troops ; and I for one shall, on their arrival, denounce the pasha as guilty of deliberate murder, and I hope to see him receive the punishment he so justly merits."

The pasha turned pale with rage and fear, and cowered under the open, handsome countenance of the Frenchman, who glared on him with an expression of fervent indignation. The pasha was not to be beaten, however, in diplomacy ; but, assuming a look of injured innocence, loudly protested against being held responsible for the bloody scenes in the mountain.

"Alas !" he said, "no one deplores more than myself this unhappy state of things, and no officer of the Sultan is in a more painful position. What can I do ? The religious animosities of two warring races

are excited ; they are flying at each other's throats, and undoubtedly require a strong power to keep peace amongst them. The Porte has left me here with a totally insufficient force. I have scarcely troops sufficient to quell any disturbance at Beyrout ; and how can I divide my small force so as to send them into twenty different places at once ? Gentlemen," he continued, appealing to the consuls, "you can help me most efficiently, and that without any application to your Governments. May I appeal to your loyalty and good feeling to do so, and to aid in restoring peace to this distracted country ?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the consuls, in a breath ; "only show us what we can do."

"You are aware," continued the pasha, "that vast numbers of arms are even now being distributed to the Christians. This is adding fuel to the flames. For my part, I can confidently promise to induce the Druses to lay down their arms, if you, the representatives of the Christian Powers, will act in like manner with the Christians, who naturally look to you for advice. I will give you my solemn assurance that all my power and influence will be exerted to disarm the Druses, or, at least, to induce them to suspend hostilities, if you, gentlemen, will put a stop to the distribution of arms to the Christians."

The consuls now anxiously consulted together. I observed the Greek consul opposed the idea of embarrassing the defensive action of the Christians, on the ground that the Turks were proved liars and traitors; and that, while the consuls would keep their part of the obligation, the pasha would ignore his, and thus give the Druses every advantage.

The Frenchman was slow to believe in such treachery, and the Englishman thought the pasha durst not be guilty of it, so that the proposition of the latter was at length agreed to; and I may anticipate my story, so far as to say, that a more fatal blunder was never made, and that, while the consuls interfered too well to delay the arming of the Christians, the pasha secretly encouraged the Druses, and so carried out the bloody plot effectively. (62.)

When the consuls departed I followed and exchanged a few words with some of them, for I had a little plot of my own—I wanted to give the pasha a bit of my mind, and I had hit on a way of doing so without, as I thought, compromising myself.

I returned to Khurshid Pasha, who had doubled himself up on his sofa, and was smoking furiously. I stood silently before him for some moments.

At last he raised his head, and in a harsh voice exclaimed—

“ Ah, pezivenk ! what do you want ? ”

“ Nothing, Effendim ; your slave awaits your orders,” I replied.

“ Ghit—go,” he said. “ Yet stay ; I told you to listen to those damned sons of burnt fathers, the consuls ; may God curse them in Gehennum for ever ! What did you hear ? ”

“ Effendim, your slave heard filthy words that it is a shame to repeat ; these consuls are but ghiaours, Effendim ; their words are but the barking of dogs.”

“ Speak, pezivenk, and tell me what they said,” screamed the pasha.

“ Effendim,” I replied, “ aman—mercy on your slave ; it was the French son of a burnt father that spoke.”

“ What said he then ? Speak, you dog, or I will tear out your tongue.”

“ Effendim, he said you were a dirty slave-boy, raised in a filthy harem, addicted to vice from your infancy ; that you had at last gone a step too far, that the French Emperor would assuredly capture and hang you, that you could not escape, as he would burn down Constantinople if the Sultan did not give you up ; and then the English consul said that he

was sure the British Government would be equally willing to hang you, and as you were not important enough to be shot, you should be hanged like a dog."

"Ghit, pezivenk—be off, you dog!" shouted the pasha, hurling a stool at me, and so I quickly took my departure. (63.)

CHAPTER XII.

I PROCEED TO DAMASCUS—WE MEET A PARTY OF MARONITES
—THEY ARE PURSUED BY DRUSES—A FIGHT ENSUES—A
HORRIBLE SCENE—WE REACH DAMASCUS.

I WAS not much longer in Khurshid Pasha's camp; a day or two after the consular visit I was sent with a detachment of troops, commanded by a Binbashi, to Damascus.

My heart throbbed with contending emotions during the four days' march to the holy city. I thought much of my past life, and suffered from an upbraiding conscience. I longed to see Leonora, to tell how deeply and truly I loved her, and how willing I was, for her sake, as well as my own, to renounce my Moslem creed, seek another land, and return to my early faith. Vain hopes—vain desires; Leonora had now, doubtless, torn me from her heart, and consecrated herself to heaven and good works. Yet in Damascus I might see her. Was she at Damascus? Even this was doubtful: I knew the parents were there, but she might have joined some

religious order and left the country. I dreaded meeting that good honest man, the tahlimji; how durst I look him in the face after what had passed? I had jilted his daughter, renounced my religion, married a Moslem wife, and God knows what scandals he may have heard besides of me: the simple truth was bad enough, and, knowing these facts, he would be justified in believing anything. When we had accomplished about half our journey, we were met by an entire village of fugitive Maronites, who had left their cottages before a menaced invasion of Druses, and, carrying their property, were in full flight towards Beyrout. Horses, cattle, and asses, were laden with clothes and household furniture, and even the children led sheep and calves. As the cavalcade approached great excitement was shown by the troops; presently the Christians halted, and all the men of the party, about one hundred, armed with rifles, came to the front. The Turkish officer then halted his men and rode on to parley. He was met by three or four of the villagers, and a conversation ensued. The officer bid the Christians lay down their arms, and not threaten his troops on the high road.

“Effendim,” exclaimed the Maronites in one voice, “we do not threaten any one; we are armed to defend ourselves against the Druses; we are the sub-

jects of our Padishah, the Sultan, and are travelling peacefully to Beyrout. Let us then go on our way."

Just then a shout was heard in the distance, and a large body of Druses came galloping over the plain. The Christians then called on the Turks to defend them, and at the same time prepared to resist any attack.

The Binbashi now pushed on his men and planted them between the two parties, assuring the Maronites of his protection. The Druses, too, halted when they came within speaking distance. Then the Binbashi rode up to the Christians, and told them that if they did not yield up their arms forthwith he should at once march on and leave them to their fate, but if the weapons were quietly given up he would escort them to Beyrout.

"Better die with our arms than trust to the Turk," cried some young men, but the women screamed at the prospect of a fight, and the older men looked irresolute. "Down with your arms, my children," said the Binbashi; "fear not: the Druses shall not touch you," and calling a dozen of his men, he quietly proceeded to take the weapons of the irresolute Christians. This being done he bid them remain for a while, until he had disarmed also the Druses. He then rode up to the latter and a parley

ensued. I was unquiet, fearful, and intensely distrustful, so I kept mounted, and quietly retired to the rear of the Turks.

“What says the Agha?” remarked one of the soldiers; “are we to escort those Christian pigs to Beyrout?”

“Fear not, Osman,” said another; “we shall not turn back: the Agha, perhaps, will drive them to Damascus, and we must make them march lighter; they are too heavy for a quick march.”

“Aib—shame is it that those unbelieving dogs should be laden with goods, while we, good Mussulmans and children of the Sultan, are half naked,” remarked another.

“Shame, indeed,” said his comrade; “we have seen no pay, nothing but our ‘tain’* for two years; but now that the Sultan’s firman has arrived we shall all be rich, inshallah.”

“Inshallah, inshallah! the firman is a great thing,” was echoed amongst the ranks.

Just then arose a loud yell from the Druses; they began to move. Wheeling round the flank of the Turks, who remained motionless, the Druses galloped towards the Maronites, who were huddled together like a flock of sheep, paralyzed by fear.

* Tain, food and allowances in kind, raised from the district in which the troops are quartered.

But a few terrible moments elapsed, and then the two bodies had joined; the armed bloodthirsty Druses were amongst the disarmed Christians, hewing with sharp weapons. The loud piercing shrieks of women, the hoarse cries and curses of the men, some of whom wrested the weapons from their assailants, and fought with the frenzy of despair, formed a frightful discord to which I would fain have closed my ears. In the midst of the horrid scene I heard more than once the Druse cries of "La, la! spare the women!" Many of the latter rushed to the Turks, clung to their feet, and passionately implored mercy; the women found no protection in their sex, but were at once pierced with bayonets, and stripped of all their clothing.

The Turks had not viewed the scene unmoved, but they were regular soldiers, and, obedient to the instincts of discipline, kept their position. As for myself, I rushed to their commander and implored him to interfere, and that failing, I threatened him with the vengeance of his superior officers. For some time he treated me with a good-humoured contempt, but when my entreaties were turned to threats, he turned upon me, cursed me as a Frank ghiaour, and swore he would cut me down if I uttered another word. (64.)

The soldiers at last cried out to be led on against the ghiaours. Anything like fighting had long ceased, the Maronite men were corpses ; but there was much plundering going on, with the constant shrieking of women and children.

At last arose the cry of " Deen, deen ! Mahomed, strike for our religion ! " and the Ottoman troops at once charged into the mass of women and children, first firing a volley, which killed and wounded some of the Druses, and then rushing in with the bayonet with as great an *élan*, with as strong a charge, as if they were carrying a well-defended breach. A loud wild shriek, as if from one throat of awful strength, though in reality from many, arose from the mangled mass of defaced humanity ; and then nothing was heard but the dull thuds of blunt weapons or the clubbed muskets, while here and there a scream of some one dying hard, or the cry of an unnoticed babe, broke upon the ear ; and the Turks were at their old work of pillage, murder, and worse. I retired, and hid myself behind a rock. My frame shook with agony, and I prayed for death, though I lacked courage to seek what I might have found so easily amidst those Imperial Ottoman butchers.

We encamped on the field of slaughter. I kept

close to my tent and tried to sleep, but the night was made horrible by the beastly pastimes of the troops, in which the officers took part. Two or three soldiers dressed themselves as women, and ran round the camp, pursued by their comrades, amidst shouts of laughter and the most obscene orgies.

A brilliant moon was pouring floods of pale light upon the scene. The mountains around reposed in calm and majestic beauty. It was just a night to tempt the poet to enjoy the ineffable beauties of nature in her sweetest and most sober mood; but the ear was vexed by the loud hoarse laugh of the soldiers at their gambols. I went out to see what was passing. They were pelting each other apparently with large balls; I looked closer, these were human heads, while all around were strewn the naked corpses of the Christians, the white skins of men, women, and children shining in the moonlight. The night wore on, and the troops lay down to rest, wearied with their sport, and I slept in spite of terror and disgust.

Two more days' march brought us to the range of dry and rocky mountains that overlook the plain of Damascus. On turning round the sharp angle

of a rock, the city burst upon my admiring eyes as a marvel of beauty. The vast plain lay extended at our feet, bordered by majestic mountains. The general colour of the scene at this season, the middle of June, was light brown; but for miles along the course of the rivers, a broad belt of the most vivid green, from which flashed here and there the silvery brightness of the water, gave relief to the eye. From the midst of the green verdure and the sparkling waters of the rivers Barada and Awaj, arose the swelling domes, the gilded crescents, the minarets and towers of Damascus, forming at the distance, from which I gazed, the loveliest picture that the fancy of man could conceive. Well might the conquering Prophet exclaim that such an earthly paradise was no place for him, since he had stern hard work before him! The clear atmosphere of the mountains and table land, and the bright sunshine, threw out in sharp relief each detail of architectural beauty in the mosques and ancient towers that adorned the city of "Sham-i-Sheriff," or Holy Damascus. Under other circumstances, how intensely should I have enjoyed the prospect of visiting so fair a city! Had I been an European travelling in search of the picturesque, I might have spent a day on the slope of the mountain,

revelling in the enchantment of the most exquisite of real pictures. As it was, I knew too well that the fair and lovely Damascus was a whited sepulchre, full of hatred, malice, and bloodthirstiness; and that even the outward beauties would, on a nearer approach, resolve themselves into narrow crooked lanes, fetid alleys, dangerously rough pavement, and crowded hovels.

We marched through the suburb of Salahiyeh, and entered the city, the troops taking up their quarters within the precincts of the ancient castle. I sought a dwelling in the Mussulman quarter, and, after having arranged my simple furniture, which was no more than had been carried on a mule's back, I strolled out to make a few purchases in the bazaars.

Passing the mosque called Jâmîa es-Sunaniyeh, I entered the bazaar, and as I walked through this crowded place of traffic, I was struck with the absence of black turbans. There were none to be seen, but here and there were shops with the shutters down, and these, I was told, belonged to Christians. It was evident that these people had taken alarm, but knowing their keenness for trade, and the risks they run in pursuit of profit, and, moreover, that such alarms as the present were not uncommon, I was

surprised to see that their terror had actually induced them to forsake their shops ; a fact which must have caused considerable inconvenience, since in many articles the Christians are almost the sole traffickers. While buying a lantern at the shop of a Moslem, I heard jeering voices a few paces from me, with the words, “ Hanzeer—pig,” “ Kiaffir,” and such like. I turned, and saw two Christian merchants hurrying through the street, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and as they passed each shop, jeers and scoffs followed them. The tradesman who was showing me his goods stopped for a moment, put down his lanterns, and cried out, “ Hanna, thou pig, I am coming to help myself out of thy house ; I shall take thy daughter to my harem.” A few steps farther on, a young boy planted himself before the two Christians, and tracing a cross on the ground spat upon it, and as the two men hurried by, he gave them each a vigorous kick, which feat was loudly applauded by the bystanders. (65.)

“ What have those Christians done,” I asked of the lantern seller, “ that they should be treated so scurvily ? have they stolen anything ? have they broken the law ? are they felons ? ”

“ Man, they are Christians,” fiercely answered the shopkeeper ; “ is not that enough ? They are Chris-

tian pigs, and ought not to defile the city with their presence."

"But have you not always had Christians amongst you?" I replied. "What have they done lately to excite your anger?"

"What have they done?" screamed an armourer close by; "they have year by year been invading our privileges. When I was a boy they were humble rayahs; no Christian durst mount a horse, or take the wall of a Moslem, or dress in handsome clothes; now they are richer than ourselves, they seek protection of foreign consuls, some of them even ride horses, nay, I have seen one or two bear arms. May God curse them! Wait until the firman comes to Damascus, and we will make short work of it."

"My friend," I replied, "why should not the Christians wear good clothes, if they pay for them? why should they not ride horses, if they buy them? There is no law against their riding their own animals, surely."

"No law against Christians riding horses! Hear the blasphemer," cried more than one voice; for there was now quite a crowd gathered to hear the discussion which I had foolishly begun. "Abdullah ibn Omar—Abdullah, tahl, tahl—come, come; tahl

heyn—come here ; you are wanted. Come and refute this Kiaffir.”

“ I am not a Kiaffir,” I replied indignantly ; “ I am a Moslem. Il hamd ull illah—praise be to God ! ”

“ Aib, aib—shame on the fellow ; he calls himself a Moslem, and talks like a Christian. What is he ? a Turk surely,” remarked a bystander.

“ Naam—yes, indeed ; he is one of the Stamboules who come to govern us ; he is a cross between a dog and a sow—a bad breed surely,” said the sallow-faced armourer.

“ Here is Abdullah the learned. Shoof—look at this Stamboulee ; he says there is no law against a Christian riding a horse or wearing arms ; refute this ill-bred fellow.”

“ What says he ? ” exclaimed Abdullah ibn Omar the learned, a shrivelled sallow little wretch, with huge head, surmounted by a large white turban, and wearing a capacious “ entari,” covering very shabby and dirty under garments ; “ what says this Stamboulee ? Welled—boy, come here.” This was addressed to a small negro, to whom he gave some instructions, which were inaudible to the bystanders.

“ What says this preacher of new doctrine ? ” pursued the little man, planting himself opposite to me, and glaring on me with the bright eyes of a

basilisk. "What! he a Moslem! say you, my friends? A Moslem indeed; perhaps he is a prophet, the apostle of a new religion in the infidel dress of Stamboul, where reigns our Sultan. Ah! here is a book that will instruct us." The negro boy had brought a formidable-looking volume, which Abdullah opened. There was a profound silence in the crowd while the little man turned over the leaves. "Listen," said a bystander, "Abdullah is learned in the law—listen."

"O faithful!" exclaimed Abdullah, "I hold in my hands the 'Mooltaka 'l-Bahrayn'—a book of law which no Sunnee Moslem can call in question. The Stamboulee says there is no law against the riding of horses by tributaries, does he? Then listen, my friends, to the words of Mahummadan law:

"And the tributary is to be distinguished in the beast he rides, and in his saddle, and he is not to ride a horse, he is not to work with arms on, he shall ride on a saddle like a pillion, he shall not ride on that except as a matter of necessity; and, even then, he shall dismount in places of public resort; he shall not wear clothes worn by men of learning, piety, and nobility. His women shall be distinguished in the street and at the baths, and he shall place in his house a sign and mark, so that people may not pray

for him or salute him. And the street shall be narrowed for him, and he shall pay his tribute standing, the receiver being seated ; and he shall be seized by the collar, and shall be shaken ; and it shall be said to him, " Pay the tribute, O tributary ! O thou enemy of God ! " " " " (66.)

A few moments' silence followed the reading from the book of the law. Abdullah slowly closed the volume, and handed it to the negro boy, who carefully wrapped it in a cloth, and disappeared.

" O Moslems ! " said Abdullah, " hold you to the words I have read, or to the new doctrine of the Stamboulee, which he has brought fresh from Constantinople ? Are Christians to wax fat and insolent in the midst of us ? Are Christians to invite foreigners to come and insult us in our homes ? Are Christians to eat of the fat of the land, while our children lack bread ? Are Christians to build churches and ring bells within hearing of the call to prayer from the mohafil ? O faithful ! be prepared ; keep sharp the sword of Islam, or you will have hogs slaughtered in your mosques by these Christians and their Stamboul friends."

" The Stamboulee is a Kiaffir himself," exclaimed a voice from the crowd ; " he is a Kiaffir in the uniform of the Sultan."

“Cut his neck,” cried another; “he is a Kiaffir and a Hanzeer.”

“Why does he come here to preach and blaspheme the apostle of God?” said a third.

“He has cursed the Prophet; stone him!” cried another voice.

“Stone him! cut him! stab him!” cried several ruffians.

I put my back to the wall, and gazed with a feeling of indescribable horror at the maddened faces around me. I tasted for a moment all the bitterness of death, and a thousand thoughts hurried through my brain with the swiftness of lightning. I saw that the least false step on my part would hurry me to certain destruction. I would have fled, but I felt, rather than saw (for I durst not turn my head), that there was no hope of escape—that I was environed by the mob. At once I determined to sell my life dearly, if I were to die; but I had a desperate hope that a bold bearing might even yet carry me out of the danger.

Quick as thought, out flashed my sword, and at the sight of cold steel the mob fell back.

“Dogs and sons of dogs!” I cried, “I am a Mussulman and an officer of the Sultan. Give way, you pigs, or I will burn your fathers and mothers.”

At the same moment I kicked the nearest fellow,

and made a cut at another, who rushed back to escape the sword, overturning a ruffian who, with a club in his hand, seemed bent on mischief.

Just then I heard a voice at the outskirts of the crowd cry out, "Shame! shame! see, these Shamlees are beating a Nizam officer. Soldiers, forward! help! help! save your officer!"

I saw a movement amongst my enemies; they looked over their shoulders; there was a cry of "Nizam, nizam!" from the rear of the crowd, and another shout from the same quarter, followed by more Turkish voices, and the mob quickly scattered before half a dozen soldiers, who belaboured the townspeople with cudgels, cursing their parents and all their female relatives the while. There was now a panic amongst the ruffians who had menaced my life; and so quickly did I pass from deadly peril to perfect safety, that I could scarce believe I had been so nearly stoned and trampled to death by a herd of excited fanatics but a few minutes before. I sheathed my sword, and said, "Aferin tchojouklar—well done, my children;" and replied, as liberally as I could afford, to their hint for baksheesh. But where was the officer whose voice I had heard urging on these soldiers, who, but for him, were just as likely to have joined in the outrage of the mob? He was standing

before me. I had not at first recognized him, having been occupied with the troops. He was gazing on me with a mournful expression, not unmixed with anger and contempt.

My face burned with shame ; I stood irresolute and miserable before the old man, once my friend—the tahlimji.

At length I spoke, and, with a voice thick with emotion, said, “ Signor Scarpa, I thank you from my heart ; you have saved my life ; how can I show my gratitude ? ”

“ Signore,” said he, “ I want no service from you ; if I have saved your life from destruction, employ it better, and try to save your own soul. You are a Mussulman now. I can hold no intercourse with you. I would not even now have addressed you but that I know of the heavy grief which has befallen you, and I pity you from my heart.”

“ Signore,” I replied, “ believe me I am not what I was ; I am ready to curse myself for my follies. But you know of my griefs, you know how utterly poor I have become.”

“ Dio santo ! ” exclaimed the old man, his face flushing with rage, “ the fellow talks of poverty and loss of wealth, when death has smitten his nearest relative ; what degradation of soul ! ”

“Death!—relative! Of what do you speak?” I asked, with real astonishment.

“Have you not received your letters, then?” said the tahlimji. “The post arrived last night. I saw a letter for you, and I had one from your father.”

“A letter? I had none. I must go and ask for it.” And agitated, with an overpowering presentiment of evil, I rushed off to the post-office, without even saying adieu to the old man. I found the letter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LETTER FROM HOME — A BITTER TRIAL — REMORSE AND
PENITENCE — I HEAR A DERVISH PREACH — I SEEK THE
CHURCH OF TERRA SANTA.

I BROUGHT the letter to my room : I closed the door ; and, seating myself on the divan, I broke the seal with trembling hands. The letter was in the well-known handwriting of my dear old father. “ Thank God ! he is alive,” I exclaimed. I had not heard from him for many months. When I unfolded the paper an enclosure fell out, which I opened ; this was in the handwriting of my loving mother. I was relieved, for I loved her tenderly, and I dreaded, above all things, to hear any bad news of her.

I determined to read my father’s letter first. He spoke of parental love surviving distance, separation, neglect, even misconduct. He loved me still. “ Giuseppe,” said he, “ thou hast broken thy mother’s heart ; she is gone, and the last days of her life were devoted to the painful task of penning a few lines to her erring son.”

The letter fell from my hand ; I trembled in every limb. How could I realize the fact that my own dear mother had died with the full knowledge of her son's wickedness ! I groaned in the bitterness of my soul, and bewailed the evil fate which had denied me the chance of kneeling at her bedside, and pouring into her ears the confession of my sins, and assuring her of my penitence. But she was gone for ever, far beyond the reach of my vain lamentations. Oh ! that I could but have seen her for one precious moment ; could but have knelt by her deathbed, and have recanted the blasphemous faith whose formula, but a few months ago, had sullied my apostate lips ! My mother, then, was dead ! She, who had reared me in the faith of Christ ; she, on whose knees I had first lisped the prayers of infancy ; she, who had first taught my childish fingers to sign the blessed symbol of our redemption ; she, whose whole life was a witness to the truth ; she, then, had died in the conviction that her son, her favourite son, had renounced the faith of Christ, had trampled on the blessed cross, and leagued himself with bloodthirsty Moslems, who were even now offering hecatombs of martyrs to the soul of their accursed Prophet.

Again I took up my father's letter, and read on :—
“ I have enclosed her letter ; and if these words of a

mother's dying love cannot recall thee to the holy church, neither could one risen from the dead. Caro figlio ! when the first black news came of thy apostasy, it crushed us, thine aged parents, to the earth. Long did we refuse to believe it altogether ; long did we cherish the hope that it could not be *quite* true ; that thou hadst, perhaps, been forced against thy will to utter the Moslem formula ; that thou mightest even for some brief moment, during some mad frolic, have declared thyself no Christian. But when the bitter truth was forced upon us that thou hadst deliberately taken thy part, and chosen thy lot amongst the enemies of Christ, then did we regard thee as if thou hadst never been born unto us ; then did we erase thy name from the family record, and forbid it to be uttered in our hearing.

“ Vain were our efforts, my Giuseppe—the voice of nature would not be stifled within our hearts. At night I dreamed of thee as an innocent prattling child, the joy, hope, and pride of my manhood ; again did I carry thee across the sunny vineyards of thy native land ; again did I hear thee lisp thy Pater-noster ; and then would thy mother, lying by my side, start in her sleep with the forbidden name on her lips, and then I felt her gentle bosom shaking with sobs, while the hot tears trickled on my breast.”

“O mother, mother!” I cried, in an agony of grief. “O mother! hear me in heaven, thy resting-place; hear thy wretched son, and intercede for him with the Holy Virgin!”

“Alas, alas!” wrote my father; “the effort to forget thee was too much for her yearning heart. She pined and wasted; her white cheeks and sunken eyes told too truly of the deadly grief she was nursing. ‘Caro sposo,’ she said to me, ‘I could have heard of his death and resigned myself, knowing him to have been in the bosom of Christ; but this is more than I can bear;’ and she buried her face on my breast, and prayed to her heavenly Father to take her to Himself. He has, at length, heard that prayer. She lingered for months in a state of mental torture, and the last week of her blessed life was spent in the painful effort of writing to her apostate son; but as she gave the letter into my hands, her eyes brightened, and she exclaimed, ‘He is not lost for ever; no, not altogether lost; my prayers are not in vain; he will pass through much tribulation, he will be purified in the furnace of affliction; but he will be saved through Christ.’ May God grant her prayer!”

Prone on the floor of my room I groaned in bitterness of remorse, and prayed again to the soul of my sainted mother. Again did I rise, and through

blinding tears read the loving words traced by the hand of that glorified saint.

She wrote, as my father had written, of the shock they had received when their dear old friend, Signor Scarpa, announced to them the breaking of the betrothal with his daughter Leonora, and the dreadful fact of my apostasy. At first they resisted all conviction, they rebelled against the bitter truth, and were angry with the old man, angry with the daughter. They would not, could not believe that their own dear son had plunged into such a career of sin. "Alas, alas!" wrote my mother, "we can no longer stifle the conviction, and I have already felt, even in this life, the worm that dieth not. Giuseppe, for months past I have thought but of thee, and daily and hourly have I importuned the throne of grace on thy behalf. I cannot believe that thou, the child of so many prayers, wilt die a Moslem. I could have spared thee had disease or violence taken thee from us; I should then have bowed my head to the affliction, and said, 'Thy will be done.' I should have been proud had I heard of thy martyrdom; but this stroke is too heavy for me, and I groan all night in my misery, and wrestle, like Jacob of old, with my heavenly Father, praying that He may even yet rescue his lost sheep. Giuseppe,

dost thou not remember the fever thou hadst as a boy? how I wept and watched over thee? how for one whole day I knelt and prayed before the image of the Virgin, refusing even a drop of cold water, until the crisis came, and I saw thee open thy dear eyes and recognize thy mother? Oh! how my whole soul bounded for joy when my own boy was restored to my yearning heart! Is it then possible? Yes, I have since wept that my prayers were then answered, nay, I have wept that thou didst not then die in thine innocency. O Giuseppe! my beloved one, turn thee again to the God whom thou hast forsaken! Hear the blessed words of our God—

“‘Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

“‘For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

“‘For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.’

“These are the words of the prophet Isaiah; let them sink into thy heart, my beloved son, for I cannot believe that heart to be wholly depraved. Turn then to that God who invites thee through the

sacrifice of his Son ; turn to that Saviour whom thou hast denied, but who, having died for sinners, is waiting to be merciful. Giuseppe, my strength is failing, even while I write these lines. I am leaving earth, and all its woes and its joys, but my last fond wish is that ere long we may be reunited in paradise, purified by the sufferings of this world and accepted by the sacrifice of Christ."

I sate motionless, self-absorbed, my soul prostrate and benumbed. I scarce had power to think ; I was bewildered. My servant brought me as usual my frugal dinner, but I remember he took it away untasted. Thus I was when the sun went down, and night closed in upon a misery such as is seldom tasted out of hell, for the worm of remorse was ever gnawing at my heart, and the unspeakable horrors of an awakened conscience overwhelmed me.

At length I mechanically began to undress myself for bed : my mind had been dwelling so much on earlier days, that I suddenly remembered my boyish habit of repeating a form of prayer on retiring at night. I longed to do so now ; I knelt, I prostrated myself before the eternal throne of God, but my lips moved not. I durst not utter a prayer lest it should recoil as a curse on my head. I lay down, and at length a flood of tears came to my relief ; I wept and groaned ;

I bewailed my mother. Again and again did fresh sobs and outbursts of agony shake my frame, but the gnawing worm of remorse still nestled deep in my heart.

I suppose I slept towards morning, for later than my usual hour of rising my servant summoned me—I was wanted at the hospital. I hastily dressed, and hurried through the narrow streets to the scene of my duties. My Turkish uniform preserved me from insult; had the Moslems but seen the torn and bleeding heart that beat under that uniform, they would have recognized a Christian. Yes, I was indeed and in truth a Christian, for I loathed the name of Moslem, and longed to throw myself at the cross of Christ. I was a Christian, for I was self-abased, humbled to the dust, and thought myself less than the least of men. I was poor in spirit, and on the threshold of salvation.

Passing by the great mosque of the Omeiyades, I was arrested by a crowd which had gathered together to hear a dervish preach. I would have hastened on, but was soon wedged in the mass of human beings who were listening to the rhapsodies of the fakir. Suddenly my ears recognized a voice not unfamiliar to me, and yet I could not remember where I had last heard those high-pitched tones. The dervish

was pouring oil upon hearts already glowing with a dangerous heat, and he was eagerly listened to by the ragged crowd of Moslems around.

“Yah, Moslems!” he cried, or rather shrieked, “do you honour the Prophet? no, you do not; you have forgotten his precepts, and poured contempt upon them. You are not the sons of your fathers, you are Kiaffirs, the offspring of infidels and Stamboul Turks. Leysh—why are you thus? Because you allow those pigs, those dogs, that misbegotten brood of Satan, those Christians, to dwell amongst you, and rob you and your children. Shoof—look, yonder is their quarter; yonder are their churches, their idols, their priests. Hark! I hear their bells ringing. See, they are worshipping their idols, close to the temple of God and his Apostle. Moslems! are you men? Do you wear beards? then why do you let these things be? Listen, O faithful! listen to the words of Abdullah il Fakir: for thirty years have I wandered over the earth; for thirty years have I mortified the flesh; for thirty years I have never slept under a roof, but in caves and holes of the rock, feeding on green corn and insects; for thirty years I have held communion with the One, Indivisible, Eternal, All-Merciful, and I have dreamed dreams, and seen visions.

“Listen, O Faithful! while I declare to you the vision I had at midnight in the mosque of Eyoub. I lay in a trance, and our Lord Mahomed came unto me, and he said to me, ‘Arise, Abdullah, arise, and go unto the men of Damascus, and say I have delivered unto them their tributaries, the Christians. Let my servants go into the infidel houses and spare not; let them slay with clubs and swords the men and women, and take unto themselves the young maidens, and the silver and the gold, the carved work, and the silks, and the woven stuffs, the linens and the woollens; let them cut off without mercy the fathers and the mothers, and burn the houses to the ground.’ Thus said our Lord Mahomed, upon whom be peace!”

Long ere this hellish rhapsody was concluded, I had recognized the orator: the dervish was no other than the horror of my life—the same Abdullah, the same Osman, whose diabolical ingenuity was ever at work, plotting and carrying out mischief. His harangue was followed by loud shouts of vengeance and lawless greed, and a cry of “To the Christian quarter! to the Christians! let us slay them!” was raised, but as quickly stayed by the supposed dervish, who, waving his hands authoritatively, cried—

“Stay! stir not until the time is ripe; thus said

the apostle of God, whose servant I am. Be ready ; watch, and the signal will come. The firman of the Caliph Abdul Mejid Khan is on its way. But a few days, perhaps a few hours, and all will be ready. Let all good Mussulmans watch and pray. Listen to the voices of your Ulema ; listen to Abdullah-el-Haleby, and be guided by him and such as he."

The crowd broke up, and I contrived to work my way through the mass of human beings, and as I did so I pondered on what I had heard and seen. Surely the arrival, as a dervish, of this Osman, a man whom I knew to be in the confidence of some of the greatest men in Constantinople, would seem to confirm the suspicions of those who dreaded that some unutterably horrible plot, involving spoliation and massacre of the Christians, was being concocted in that capital. The strange conduct of Khurshid Pasha, too—conduct I had witnessed—was another fact which gave a certain probability to these dire suspicions. But bad as are the rulers at Constantinople, depraved as is their origin, durst they go so far as to plan the massacre of a whole innocent Christian population, who, unlike the Maronites, have never given the slightest provocation beyond the fact of their accumulation of wealth ? Would not all Christendom arise and take vengeance for so foul a crime, which

must break down the calculations of diplomacy, and outweigh the balance of power? Would not the people of Europe—the governed masses—cry out for vengeance?”

I knew not sufficient of the state of public affairs in Europe to be able to answer these self-imposed questions. I only knew that the Moslems counted on the protection of Great Britain on every occasion, and I could not tell how far her statesmen and people might be relied on.

I hurried to the hospital, and for two hours patiently performed my allotted duties to the best of my power; for two long hours I applied myself to the task of walking round the wards, ministering to the sick soldiers, and I repressed my feelings of intense impatience, for I was burning to be elsewhere.

My whole heart was absorbed in the idea of once more seeking the temple of God, and there pouring into the ear of some holy and experienced priest a full confession of my sins, and seeking of him to be restored to that Church I had forsaken. I would no longer hesitate; I would not waste a moment; and so, when another medical officer relieved me of my duties in the wards, I turned at once towards the Christian quarter, and sought for the Catholic Church of Terra Santa.

Leaving the more crowded parts of the city, I soon found myself in the silent and narrow streets of a Mussulman quarter, meeting but few people as I walked along the hot lanes and alleys. I then entered a Christian bazaar, all the shops of which were closed as on a fête-day, but, unlike such a day, I met no gay groups promenading the city in their best apparel. I then approached the gates of the Christian quarter, and here I found a strong guard of Turkish troops. They were posted as if to defend the inhabitants from attack by the mob, but, except for their uniform and arms, I could not have supposed they were soldiers on duty in time of danger. They were merrily feasting on the richest dishes, and the Christians from time to time were distributing to them handfuls of silver coin and even gold. The troops were riotously merry, and often at their hosts' expense in more senses than one, for from time to time the turban of a respectable Christian was knocked off amidst roars of hoarse laughter, and other rough jokes were perpetrated, which at any other time would have aroused my indignation.

As I passed through the troops a Christian recognized me and spoke. I did not at first remember his face, but was reminded that we had been fellow-passengers on board the steamer that brought us to

Beyrout, and then I recollected the Christian secretary whom we took on board at Smyrna.

“Effendim,” he said, “we are in danger; these men are the soldiers who massacred the Christians at Hasbeya. (67.) They have been sent to guard us from the fury of the townspeople. Alas! what have the Christians of Damascus done that they should be exposed to such deadly peril? See, we are bribing these men; we are giving them silver and gold, hoping, against hope, that if we are attacked they may take our part. Effendim, you are a Mussulman, will you protect us? will you speak to these soldiers on our behalf?”

“My friend,” I answered, “I will gladly do anything I can to shield you except announcing myself a Moslem, for such I am not.”

“Not a Moslem!” exclaimed Yanko; “then you have been slandered, for I was told you were a renegade Italian.”

“And if you were told I was a villain as well as a renegade it were no slander, for I am both,” I answered.

“You speak in riddles,” said Yanko; “you Franks are fond of joking; but this is no time for pleasantry, we are in deadly peril.”

“God forbid,” I said, solemnly, “that I should

joke; we are all alike in danger : as for myself I have been a Mussulman and a renegade. I am now a penitent. Detain me not ; I seek the church of Terra Santa."

I walked on mechanically through the narrow dusty streets until I lost my way, and presently came upon one of the city gates. Beyond this lay the bright verdure of the gardens, and I passed out to catch a glimpse of nature. I found myself at once in the midst of those wild but luxurious gardens which are the glory of Damascus. Large walnut-trees threw their arms across the lane in which I strolled, lending a grateful shade ; their dark green was relieved by the lighter hue of the apricot covered with fragrant blossom, and the still paler colour of the silvery poplar. The majestic trunks and branches of the trees were festooned by the vines which hung in masses of foliage overhead, wherever they could gain support. The murmur of water rippling amidst the meadows and orchards, the blossoms of the apple and plum trees, the crimson pomegranate flowers, and here and there black masses of cypress or a solitary palm-tree, combined to charm the senses, to soothe the feelings, and raise the heart in adoration of the Creator of such beauty and affluence.

Tired from the length of my walk, I rested on a

stone, and watched the agile squirrel balance his light body on the bending twig, and leap, or rather fly, from dizzy heights to stronger branches. I listened to the susurrus of a multitude of small birds busily hunting the insects in the fragrant blossoms of the fruit-trees, and found pleasure in marking the varieties of the feathered multitude, whose thousand voices seemed to blend in one soft harmony. I marked the brilliant insects whose gauze-like wings only rested when they had borne their burnished bodies to the fragrant calyx of the honey-bearing flowers, and in the contemplation of the lovely scene I found a certain temporary balm to my aching heart.

I remained for nearly an hour, when my attention was roused from watching the gambols of the lizards on a mud wall near me by the appearance of two youths advancing in my direction.

I arose from my seat, when the Christians, seeing me for the first time, stopped and turned to run, but on my shouting to them, they allowed me to approach. I was shocked at the craven fear they showed at being thus accosted by a supposed Moslem in a lonely lane. Their delight was in proportion to their previous terror when I announced myself a Christian, and they gladly accompanied me back to

the city, and only left me when they had clearly pointed out the road to the church I was in search of.

As I walked through the gloomy streets of the terror-stricken quarter, I saw heads peep out of doorways, and quickly draw in as they caught sight of my Turkish uniform. It was as if I passed through a city smitten with the plague. Again was I waylaid by some anxious fathers of families, who implored my protection as a Mussulman officer, and again did I renounce the name of Moslem. Soon I reached the small church, and as I approached the porch my feelings fairly overwhelmed me. My steps were arrested; I was unworthy to enter that sacred building; I stood, and leaned against a wall, and groaned aloud in the agony of my humiliation.

I heard the footsteps of worshippers pass me, and I turned not my head, but remained leaning against the house, my face buried in my hands, insensible to all around me.

At length, my soul was gently stirred by the voice, as it were, of an angel. I listened, and heard the low sweet tones of an organ; and scenes long past of a youth spent in Christendom came rushing over me; and the icy chill of my soul, the cold stagnation of my spell-bound brain, crushed with remorse, seemed to melt away with those sweet unforgotten

sounds, and my eyes rained tears. I recognized the liquid tones of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. They seemed to speak of that divine love which embraces the worst of penitent sinners; they breathed out the notes of that Divine Passion which repels not even the apostate seeking to return to his Father's home. Weeping, but comforted, I felt the tender tones of forgiveness steal into my soul, seeming to invite me to approach nearer to the temple of the living God.

Slowly and with reverent steps, I crept into the porch, and, uncovering, listened entranced to that sacred hymn—

O quam tristis et afflicta

Fuit illa benedicta

Mater Unigeniti,—

and I prostrated myself humbled and abased.

Fain would I even have entered the sacred building, but I durst not; I felt unworthy even to kneel weeping at the threshold of the sacred house of God; I would not dare to mix with Christian worshippers.

Still I listened, and both words and music brought ineffable consolation to my bleeding heart. Then did I hear the voices of two women, even as the voices of saints mingling with the music of heaven, and they sang,

Quis est homo qui non fleret,

Christi matrem si videret

In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non possit contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio ?

“ Leonora ! Leonora ! I lost heaven in losing thee, and now that angelic voice bids me weep at the sufferings of the Holy Virgin.” Yes, the singers were Leonora and her mother. How changed were the times since first I heard them carol the sweet notes of love and joy on the waters of the Bosphorus ! Then we were giddy with earthly happiness, which found vent in merry songs ; now their harmonious notes, attuned to sacred music, and sung amidst scenes of terror and despair, sounded like the hymns of martyrs in view of their heavenly kingdom ; and I, kneeling at the porch, poured out inarticulate prayers with groans and tears.

When the music ceased I heard the priest reading one of the Psalms of David. My ears drank in the solemn tones, and I recognized the words of the Psalmist—

“ O Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people ?

“ Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

“ Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours ; and our enemies laugh among themselves.

“Turn to us again, O God of Hosts, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved !”

Inexpressible was the comfort I derived from every word of that Christian service. Up to that hour I had not dared to offer up a prayer to my offended God ; I had been sunk beneath the crushing weight of black despair. I now began to breathe out a few feeble, broken ejaculations for mercy. I fell on my face and grovelled in the dust, and exclaimed, “Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.”

Time passed, and the worshippers departed from the church ; but I was unmolested : my Turkish uniform repelled the timid Christians, and thus it was that I lay groaning and travailing beneath the weight of my sins.

All that night I wrestled with the Spirit of God, and at length fell into a troubled slumber ; and I saw a vision. I saw the Man-God crucified on Calvary, and the blood flowed from his wounds, and he said to me, “This blood is shed for all mankind, and for thee, the chief of sinners.” The vision passed ; and behold ! I saw the same crucified Man glorified in heaven, and I was dazzled with the wondrous brightness of his countenance, and I worshipped, and awoke, trembling.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
With carrion men groaning for burial.

I FOUND myself lying in the porch of the church, and it was already the gray of the morning. My heart was bleeding and broken; I regarded myself still as an outcast, the chief of sinners; one who had sinned perhaps the unpardonable sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost. Again, I groaned in the agony of my soul, but now my trouble and anguish found vent in words and tears, and I prayed fervently and aloud for pardon and peace.

Suddenly I became conscious of some one standing by. I raised my head and saw dimly through my tears two women, who, with heads inclined, were looking pitifully on me.

Brushing away my tears, I looked again, and recognized in the costume of a novice of a religious order my long-lost Leonora. A pale sad beauty, as of the morning star, was hers, and she gazed on me sadly and tenderly. She might have been a mes-

senger sent from heaven for my comfort ; the sight of her seemed to bring a holy calm, for who could look on that face and not feel a disposition to adore the God who made it ? She was beautiful indeed, but with the pure and calm beauty of another world. Oh ! how I loved the gentle maiden, not as of yore, with an earthly passion, but with a pure unselfish love, as though I recognized and adored the being that God had appointed as my guardian angel, to guide my feet into the ways of peace and virtue ! The mother stood near, leaning on her daughter, and looking compassionately on the stricken sinner.

“ Leonora,” I exclaimed, “ I am no longer a Moslem, but am yet unworthy of thy regard.”

“ Brother,” she answered, and the soft sweet tones of her voice fell like dew from heaven upon my perturbed soul, “ who am I but a sinner like thyself, saved by the blood of Christ ? ”

“ Thou a sinner,” I cried. “ Alas ! alas ! then what am I but a depraved being only deserving of hell-fire ? Leonora, Leonora, mine own beloved one, leave me to my fate—nay, rather, pray for me ; thy prayers will be heard in heaven, while mine are but a mockery, for, alas ! alas ! I have denied my Saviour—I have sinned against the Holy Ghost.”

“ Giuseppe, my beloved brother in Christ, despair

not, but hear the blessed words of God himself—
‘Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Hear also the words of the Prophet Isaiah—‘Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ ”

“And are then these words for me, Leonora? For me, so sunk, so depraved; and dost thou, a child of God, call me a brother in Christ? No, no! surely there is nothing for me but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation. Even now I see the bottomless pit before me, and nothing but the blackness of darkness and despair. Leonora, pray for me—pray for the soul of thy miserable brother.”

“Giuseppe,” answered the maiden, “my own beloved brother”—and her voice became choked with sobs.

“Daughter,” said the signora, “the poor man is suffering from a malady we cannot heal; let us direct him to that man of God, our Padre Antonio, that our brother may confess, do penance, and, after receiving absolution, be once more admitted to the congregation of Christ. Caro Giuseppe,” she said, addressing me, “arise and let us go; surely you have been here all night.”

“Here is indeed that repentance not to be repented of,” said Leonora. “Let us thank our heavenly Father that this, our beloved brother, whom we once thought for ever lost, is plucked as a brand from the burning. Arise, Giuseppe, and let us seek the padre.”

I arose, but my limbs trembled under me; the figures of Leonora and her mother swam before me, and I became unconscious. I had fainted.

* * * * *

I lay for some time in a state of dreamy insensibility, but I was well cared for, and removed to the house of the tahlimji. I presently recovered and found the signora pouring a cordial into my mouth, while her daughter helped in restoring me. As I opened my eyes I saw once more the lovely face of the pious maiden, and a pitying tear fell on my brow.

I gazed around me, and saw still another face which I recognized, though much time had elapsed since I had met the padre. He was, however, scarcely changed, and I knew at once the Padre Antonio whom I had last seen at Salonica.

“He is restored, thank God,” said the worthy man—“restored to be like the Apostle Paul—a light amongst us Christians, for he has been saved as if by a miracle. Art thou better, my son?”

“ I am better,” I answered, and I sate up.

I was now left alone with the padre, and to him made a full and free confession of my sins, and received at his hands the blessed rite of absolution. He sate with me for hours, unfolding the riches of Christ, and ere he left me a vast load had fallen from my soul, and I was singing the praises of God. But, oh, how humbled and self-abased I had become ! I still felt myself the least of men—a sinner amongst sinners—but, through Christ, pardoned.

Once more I resumed my duties, and walked through the streets of Damascus no longer as a Moslem. I still wore the uniform of the army, and this was doubtless a protection, which, however, I cared not for, as martyrdom would now have been welcome, for my whole thoughts were directed heavenward.

In the Moslem quarter the shops of the Christians were still closed, for reports of treachery, bloodshed, and massacres, were daily, almost hourly, arriving. I walked to the large square, where stood the palace of the governor, Ahmet Pasha, and here I saw a crowd of ruined and fugitive Christians from the villages of the province, who had fled from their burning homes and sought refuge in the city. They were imploring bread and shelter ; huddled together

under the walls and porches ; many evidently dying, and all treated with brutal indifference by the authorities.

Presently I saw two gentlemen in European costume, mounted on horseback, and attended by cavasses. I recognized them as consuls, and overheard part of their conversation, which was in French.

“ The pasha,” said one, an aged man, “ is wholly immoveable ; he says he has sent troops to guard the gates of the Christian quarter, and when I represented to him that these were the very men who plundered and murdered at Hasbeya, he shrugged his shoulders.”

“ The condition of the city is fearful indeed,” answered the other, “ and heavy is the responsibility of your government, monsieur. On all sides I hear that the Moslems count on the protection of England, and with that protection they dare do anything.”

“ I am aware,” answered the consul, “ that England would go great lengths in protecting a government which is considered necessary to the balance of European power, but in the case of a massacre, such as we are threatened with, I do trust that the instigators, whoever they might be, would be punished.”

“ They might,” answered the other, “ if there were no rival Powers in Europe ; but if France or Russia raise their voices, you will see what English jealousy will do ; it will protect the Turks, as it always has done, and in a few years we shall hear of fresh outrages.” (68.)

“ Believe it not, monsieur ; England is not so far fallen. But God knows whether we shall survive to see the end of all this. One thing is clear to my mind — Ahmet Pasha is acting under some secret instructions from Constantinople. I have been in Turkey for forty years, and could always frighten, if I could not persuade, a pasha, unless he were acting under specific instructions from his Government. Well do I recollect, when at Erzeroum, in 1841, how immoveable was the pasha ; how he treated all my advice and remonstrances with contempt. A year or two afterwards a confidential circular (69) came to light, in which all the pashas were enjoined by the government to give no ear to the advice of the British consuls, lest they should presume too much on the position which the action of their Government in restoring Syria had given them. Then was the mystery explained.”

“ Bon Dieu ! ” exclaimed the Frenchman ; “ you got what you deserved, and now we both are reaping

the fruit of the Crimean war. See, there is a whole Christian population murdered on the mountains, these Turks aiding and abetting; and here, again, are we all menaced with the same fate, and by whom? by these self-same Turks, who, but for us, would have been swept clean out of Europe." And the consul laughed a bitter laugh.

I walked on towards the Christian quarter, anxious once more to see the Padre Antonio, and to worship again in the Church of Terra Santa. As I passed through the bazaars, I was still more impressed by the signs of danger. I observed bodies of armed men parading the streets, whose countenances alone would at once have condemned them in any court of justice. I asked who they were, and was told they were the newly-enrolled Bashi Bazooks of Selim Agha-el-Muhaineih and Mustafa Bey-el-Hawasaly. (70.)

"Newly enrolled!" I exclaimed to the shopkeeper to whom I addressed myself; "and enrolled for what?"

"I know not," said the man; "but the French consuls asked the pasha for further protection for the Christians, and those are the protectors he has sent!" and the man laughed.

I pursued my way to the Christian quarter; but as I went, I heard a strange unearthly noise behind me, and I turned to see who it was whose voice sounded

like the scream of a madman. Close behind me came a man, naked all but his loins; his hair hung in tangled masses over his face, his skin was burned to a dark brown, and his eyes glared with the wild fire of insanity. He walked and ran by turns, and from time to time would stop, and then gathering dust from the earth, would heap it on his head.

“Who is that?” I asked of a passer-by; “is he a dervish?”

“La. He is no dervish, he is a Christian. Have you not heard of Georgi, the mad Greek priest of Rass el Ain? Last year the Bashi Bazooks burnt his house, and played the devil with his wife and children, and he has been thus ever since.”

I observed the Moslems treated the poor man with a sort of respect, as is their habit with those suffering from mental maladies. He passed on his way, shrieking out Scriptural denunciations, while none molested him.

As he came near me, he cried, “Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty!”

“Wallah, he speaks the truth,” said a bystander; “he is possessed.”

“God hath visited him,” said another; “hear what he says.”

Again the poor wretch flung dust upon his head, and cried out, "The burden of Damascus! Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap!" And then beating his breast, while fire seemed to flash from his eyes, he cried, "And I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentation; and I will bring up sackcloth upon all loins, and baldness upon every head; and I will make it as the mourning of an only son, and the end thereof as a bitter day."

The maniac passed towards the Christian quarter, and as he went, I heard him cry out again, "Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come." He was soon lost to my view among the narrow streets; but I heard the tones of his shrill voice shrieking out gloomy warnings, while men listened and trembled.

On the day following this meeting with the mad priest, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of an entire reconciliation with my old friend the tahlimji. He received me once again to his heart, not as a possible son-in-law, but as the son of the friend of his youth, and as an erring Christian restored to Christ's fold. He pressed me in a fatherly embrace, and said that as nothing had so embittered the evening of his life as my apostasy, so nothing could give such consolation

to him as my sincere penitence. "I could have wished, my son, that you had never erred; that the glitter of gold and jewels, and the craving desire for pomp and luxury had never invaded thy once honest heart, for then I would have given thee my daughter, and lived again in thy children; but such was not the will of Heaven, my son. Nay, weep not at the treasure thou hast lost in this world, it was thy destiny; but rather thank God thou hast not lost thy immortal soul. We shall all meet again in heaven, I trust, and live for ever in closer union than ever we have known on earth."

"Woe, woe to the city!" shrieked a voice from the street. "Let judgment run down as waters. Gird yourselves and lament, ye priests; howl, ye ministers of the altar; come, lie all night in sackcloth!"

"The mad priest," said the tahlimji; "poor fellow! he has drunk deep of affliction. They say he was tied to a tree by the Bashi Bazooks, and compelled to witness scenes too horrible to mention, and ever since he has thus wandered about. He is harmless; but, hark, what a voice he has! he supposes the day of judgment is at hand?"

"And what think you, my friend, of our position?" I asked. "We seem to be in great danger; it is

said that the Moslems will attack the Christian quarter, as they did ten years ago at Aleppo. The authorities seem to admit that such an idea pervades the minds of the citizens, by sending troops to protect the gates of the menaced quarter, as well as by enrolling a fresh force of Bashi Bazooks ; but these measures are the worst symptom of all. The troops they have sent are the identical men who helped the Druses to massacre the Maronites of Hasbeya, and the Bashi Bazooks are notorious plunderers. We are like a flock of sheep protected by wolves. May God help us !”

“Caro Giuseppe,” answered the old man, “I have ceased to be over-anxious ; my dear spouse and I desire no longer residence in this world, and, if destruction comes, we shall die together. Our child, too, is devoted to Heaven, and she would rejoice if her God were to call her to Himself. And yet this deadly peril grieves me to the quick ; nor can I see unmoved fair maidens and innocent children playing round the fountains of their beautiful court-yards, without a shudder at what might happen if these ravening wolves were to break in upon so fair a flock. We are in God’s hands, and even yet the calamity may be averted. In truth, to-day there is much less fear than yesterday, and even some of the Christians

are returning to the bazaars, and some of the clerks and secretaries to the Government offices."

"Is it indeed so?" I exclaimed: "thank God for it! but how came this sudden confidence?"

"This morning," said the tahlimji, "several of the principal Moslems came to the Christian quarter and solemnly assured our people there was nothing to fear, that the threats and insults they had heard were only from a few of the lowest fellows of the meidan, and that all the principal Moslems, as well as the Turkish authorities, would combine to protect the Christians from any outrage." (71.)

"This is good news, indeed," I remarked, "and still more so, since the Christians have faith in these assurances."

"I confess it has somewhat relieved my mind," remarked the tahlimji; "last night, too, the great Mustafa Bey-el-Hawasaly called on several of the principal Christians, and assured them that the strongest measures would be taken for their protection."

"Then let us thank God for this good news," I said; "and let us rather look on the bright than on the dark side of things, and hope that after all the Hasbeya soldiers may not be called on to protect us;" and, so saying, we embraced affectionately, and parted.

I walked towards my own house in the Moslem quarter, and was soon convinced of the truth of what I had just heard, for several shops were opened in the Christian bazaar, and here and there I met a black-turbaned tradesman going to his place of business.

At length, in passing the great mosque of the Omeiyades, near the mausoleum of Meleh ed Dhaher Bibars, I saw a large crowd gathered, and curiosity compelled me to push forward and see the cause of it. What was my astonishment to see two Moslem youths, with irons on their legs, sweeping the streets. I was stupefied: in a few hours it seemed as if the city had passed from Moslem to Christian domination, and that the latter were wreaking vengeance for a long course of insult and contumely. (72.)

“What is this?” I asked of a bystander. “What have these boys done?”

“What have they done, indeed!” answered the man: “they have done what is just and right; they did but spit on two Christian secretaries as they passed to the Government offices, and the pasha has put the boys in irons. Thus do we Mussulmans live to be trampled on by the blasphemers of our religion.”

“ Shame, shame ! ” cried another. “ See how these accursed Christians make us Moslems eat dirt, and we submit to it ; shame, shame on us ! ”

“ The holy fakir said right ! ” cried another : “ we shall soon see pigs slaughtered and eaten in our mosques by these Christians ! ”

“ Who will strike for Mahomed, the apostle of our God ? who will strike a blow for our religion ? ” cried a loud voice.

And then arose, from the outskirts of the crowd, that voice I knew too well—the tones of which made me shudder, as if a demon had spoken—the voice of Osman, of Abdullah the dervish, and the words rang in my ears.

“ Moslems of Damascus, the firman has come—the firman of the Padishah ; strike for our religion—strike for Mahomed, the apostle of God ! The Christians are delivered into your hands as a spoil ; strike ! kill ! slay ! dash the serpent’s brood against the stones ! Kill, kill the unbelievers ! take the goods, take the jewels, and the silver, and gold ! deck your wives with the silks and the fine linen ! O faithful ! why do you wait ? follow me ! ”

“ Deen, deen ! Our religion commands us ! the time of slaughter has come ! the sun of slaughter has arisen ! ” such were the cries which arose at

once throughout the crowd, and resolved themselves into an angry roar, like a tide rushing up to the beach, threatening to engulf the incautious wanderers. A loud fierce murmur was that surging of voices, and a cold shudder passed through my frame as I saw the rush of bloodthirsty demons towards the Christian quarter. (73.)

My stupefaction was but for a moment, for the thought of Leonora came, and a frenzy seized me. I, too, joined the mob; and, rushing with the angry tide through the narrow streets, choked with dust, bruised with the rude contact of excited men, I was borne along both by my own impulse and the frenzy of the demons that surrounded me.

We neared the Christian quarter, and now, I thought, "surely the soldiers placed to guard the entrance will show some resistance—will, at least, cause some parley, and then possibly the madness of the multitude may be diverted."

Not for a moment was the crowd stayed, but onwards it swept, with the bayonets of the regulars gleaming in the van.

Then arose shrieks, groans, and loud cursings; then were heard the crash of broken doors, the yells of bloodthirsty maniacs, the wild cries of despair, women's voices shrieking as their homes were in-

vaded, and they saw the lowest ruffians seize on the fair and delicately nurtured girls whom they tore from the embraces of their murdered parents.

It seemed as if I had been endowed with supernatural strength and gifted with invulnerability, for I tore through that bloody crowd, and aimed for the house where dwelt my beloved Leonora. At one time, despite my efforts, I was wedged in amongst a mass of struggling demons, and I felt beneath my feet the quivering bodies of their victims; still I struggled, and was thus borne through a doorway, where already the work of destruction had commenced.

In spite of my frenzy, my mind took in at a glance the whole scene. The courtyard was of carved marble, the sculptured foliage of which was richly gilded. In the centre rose a fair fountain overhung with orange-trees, the whole forming a lovely scene of domestic luxury and refinement. The citizens and soldiers, with officers, too, in the uniform of the Sultan, were hacking at the marble ornaments, and hewing down the orange-trees. The fountain was soon made hideous by the gory bodies of men and women, first mangled, and then flung into the bason. Innocent children were filling the air with shrieks, and vainly calling on their mothers,

whose slaughtered remains now choked those limpid waters that had once mirrored their fair laughing faces.

“Save me, save me!” shrieked out a lovely girl, who, as I turned my face, was in a moment carried off by a filthy desert Arab to be the sport of his brutal lusts. It was useless to attempt to follow him; Leonora was still in my thoughts, and my heart burned with the fire of hell when I pictured to myself her fair and innocent form in the hands of a similar ruffian.

By a desperate effort (and I thank God that such strength was given me) I sprang to the top of the wall and thus got into another street, and, keeping in view the direction of the house I was in quest of, I travelled on, finding some streets as yet unoccupied by the mob.

At last, as I approached the quarter, I heard again the same hoarse murmur of voices, the same shrieks and yells; the work of plunder was here again, and my own Leonora—alas, alas! I may be too late; but I will not survive her; I will perish, wreaking vengeance on the demons who have invaded that sweet home.

I sprang over a wall, I leaped into another lane, and came at once into a mob of excited Moslems.

They were armed with swords, daggers, clubs, and knives ; their clothes were torn and bloody, their bared arms gory to the elbows. Most of them were laden with a mass of heterogeneous plunder ; but there was silence amongst them ; they had halted, and some sort of parley was going on.

“ Surely the pasha has interfered,” I thought, “ even at the eleventh hour, and the mob are checked ; they are falling back.”

I pushed on to the foremost rank of plunderers, and there, at the end of the street, my astonished eyes encountered the figure of a Moslem warrior in chain armour, with his sword drawn, and mounted on a splendid steed. He was facing the mob ; and by his side were turbaned men of swarthy mien, and foreign costume, grasping long-barrelled guns, which they levelled at the faces of the hellish crew before them. Behind these warriors were a wretched crowd of Christians, cowering and bewailing the loss of all that was dear to them.

The Moslem warrior spoke, and the tones of his voice rang through the crowd like the notes of a trumpet.

“ Dogs, and the offspring of dogs ! fall back, or I will send your accursed souls to the belly of hell. You know me : I, Abd-el-Kader, of Algeria, have

lived among you for some time. I know you to be men of white livers, pimps and scoundrels. You call yourselves Moslems; out upon you, I spit on you, I defile the graves of your fathers, dogs that they were. You Moslems! You descendants of the warrior Prophet, who smote Christendom with his sword! You can but make war on women and children; you dare not strike an armed man. Begone to your foul dens, or I will give your base carcasses to the dogs." (74.)

The mob fell back abashed, not a hand was stirred in the presence of the hero of the Moulalaia; but the wretches murmured and growled like angry wolves. I rushed forward, the crowd let me pass. I shouted aloud, "Abd-el-Kader, I seek your protection," and rushed to his party, who opened their ranks to receive me. A shriek from a woman was that instant heard following close on my words; a movement was seen amongst the rescued Christians, and Leonora rushed into my arms. I clasped her fair form, with a fervid and convulsive embrace. I felt the beating of her heart, and the pulses of my own frame throbbed in unison with those of my beloved, adored Leonora. It was a moment of mingled agony and delight, and I could willingly have died in that dear embrace.

But I felt, too, that gentle bosom heaving and

shaking with sobs ; and then she murmured out, in a broken voice, “ Alas ! alas ! I am now an orphan ! ” And then, suddenly disengaging herself, she exclaimed, “ Brother, this is not seemly ; let us stand apart ; ” and her pale face was suffused with a burning blush.

“ Leonora,” I exclaimed, “ what is this I hear ? Where are your parents ? ”

She covered her face, and her whole frame shook with an agony of grief. “ They are gone,” she said, hoarsely ; “ they are slain ; and, see, their blood stained the skirts of my robe ! ”

“ Alas ! these are evil days,” I answered.

Just then Abd-el-Kader gave the order to advance, and, guided and guarded by his Algerines, we took our way to the Castle—a large and mournful group of rescued Christians ; rescued, but bereft of home, of parents, of children, and of all that makes life dear.

We were admitted to the Castle-yard, and there, like houseless dogs, lay a vast crowd of Christians, while in the distance was seen the lurid glare of their burning homes ; and the shouts and yells of exultant murderers were borne upon the evening breeze.

CHAPTER XV.

He asked no question, all were answered now
By the first glance of that still marble brow.
It was enough, she died, what recked it how !
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate
Was reft at once, and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less.

WE were saved from the red-handed murderers who now were engaged in sacking the Christian quarter, and setting fire to the houses.

It was a ghastly multitude that crowded the Castle-yard, and most of them were widows and orphans. The sky was blackened with dense masses of smoke, which hung like a pall over the doomed city. The miserable band of Christians around me were like unto the crew of a shipwrecked vessel, escaped on a barren rock, likely to die of hunger and thirst, or even to be swept away to destruction by the rising tide, for there were not wanting threats, as well as jeers, from the brutal Turkish soldiers who were now our sole protectors.

From time to time Abd-el-Kader would bring in another batch of fugitives, who were grudgingly allowed to lie in the dust of the Castle enclosure, thankful to have escaped immediate torture and death. But what tongue could even faintly describe the horrible sufferings of these poor houseless wretches ! Amongst them were several of those who, some days ago, had fled from their burning villages when sacked by the Druses, and had sought the Turkish head-quarters as a place of safety. When once more they found themselves in the midst of flames and bloodshed, again hunted, even to their last resting-place, by bloodthirsty demons, what wonder was it that reason left them ; and that, while some sat mopping and mowing, staring and jabbering, in all the helplessness of idiotcy, others shrieked, cursed, sang, and laughed, in the wildest frenzy of insanity ? (75.)

What a night of horror was that passed in the Castle-yard ! At length day dawned, and then came a lull in the storm. The plunderers rested through exhaustion, and their victims either slept in the arms of death, or were hidden in wells, sewers, in some Mussulman houses, or had half buried themselves in the ruins of their homes. (76.)

I had never strayed far from Leonora ; and now

that day had dawned, I sought her. She slept quietly and profoundly, as if safe in her earliest home.

Her fair pale face, pillowed on her arm, showed no traces of the horrors she had gone through. A single tress of her dark raven hair strayed over her temple, the blue veins of which were just visible through the transparent skin of exquisite purity. I stooped, and, breathing a prayer for forgiveness if my act were sinful, I gently severed with my knife a portion of that silken tress, which I laid next my heart.

Long did I look on that most perfect of God's creatures, perfect in body and soul—a woman, indeed, whose noble heart and mind were enshrined in a frame of more than earthly beauty.

While thus I gazed, the long-lashed eyelids were raised: the glorious eyes were uncovered to the light of day. At first an expression of wonderment passed over them, then a shade of agony, and their brightness was dimmed by overflowing tears which trickled down her pale cheeks. Once more she caught sight of me, and a look of ineffable tenderness greeted me as I bade her seek consolation in God, and mourn not as one without hope.

“Dear brother,” she answered, “you are right; this is not the hour for weeping, but for action; and though at times I am tempted to receive thanklessly

the life that has been spared me, and to wish I had died with the martyrs whose blood quenches the dust of those ruins, I am soon recalled to my better self by the sight of these poor helpless women and children. Giuseppe, what can be done for them? I will pray with them, and comfort those I can; but bread and water are urgently needed: they are dying of hunger and thirst. What can we do? you are an officer of the Sultan; will not the pasha listen to you?"

"Leonora," I cried, "your tender thoughtfulness puts me to shame. I will see what can be done; I will go at once."

I went to the palace of the pasha, and, emboldened by the urgency of the case, no less than by my own contempt of death, I demanded to see Ahmet Pasha.

"He is in his harem," answered a servant to whom I addressed myself.

"But see," I exclaimed, "here is a crowd of women and children who are starving: they want bread and water; go, my friend, and tell him so."

"What! disturb the pasha to ask for bread for those ghiaours! What dirt are you eating, my friend? Who are you that comes with this mad message?"

“ I am a hekim of the hospital, I answered ; I am ‘ meeri ’ (employed by Government), and have a right to look after these poor people. Haidi, come, my brother, go ask the pasha.”

“ If you are a hekim of the hospital, you have to look after good Mussulmans. What are these ghiaours, that you should be anxious about them ? ” said the Turk.

“ They are Christians,” I replied ; “ I also am a Christian, glory be to God ! ” and so saying, I turned away, with the curses of the Turk ringing in my ears.

I now reflected what was to be done, and determined to seek advice and assistance of any consul I could find ; and with that view wended my way towards the residence of the French consul.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning ; the city had awoke from its slumbers, and the incomplete work of yesterday had recommenced. As I walked towards the consulate, I met crowds of men, women, and children, laden with plunder of the most varied kind. They led goats and asses, pet lambs and kids ; they carried china vases, pieces of sculptured marble, bales of silk, mattresses, pieces of European furniture, and bundles of clothes in wondrous confusion. Then, again, I met a Turkish

officer with pockets crammed with the more valuable plunder, probably jewels and gold; while in his hand he carried a bishop's crozier torn from a murdered prelate, slain at the foot of the altar. This Turk was a plunderer of plunderers, having made the murderers disgorge for his benefit. (77.)

I soon reached the consul's house, and found it choked with Christian fugitives whom he was feeding out of his scanty resources. Seeing me enter, his eyes kindled, and his face flushed with indignation. Pointing to the woe-begone widows and orphans huddled together on the floor of the court-yard, he exclaimed,

“Behold the victims of your accursed Government! but know that all Christendom will demand vengeance for this black deed, and if, amidst the horrors that surround me, I can extract one drop of consolation, it is, that this bloody drama has destroyed that foul government which for four hundred years has weighed as a curse upon Eastern Europe and Western Asia. The blood of these martyrs, thank God, has not been shed in vain; not even England will protect you now. Look at these bereaved women and children; I ask you not to pity them, for such a sentiment never harboured in the breast of a Turk; but I bid you mark these witnesses of your

barbarity, and remember the sight you now behold, when you see the consequences in the occupation of your cities by a foreign army."

"Monsieur le Consul," I replied, "your reproaches are just, but they are ill directed; the uniform which I blush to wear covers no Turk, but a European, whose heart is wrung with sympathy for the suffering Christians, in whose behalf even now he comes to invoke your assistance."

"Pardon, mille pardons," exclaimed the excited Frenchman. "No insult could be greater than to suppose you a Turk; and I beg you will hold me blameless, since your uniform misguided me. I beg you will enter, monsieur. Here, also, is Monsieur the Consul of England." So saying, I was presented to that functionary.

"And now let me repeat before this gentleman, Monsieur le Consul," said the Frenchman, "that I rejoice in the thought that this hideous massacre will be the signal for a reversal of British policy as regards this country. England is too generous to take the part of these butchers against their victims; she dare not weigh her supposed advantages against the weal of Christendom, of humanity, and of civilization. I repeat, the policy of England will now be changed; she will act frankly, in unison

with the other great Powers, and Turkey will be overawed."

"That public opinion in England will receive a shock, I doubt not," answered the Englishman; "but I am not sure that even this massacre will produce a reversal of policy which for thirty years has been a ruling principle with our foremost statesmen. No politician would deliberately invent the Turks or their religion, and it is only because they happen to be here that it is thought expedient to make the best of their existence. Suppose we drive out the Turks, whom are we to put in their place?" (78.)

"Dieu de Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "you talk as if the Turks had a government which in some way resembled those of Europe. Call you this a government, or anarchy? You ask whom we are to put in the place of the Turks. When it is expedient to drive rats out of a house, do you hesitate and ask what you are to put in their place? When you hunt wolves out of a country, do you seek to introduce other ravenous beasts? Could any revolutionary or anarchical rule be worse than this, and might not anything be better? It is well to hesitate when dealing with nations, lest any rash experiments might create a state of things worse than the last but here any experiment would be safe, since things

are so bad that human nature could produce nothing worse. What has been the history of Syria since the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha by England? Has there been any government, or anything resembling a government, or has it not rather been an anarchy in which the fellest passions of men have had full sway, unchecked by law? and may you not say the same of every other part of the empire up to the walls of Constantinople, which is ruled by the foreign embassies? What a striking illustration of Turkish rule was that which occurred but a few months ago when Mohammed Pasha nominated a local chief to the government of the southern division of the Lebanon! Do you not remember that a more powerful rival met him on his way to take charge of his district, routed his guards, and cut off his head! Having done this, the murderer wrote to inform the pasha, whose answer was, 'It is of no consequence; give me a hundred purses, and name what governor you please.' (79.) And this is the so-called government you English fear to lose lest something worse should occur. Do you, then, dread a worse fate for the suffering populations, or do you, with a demoniac selfishness, fear lest any Power more independent of England should take the place of the Porte? Your statesmen must know the real condition of the

country; all your travellers without exception tell but one story, so that ignorance cannot be pleaded. Can you, then, look unmoved on massacres, spoliations, and tortures, and uphold this state of things for some supposed advantage to yourselves?"

"But what, after all, is French policy?" exclaimed the British consul. "Do you propose a modern crusade? do you wish to drive the Sultan out of the country, and if so, whom will you put in his place?"

"Monsieur, our policy is not so frantic as you may suppose," replied the Frenchman. "A crusade has never yet been proposed by France; nay, we have even supported Turkey against foreign enemies; wrongly so in my own opinion: but in so doing we have paid our tribute to the balance of power; we have, however, always regarded the Turkish empire as in a state of disintegration, and have therefore aided the foundation of new States which were endeavouring to establish themselves from its ruins; and thus did we support the ambition of Mehemed Ali when we saw his son, Ibrahim Pasha, founding a strong government in Syria, under which life and property were secure. Years ago, did not our minister, M. Guizot, speak prophetically to Lord

Melbourne, when he said, ‘ The Sultan, who has been unable to defend or recover Syria with his own forces, will be equally unable to govern it ; and Europe, who gives it back to him, will be incessantly compromised, and compelled to interfere either to preserve that country to him, or to protect it against him. There are Christian populations there who will be disturbed, plundered, and oppressed by the Turks in an intolerable manner. We have traditional duties towards them ; their sufferings and clamours will excite European sympathy. The administration of Mehemed Ali in that province wants neither force nor a certain degree of religious equity ; let it remain in his hands ; we shall seldom hear it mentioned, and that portion of the East will enjoy a gleam of peace, and afford a little serenity to Europe.’* Were ever words more prophetic ? Is not every line of this statesmanlike speech verified ? And now, my dear colleague, you cannot deny that every ruffian throughout the country invokes the aid and countenance of England, and believes that in exterminating the Christians he is inflicting an injury on France, and making himself serviceable to Great Britain.”

“ The question is, indeed, a difficult one,” replied

* Guizot’s Embassy to the Court of St. James.

the Englishman. "The Turks know how perplexed Europe is to find any substitute for their rule, and how jealous the great Powers are of each other, and this, no doubt, is the origin of many of their misdeeds. I agree with you fully in your estimate of the Turks; an experience of forty years has given me a Turcophobia; still, how demoralized are the Christians: look at the subordinate Christian rulers of the country; look at their bishops, how they tyrannize over and fleece their flocks. Supposing the Turks removed, do you think any native Christian government would be better, even if any were allowed to reign in peace? But there are such a number of warring churches, that they would all be fighting amongst each other."

"My dear colleague," replied the Frenchman, "many of your objections are answered already. Look at Servia: she has now been practically independent for fifty years, and she has scarcely been heard of in Europe, so peaceably and well governed has she been by native princes; and so great has been the forbearance of her people that—in spite of Turkish garrisons planted in her midst by a truckling European diplomacy, garrisons which demoralize all the immediate neighbourhood—she has kept the peace, and made marvellous efforts for the advance of

her people in moral and material well-being. Supposing Servia had been on the sea-coast, and England had handed her over to the tender mercies of Turkey, what would now have been her state? The question is answered by crossing her frontiers and witnessing the anarchy of Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Albania. Again, look at Greece, deprived by European diplomacy of her most fertile provinces and islands, unsatisfactory as her state may be, disappointing as it is to the ardent hopes of Philhellenes, I yet assert that, both in material and moral advancement, she is hundreds of years in advance of the best Turkish province. (80.) You speak of the demoralized priests and hierarchs of the Christians of Turkey: how could it be otherwise when, practically, these men are appointed by Turks? While conversing with the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, I have seen a black eunuch from the palace enter, and, with the most insulting arrogance, demand an appointment for a worthless priest who by some base arts had made himself agreeable to the Validé Sultan." (81.)

At this point of the discussion I lost all patience, and ventured to interrupt the consul, by telling him that the rescued Christians of the castle were in urgent need of bread; and that, unless some Euro-

pean influence were brought to bear on the pasha, they would probably starve. On hearing this, both the consuls, with noble self-devotion, volunteered to go to the pasha, and demand rations for the fugitives in the castle yard.

“Possibly we may be successful,” said the Englishman, “though hitherto the man has been deaf to every remonstrance and every suggestion from me and my colleagues.”

“As for me,” exclaimed the Frenchman, “I confess my greatest difficulty now is to refrain from bitter reproaches. The stolidity, the immovable obstinacy, of the man in the midst of these horrors is what drives me mad. Monsieur, I declare to you I would give my life at this moment to see these brutal Turks driven into the centre of Asia from whence they came.”

While the horses were being saddled I learned that several Europeans were killed, that an English missionary had been shot in the streets, that the house of the American vice-consul, who was wounded, and that of the Belgian vice-consul, were burned to the ground, though the inmates had made a timely retreat, and escaped the fate intended for them. (82.)

The consuls presently mounted, and taking with

them their cavasses, and leaving some of Abd-el-Kader's men to guard the house, they took their way to the castle, while I went to the hospital to look after some sick soldiers.

There I found the invalids loudly jubilant at the massacre. Many of their comrades had brought portions of Christian plunder, for which they were trafficking. Their talk was of Islam, of the sword of the Prophet, and of approaching triumphs over Christendom. I was glad when my duties were over, and I could direct my steps towards the castle yard.

As I walked through the city new scenes of horror awaited me. While passing through the street of Bein-es-Surein, I met Sheikh Abdullah-el-Haleby, one of the chief of the Ulema, a man whose office might be analogous to that of a Christian bishop, an expounder of the Koran, a leader of prayers, and a shining light of Islam. This man I met, at the head of a crowd of armed Moslems, going through the streets of the Moslem quarters, and deliberately stopping at each house, and demanding that any fugitive Christians, who possibly might have found shelter with the better-hearted Moslems, should be forthwith given up. This was, indeed, a new and more horrid phase than any I had yet seen. Could

these men really mean to murder these wretched creatures, to whom it may have seemed that the bitterness of death was passed? No: surely they were about to secure them, and lead them to a place of safety. Yet when I saw the relentless faces of the men surrounding the holy sheikh, my heart misgave me. I was not long kept in suspense. After some parley at the door of a Moslem house, a loud shout of exultation was raised, and a figure, as of a miller, for he was covered with flour, was hustled and kicked out of the doorway. It was easy to see that the wretch had buried himself in flour as a hiding-place. I stood transfixed: he was seized and thrown on the ground, a keen knife was handed to a man with sleeves tucked up, who knelt on the victim, and his throat was then and there cut, precisely like that of a sheep. I turned and hurried on, sick at heart, and glad at the moment that I had escaped with my life. (83.)

Arrived at the castle, I found that the consul had been successful in his mission, and some rations were being delivered to the starving multitude by the jeering Turkish soldiers, who pretended they were feeding dogs, and laughingly indulged in the coarsest jests while they performed this duty. As I entered the yard, and traversed the lanes of misery,

I soon discovered Leonora, actively engaged in feeding and helping the fainting widows and children. One little feminine trait in her lovely character did not escape me. While all around the poor women were steeped in squalid misery, covered with dust, bedaubed with dirt, and altogether unsightly, the sweet Italian maiden had somehow contrived to perform some ablutions, to bind up her raven hair, and to arrange, with scrupulous neatness, her plain religious robe. Her face wore an expression of divine calm, while she poured words of pious consolation into the ears of the desolate and afflicted. As she moved along in her errand of mercy, I felt tempted to kneel and worship one who seemed more of heaven than of earth. The little children, some of them young enough to have almost forgotten the fright of the previous day, smiled and prattled to her as she stooped to kiss them, and to help to remove the foul traces of misery from their bodies, while she constantly and actively supplied cool water to their parched lips. Blessed Leonora! thou wert not far from the gates of heaven.

“Giuseppe,” said she, “there is one service I would yet ask of you for Christ’s sake, and may Heaven protect you. See, in yon corner lies a poor

woman who has just given birth to a child ; the little innocent is naked ; we have nothing to protect his body from the sun. Can you not seek in the bazaar some garment sufficient for the purpose ? ”

“ I will go at once,” I answered ; “ but tell me, Leonora, is there nothing else that I can do at the same time ; perhaps after I am gone something more may occur to you.”

“ If not impossible,” she said, “ can you procure a cordial for the poor Christian woman—something more, at least, than this bread and water ? and yet I dread your running risks. Pray hasten back ; I know not what danger there may now be in the city, but it seems to me that the rage of the multitude is appeased by the bloody sacrifice, and that all is now quiet.”

“ Let us hope so,” I answered ; for I would not disquiet her by telling of the horrid scene I had just witnessed, and so I hastened away to the bazaar to purchase a little infantile clothing, and some better food for those who most needed it.

The traffic of the city was so entirely interrupted that I had much difficulty in finding a shop of any kind open ; and when at length I found an old man, too old, apparently, to have joined in the tumult, he

was so stupid and drivelling that it was long before I could make him understand my wants, and still longer before his trembling hands could deal out what was required. I was naturally impatient to rejoin Leonora, so that this delay fretted me. At length, I received the little parcel of clothing, and then had to go in search of a butcher's shop. To find one of these open was a still more difficult task, and when at last I discovered one, I hesitated to do my errand, as it was evident what work the butcher had been engaged in. He was as truculent-looking a ruffian as any I had met, and with him in his shop were a group of fellows dividing a heap of plunder. I had to wait ere I could be attended to, during which time I heard them relating, and boasting of their deeds of crime. They complained loudly that the Nizam had taken the cream of their plunder from them. "Wallah," said one, "I tore off a necklace and earrings that would have bought me a house and land, when one of those Turkish officers set two of the Nizam upon me, and made me give them up; but I sent the female Kiaffir who wore them to hell, thank God."

Here I put in my demand for what I wanted; the fellows turned round, and seeing me in Turkish uniform, with a bundle in my hand, naturally con-

cluded I had come from the Christian quarter; so the butcher gave me the meat, received the money, and allowed me to depart without further parley. I only breathed freely when I was out of sight of that crew of plunderers.

I walked quickly to the castle yard, and soon found myself amongst a crowd of fresh fugitives. I pushed my way to the corner where I had left Leonora. "What!" I exclaimed, "are the fright and fatigue so great as already to have caused death amongst these poor fugitives?" for I came upon a family of four lying dead; farther on three were lying speechless and moribund, and only feebly tossing their heads from side to side. "Dio santo, what does this mean?" I exclaimed, as I turned round, looking in vain for some one to answer my question. A deep groan was heard close by, and an old man feebly beckoned to me. I went up to him; he was hiccuping, and pointed to his stomach, exclaiming, "It is here the fire burns." A frightful conviction seized me, my knees trembled, and a deadly faintness came over me. "Where is Leonora?" I asked; "where, where is the Khatoon—the religious lady?" The old man pointed with his finger to a group a little farther on. I rushed forward, and there—there, stretched on the hard hot earth, was my beloved

Leonora. Alas, alas ! she was in the agonies of death.

I knelt trembling by her side ; I took her head on my lap ; I kissed convulsively that cold damp brow. She opened her eyes, and a faint smile passed over her features.

“ Leonora, Leonora, my beloved one ! ” I cried, in a frenzy of horror, “ what is the cause of all this ? Tell me, for God’s sake, tell me what have you eaten ? Where is your pain ? ”

She pressed her hand on her stomach, and answered, in a low sweet voice—“ Dear brother, weep not for me, but pray for my soul. I am dying ; the food they gave us was poisoned.”

“ Poisoned ! ” I shrieked, “ poisoned ! O God ! how long—how long wilt Thou suffer these deeds to be done ? Arise, O God ! and revenge the blood of thy saints.” (84.)

I brought my beloved one water, for she had a burning thirst. Sweetly and sadly she thanked me, and then, pointing to a poor woman near, said, “ Give her the water ; she needs it most.”

I gave the poor woman a draught, and then returning to Leonora, examined her pulse and tongue, longing to find some chance for remedies. Leaving her for the briefest moment, I rushed off to the

nearest pharmacy and brought remedies, which she patiently but hopelessly swallowed ; but, alas ! I knew too well that the deadly arsenic was coursing through her veins, poisoning the springs of her young life. Her feet and hands were icy cold ; her once rosy lips were blue, and a dark film had dimmed the lustre of her loving eyes, while the feeble rapid pulse told too surely of approaching death.

With her head pillowed on my lap I watched and prayed, and whispered words of heavenly hope to that immortal soul, while my hot tears rained on her cold damp brow.

From time to time the agonies of cramp would shake her frame, and then she would clasp my hands and cling to me in her sufferings, while I sought to assuage the racking pains, and again she would turn her eyes and thank me for my care in the tenderest accents of grateful love.

Turning on me after one of these spasms a look of more than earthly love, she whispered, “ Giuseppe, dear brother, forgive me ! ”

“ Forgive you, my own Leonora, forgive you ! what have I to forgive ? ”

“ Have you then forgotten, brother, the harsh word I uttered when last we met at Constantinople ? ”

I pressed her sweet lips with a convulsive kiss, and sobbed aloud.

“We shall meet in heaven, dearest brother,” said the dying maiden, “and there I may tell how I loved you.”

A low, deep voice was now heard close to where I knelt, exclaiming, “Let us thank our heavenly Father that I have found thee while yet there is time to administer the blessed sacrament of extreme unction.”

I turned and saw the Padre Antonio. I eagerly clasped his hand, as he knelt to administer the holy mysteries of the Catholic Church.

“My brethren of the altar are slain,” he said; “they are permitted to join the army of martyrs in heaven, while I, the least worthy, am spared to work yet a little longer in Christ’s vineyard.”

For some time we ascended as it were to heaven’s gate, and held communion with angels and arch-angels, while we breathed out the sublime prayers of the Church, on which the soul of the martyred virgin was borne to the bosom of her Saviour. For some time her lips moved in unison with ours, but soon a Divine calm overspread those features, which settled into a marble-like repose, and that I knew was death;

and then, too, I knew that the last link that bound me to the world was broken.

And the padre, raising his eyes, said—

“I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours.”

NOTES.

(37.) SOME Mussulman sects suppose that all infants are born in Islam, and that those who have Christian parents are afterwards perverted to Christianity.

(38.) The tragic story of the poor Polish girl is adopted from one I heard of an Italian girl, who was lured into a Turkish harem, and went mad in consequence.

(39.) When I was in Turkey in 1860, it was notorious that the British consuls had received hints from the embassy to refrain from reporting anything that could tell against the Turkish Government. I was once conversing with a consul, and he told me stories of Turkish oppression that aroused my indignation. "At least," I remarked, "you have the satisfaction of reporting these horrors to your Government." "By no means," was his answer, "I dare not report anything unfavourable to the Turks; such a course would be fatal to my career, since Sir H. Bulwer has given us to understand that we are always to take the part of the Turks."

(40.) "The Christian member of the Midjlis being a non-entity, and not allowed to differ from his Mussulman colleagues, is unable to come forward and protect his co-religionists from any act of injustice."—Consul ABBOTT, 1860.

"Christians are admitted into the local councils, but they are

so few in number compared with the Mussulman members as to be completely overawed, and, therefore, practically useless. They blindly affix their seals to the mazbattas (reports or decisions), which are written in Turkish—a language they can rarely read; and even were they to understand what was written, they would scarcely venture to refuse to confirm it, although they might inwardly dissent from the purport of the document.”—Consul CALVERT, 1860.

“They (the Christians) are barely tolerated by the Mussulman members, and are always placed in lower seats; they have not the courage to make use of the privileges as intended. I sometimes hear of their placing their seals falsely to mazbattas, merely from fear of displeasing the Mussulman members.”—Consul FINN, 1860.

(41.) “Composed of cruel, venal, and rapacious accomplices, the Midjlis oppresses the people and enriches itself, while pashas are powerless, when willing, to cope with its collusive chicanery.”—Consul SKENE.

“Something is thus left for extortion by the tax-gatherer. His operations are conducted in an equally open manner with those of the nomadic plunderer. When the tithes are put up to auction, the members of the Provincial Council select the villages whose revenues they wish to farm, under the name of a retainer. They agree not to compete with each other, and use their joint endeavours to prevent others from outbidding them. When the highest price is offered, the pasha consults the council, which declares it to be of the full value, and a profitable bargain is obtained by the councillor whose turn has come. Then begins the pressure on the villager. His grain is threshed and ready for sale, but he must not move it until the tithe is taken by the farmer. Prices are falling in the market with the daily increasing abundance. He implores permission to sell, and receives it only on consent-

ing to double or treble the tax. In lieu of 10 per cent., there are instances of 40 per cent. being thus wrung from him, when the want of the necessaries of life for his family prevents his waiting longer. The peasant is next forced to convey the collector's share to town without remuneration, to feed his numerous satellites, to bring him presents of poultry, lambs, and forage, which latter produce is not tythed. He has no means of redress, for the voice of the all-powerful council drowns every complaint. The pasha is appealed to, and shrugs his shoulders."—Consul SKENE, 1860.

"With regard to the abuses carried on by the farmers of the revenues, . . . on their arrival in the district, they at once endeavour to bribe the caimakam or mudir, and, strange to say, they invariably succeed in that. Once this effected, they proceed to the different villages, entering into every house, and writing down the number of cattle every peasant possesses, and generally, as well the numbers of those who possess neither power nor influence to defend themselves, never hesitating to put down twelve head when he finds only eight. Six weeks or two months later, he again makes his appearance to receive payment. The poor peasant, when he hears the number for which he has to pay, begins by remonstrating, but all his lamentations are in vain—it is written down, and the caimakam or mudir enjoins him to pay it."—Vice-Consul MAYERS, 1860.

"*Tithes*.—This tax has hitherto been collected in kind. It has not been taken directly by officers of the Government, but sold to 'farmers,' who, in conjunction with the local authorities of the different villages, assess the tax upon the cultivators, and collect it on their own account.

"The 'dîmes' of a province are sold to some wholesale contractor by the Government, and the contractor resells them, as it were by retail, for the different districts comprised in the province. A similar retail process is adopted by this second

purchaser, so that the dîme of a particular village is usually the subject of three or four (sometimes, it is stated, of five or six) different sales before it is finally levied."—*Report on the Financial Condition of Turkey by Mr. FOSTER and Lord HOBART, 1861.*

"Of the expedients resorted to by the 'farmers' with this object (the enhancement of the value of the taxes), the most usual appears to be that of collusion with the assessors of the tax (the authorities of the village), to over-estimate the amount of produce for which the cultivator is liable, the assessors, of course, participating in the illicit gain."—*Idem.*

(42.) The cases of brutal outrage that I have given are so far fictitious that I have altered names and places to suit my story. Lest the reader should think, however, that the acts described are imaginary, I will give him some real cases which are officially attested. I could add a great many more had I space to do so.

For some time past the Porte has established in several Nahies, as those of Nish, Zaplagna, Vragna, &c., a species of police, consisting of armed bands, commanded by a krs-serdar, charged with maintaining order in the country. Among those krs-serdars there was one called Deli Mehmet. The latter arrived on the 8th December, 1859, at the village of Mateivtzé, near Nish, at the head of twenty seimens. His first act was to drive out from his home the curé of the village, and all the males, and to instal himself in it with his troop, which was lodged and boarded at the expense of the house for three days. During these three days he obliged the wife of the curé and the other women of the house to lie with him, and from him they passed to all the seimens. After having satisfied his brutal appetites, he invited a krs-serdar in the neighbourhood, named Ashar Bairakdar, to come to the priest's house with his twenty seimens. The latter arrived, and all

the females in the curé's house were placed at the disposal of this second band. This same Serdar Mehmed performed similar exploits in several other places.

On the 18th Dceember of this same year he caused the beard, moustaches, and hair of a Christian Elie Choumagna, of Liesja, to be pulled out, and at his command a Christian named Stephen, of Schterbatz, was beaten almost to death. The day following, the 19th December, after causing the hair and beard of Constant Tzetzen of Doujnik to be torn out, he killed him. At the village of Kraikovatz, having, on the 25th December, shut up all the peasants with his band, he dishonoured their wives, and several who offered resistance were killed, tortured, or beaten.

About the same time other krs-serdars perpetrated similar crimes in the Nahie of Vragna.

In the month of December, 1860, in the Nahie of Gradac-sak (Bosnia), insolvent Christians were shut up in pigstyes, in cellars swimming with water, where they were left without food; they were made to walk barefooted in the coldest weather, until their feet were frozen. At the same time, the collectors visited the houses of these poor wretches, and after having dishonoured the women, carried off articles of the smallest value.

The 8th January, 1861, the Tchaoush of Qvornih (Bosnia) on account of taxes caused the Christian Rikan Boian to be flogged until blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils; and on the 7th January Ussein Agha hung up by the feet the Christian Thomas Tanaskovitch, and kindled fire beneath his head, to force him to pay the tax; but for all that the tax was not paid, for the miserable creature had not a farthing.

In October, 1861, Mehmed Bey in this way stifled with smoke Natal Panitch, and flogged to death Athanasius Zveitch of Vrankovina, because they were insolvent. He applied the bastinado to Sveta, of the village of Radlevitch, because he

had dared to ask for a receipt for taxes paid. At Vlasanitsa (Bosnia) a Christian, not being able to pay the taxes, was compelled to give up to the Turks his young wife and his sister. Another Christian exposed to the smoking process, fainted and fell into the fire, where the Turks allowed him to remain, and he was burnt to death. Since the autumn of 1860 to June, 1861, the single Kadilik of Rogatchitza furnished 600,000 okes of barley (nearly 1,500 English quarters) for horses, and the Christians there lost, in transporting the baggage of troops, 4,000 horses. The Turkish authorities did not give them one penny in compensation.

The sufferings of this part of Turkey were so intolerable that the people menaced a rebellion, and the Garibaldians promised to help them about two years ago, when Lord Russell, hearing of this, instructed Sir James Hudson to threaten the Italians with the fire of British men of war. And we have since denounced Prussia for the part she took in aiding and abetting Russian cruelties !

(43.) "But yet, while we reproach Islamism with polygamy, Islamism may reproach us with practical polygamy, which, unsanctioned by law and reprov'd by custom, adds degradation of the mind to dissoluteness of morals."—URQUHART.

"What ! and would Mr. Urquhart venture to affirm that the worst vices of the most degraded in Christian England would bear comparison with the abominations that are almost universally practised in Muslem cities ! Virtue as a moral principle is unknown to either sex in this land, and the disgusting obscenities of the harem, as well as the unnatural vices of the other sex, could not have escaped the notice of Mr. Urquhart, had he indeed studied the habits of the people of this country, or the effects of Muslem institutions. The filthiness of the common conversation among all classes, of all ages and of both sexes, is sufficient of itself to show the deep depravity

in which this unhappy land is engulfed. For the profligacy of European cities I offer not one word of excuse or apology. It is a disgrace to Christianity; but with all this, there is sufficient sense of shame still found, even in the most profligate, to make them blush at the thought of their guilt, and there is enough of high-toned morality in the vast majority of the people to make them shun the society of the dissolute, and mourn over their fall. Here vice has spread over the nation like a flood, corrupting every dwelling, making wanton every thought and look, and polluting the very language which is the medium of social intercourse."—PORTER'S *Five Years in Damascus*.

(44.) "Prompt payment would be taken as an indication that they had the means to give more, and the demand for more would follow. We have an instance of this in the manner in which the direct taxes were assessed upon the Christians on the promulgation of the Tanzimati Hairiyé, which was intended to put a stop to the then existing system of exactions. The rayah population, on being called upon, promptly furnished statements of the exact amount of the contributions they had been arbitrarily subject to in addition to the lawful taxes; and since it was presumed that they had been able to satisfy all the requisitions made upon them, the Government, I am told, forthwith assessed them with the whole amount, which they pay at the present moment."—CONSUL CALVERT.

(45.) It is an undoubted conviction on the mind of many Turks that their empire is doomed soon to pass away, and that Asia will be their final home, and with this idea many Moslems who die in Europe wish to be buried in Asia.

(46.) When I lived in Constantinople a case of imperial child murder came under my cognizance. This is still an

institution in Constantinople, though wholly unwarranted by the Koran.

(47.) In Turkey people have their names engraved on seals, with which, by means of printer's ink, they affix their signatures to documents. The best seals are engraved in Persia.

(48.) It is a popular but a very mistaken idea in the Levant that when a European embraces Mahometanism, he is thereby free from his European allegiance, and consequently no longer entitled to the protection of his original sovereign. Probably this was practically the case during Turkish supremacy in Europe.

(49.) Simhan, the Christian, is surely mistaken in supposing the English are the deadly enemies of the Christians of Turkey. Such men, however, can only judge of a distant country by the acts of its Government, and these are, undoubtedly, such as to impress the Eastern Christians with this notion, as I have already shown. Throughout my travels in Turkey I have found this idea of Simhan's firmly impressed on the mind of the Christian. The following quotation from Denton's *Servia and the Servians* is to the point. He is describing his interview with a Servian monk. " 'And what has led you,' said he, 'to this country?' I answered that I had come partly in quest of health, and partly to see something more of the state of the Greek Church. 'Then am I to understand,' he rejoined, 'that, though an Englishman, you are a friend of Servia?' I told him that I knew no reason why an Englishman should be held hostile to Servia. 'How, then,' he added, 'is it that I find in the newspapers that whenever any act of oppression and cruelty by the Turks towards our people is complained of, members of the British Parliament always rise up to excuse and justify the Turks? Why is it,' he continued,

with animation, 'you, who are the great, the greatest civilizers in Europe, invariably support the cause of those who are most hostile to all civilization—the Turks—against us, who are doing our best to follow your example!' As this has always been to me a puzzling fact, I could not attempt to enlighten the monk on this paradox.

"On one occasion lately, an English traveller arrived at the house of an American missionary. He was hospitably welcomed, but before he had been long in the house where he intended to sleep, he observed that there was a domestic commotion, and anxiety on the face of the missionary. It was evident that in some way or another he was the cause of all this. He, therefore, insisted on an explanation, when the latter informed him that the servants had mutinied; they refused to do anything for one of the *enemies of Christianity*—an Englishman! Such is the result of our Eastern policy."—DENTON'S *Christians in Turkey*. (Bell and Daldy.)

(50.) "We come to the complaint in the petition—the only tangible point in it—relative to the rejection of Christian evidence in the Ottoman tribunals. In this respect it cannot be denied there is room for amendment, not only at Widdin, but in every province of the empire. A futile regulation has been enacted by which such evidence is admitted in an inferior police court, but excluded from the higher or municipal council, while the sentence passed in that where witnesses are heard has to be confirmed in the other, where they are not.

"But it may, on the other hand, be rejoined, that much of this demoralization, as regards the indifference shown to perjury both by Turks and Christians, may be traced to the lax and vicious principle acted upon in the Mussulman courts, where, as the only means of securing justice to Christians, Mussulman false witnesses are permitted to give evidence on

their behalf. The abolition of this practice would do more than anything else to purify these tribunals; but this can only be effectually accomplished by the admission of Christian evidence instead of Mussulman perjury, as a matter of legal necessity."—Consul-General LONGWORTH, *Reports on Christians of Turkey*, p. 21, 1860.

"No concession can be more obviously demanded by justice, less offensive to Mussulman fanaticism, or, if there is any sort of law or civilized government, easier of enforcement, than the right of giving evidence in a court of justice. This right has been solemnly conceded to the Christians on paper. But as to their substantial enjoyment of it, and of justice generally, Mr. Layard, in summing up the case for his own side, is compelled to say: 'It is admitted that the Christians have great and legitimate cause of complaint on the score of the administration of justice, and that, as a rule, Christian evidence is not yet received in the Turkish courts against a Mahometan, notwithstanding the introduction of new courts and the orders of the Sultan. In the vicinity of Constantinople such evidence is received, but at a distance from the capital I fear it is still almost invariably, if not rejected, at least not accepted like the evidence of a Turk.' And this rejection of Christian evidence—as Mr. Layard, when he stands up as the fanatical advocate of the Turks, knows right well—gives over every Christian's life to the Ottoman murderer, every Christian's property to the Ottoman robber, the chastity of every Christian woman to the Ottoman's lust. After reading this admission, it is somewhat difficult to listen with patience to the little gods of diplomacy haranguing the Christians on the blessedness of the dispensation. 'What I wish to see, sir, is the development of these institutions. I wish to see the Christians taught habits of self-government. I wish to see them advancing in wealth, in education, in social condition, in morality, in honesty, in manly independence (!), preparing themselves, in

fact, to play that part which Providence may have in store for them. These things can, I believe, be accomplished by keeping the Turkish Government in the path of reform, by encouraging it in its endeavours to improve the condition of its Christian subjects.' I repeat it is difficult to listen to this sort of thing with patience."—GOLDWIN SMITH, in *Daily News*, Aug. 13, 1863.

(51.) "He (the bishop) stated that, in his opinion, the incitement to and cause of all the misfortunes with which this country has of late been afflicted, is the non-punishment of crime. He stated that, exclusive of the blood shed in open civil warfare, between the years 1841 and 1858, or, in other words, during the space of seventeen years, 780 individual murders have been committed in Mount Lebanon; and that, probably, since the year 1858 upwards of 300 more have occurred, thus forming a total of about 1,100 in the space of nineteen years, not one of which has been avenged by law."—Vice-Consul ROGERS, *Parliamentary Papers*.

"A carefully compiled and well-written history of Turkish rule in Syria would tend greatly to enlighten the eyes of European statesmen and citizens, and it would also unfold such a continued series of tyranny, extortion, and crime as is almost unparalleled in the annals of the world."—*Five Years in Damascus*, PORTER.

And this Turkish rule was restored in Syria by Lord Palmerston !

(52.) "He knew the Druses intended to attack Deir-el-Kamar fourteen days before the event occurred."—*Syrian correspondence*, Part II., p. 897.

(53.) "The Nestorian community had greater wrongs to complain of than their patriarch. The Turkish governors, so far from fulfilling the pledges given to the British Embassy, had

sent officers to the mountains who had grievously ill-treated and oppressed the Christian inhabitants. The taxes which the Porte had promised to remit for three years, in consideration of the losses sustained by the unfortunate Nestorians during the massacres, had not been, it is true, levied for that time, but had now been collected altogether, whole districts being thus reduced to the greatest misery and want. Every manner of cruelty and torture had been used to compel the suffering Christians to yield up the little property they had concealed from the rapacity of the Turkish authorities. The pastures and arable lands around their villages had been taken away from them and given to their Kurdish tyrants.

“ Taxes had been placed upon every object that could afford them food, and upon their mills, their looms, their hives, even upon the bundles of dried grass for their cattle, brought with great labour from the highest mountains. There was no tribunal to which they could apply for redress. A deputation sent to the Pasha had been ill-treated, and some of its members were still in prison. There was no one in authority to plead for them. They had even suffered less under their old oppressors, for, as a priest touchingly remarked to me, ‘ the Kurds took away our lives, but the Turks took away wherewith we have to live.’ ”—LAYARD'S *Nineveh*.

(54.) Namik Pasha, who was governor of Jeddah during the massacre in 1859, and is notorious as one of the greatest fanatics in Turkey, was proposed by the Porte as special commissioner for the Syrian crisis, but his nomination was successfully opposed by the ambassadors of France and Russia. But for their firm language Namik would, doubtless, have occupied the post which was afterwards assigned to Fuad Pasha.

(55.) “ Irrelative of their innate hatred of Christianity itself,

the Turks perceive full well that of all the various races under their dominion, the Christian race alone gives signs of dangerous vitality; and for this reason they watch, with lynx-eyed vigilance, every quarter of their empire where it threatens, under more than ordinarily propitious circumstances, to raise its odious front. Were the Christian element to become strongly consolidated and flourishing in the Lebanon—which, however, it can only be under the constant supervision and effectual protection of the European States—the position of the Turks as a dominant and monopolizing power throughout Syria itself, would be materially affected, and the various adjacent tribes might gradually emerge from centuries of moral prostration.

“Thus the main, it may be said the sole, object which the Turks have had in view for the last few years in the Lebanon is, at whatever risk and by any means, however reckless or nefarious, to keep down an element which presents itself with such dangerous concomitants, and to cut out, as it were, if necessary (alas! the metaphor is too sadly significant), a cancer which, in their eyes, threatens to eat into their very vitals. This is the key to their entire policy; and, bearing this in mind, their whole subsequent action, however otherwise incredible and repugnant to all feelings of morality, becomes perfectly consistent and perspicuous.”—CHURCHILL'S *Druses and Maronites*.

(56.) “And it is the greatest reproach upon the Turkish Government, as well as one of the most incontestible proofs of its present weak and degenerate state, that its own subjects should be compelled in self-defence to throw off their lawful allegiance, inasmuch as they are denied the protection they have a right to expect, and are less favoured in this respect than foreigners, being the reverse of what occurs in civilized countries.”—Consul W. G. ABBOTT.

(57.) The story of the poor Christian Simhan is simply a true one. A Mussulman was found murdered in the spring of 1860 at Beyrout, and a Christian was at once seized on, and sacrificed in the way described without a shadow of even circumstantial evidence being brought against him. The president of the court retired in disgust. The poor victim made a declaration substantially as is described. I heard the whole story from various people in Beyrout in 1861, and I see it is told in Churchill's *Druses and Maronites*.

(58.) Dr. Diamanti I knew at Kars. He was one of my subordinates in 1855, and was the victim of such an outrage as I have described. His last sufferings were at Damascus, at a later period by a few months than I have represented. He there lost a child, was utterly ruined, and fled to Beyrout with his family penniless, though several months in arrears of pay. I forgot the name of his regiment, so have invented one. He was enabled, by means of a small subscription and the kindness of the captain of an Austrian steamer, to return, a ruined man, to Dalmatia.

(59.) "If one could suppose the foreign dependencies of England peopled by inhabitants as submissive as the natives of Lower Bengal who had lost all spirit, self-confidence, and independence during long years of oppression, and if one could conceive further, that the most infamous ruffians of the Haymarket were gathered together and sent to rule these dependencies, stimulated only by a desire to gratify their basest passions, and to accumulate ill-gotten wealth, then one would have a parallel to the government of the Turkish provinces."—Mr. GREGORY in the *House of Commons*, 1863.

(60.) Kralishé is the feminine of kral, a contemptuous title

given to Christian sovereigns. It is the Slavonian word for a chief. I once heard the term applied to our gracious Queen by our head dragoman, M. E. Pisani, in an official audience given by the late Sultan to Lord Stratford, who, being ignorant of Turkish, could not feel the indignation I did.

(61.) A full description of the massacre of Baabda and Hadet is to be found in Churchill's *Druses and Maronites*.

(62.) "The consuls were only too ready to give their adhesion to a mutual action, which, if faithfully performed by both parties, would at once have secured the establishment of peace; and they promised to use their utmost influence in the manner the pasha required. The latter had adroitly and wickedly gained a vital point. Making use of the representatives of the European powers as his tools, he had neutralized the general combination and onward movement of the Christian body, which might even yet have rallied and made a good resistance. He took good care, however, to send no such orders as he had promised to the Druses, who pursued uninterruptedly their bloodthirsty career."—CHURCHILL'S *Druses and Maronites*.

(63.) As I have introduced into my tale consuls who are still living, I ought, perhaps, to say that their conversations are imaginary.

(64.) This massacre I have, for the convenience of my tale, made to take place on the road from Beyrout to Damascus. It may stand as a faint description of the massacre of Deir el Kamar, which is vigorously told in Churchill's *Druses and Maronites*.

(65.) "During all this time the Moslems became more

assuming, insolent, and threatening; the insults heaped on the Christians more numerous, shameful, and alarming; while the Christians became more terrified, subdued, and cringing. They seemed to yield up at once all the rights and liberties which they had gained during the last twenty-seven years. They did not venture to ride any animal in the city; they ceased to resent any insult, or complain of any injury; they abstained from demanding payment of debts, or enforcing claims against Moslems; they submitted in silence to imposition, and sometimes to assaults."—*Correspondence relating to Affairs of Syria*, page 142.

(66.) I am aware that a quotation from an ancient law book is no proof that the spirit of it exists at present, unless collateral evidence is at hand to the same effect. I appeal to the daily history of the Ottoman empire as collateral evidence that the spirit of the Mooltaka exists as strongly as ever. During the debate on Turkey in the session of 1863, Mr. Layard called in question the authenticity of the quotation which had been given in a pamphlet. I beg to refer him to the original in the British Museum, the *Mooltaka-'l-Bahrayn*, as well known in the Ottoman empire as Blackstone's *Commentaries* are in England.

(67.) "A Turkish regiment had, with customary circumspection, been ordered into the Christian quarter to *protect* the Christians—the identical regiment which, one month before, had presided over the massacre at Hasbeya! The souls of the poor Christians sank within them at the sight; they felt their doom was sealed. Yet, still hoping against hope, they endeavoured to win the hearts of their protectors. The officers were feasted—the men were treated. Hundreds of pounds were collected and distributed amongst them, or spent for their gratification."—CHURCHILL'S *Druses and Maronites*.

"The soldiers recruited in Syria were not to be depended on, as was evident from their conduct at Hasbeya and Rasheya ; and these very men were those selected to guard the Christian quarter on the occasion of the Bairam, and to repress the outbreak."—*Syrian Correspondence*, Consul BRANT.

(68.) "Fresh outrages." Two years afterwards Belgrade, a city full of Christian women and children, was bombarded by Achir Pasha, and the British Foreign minister, as usual, took the part of the Turks.

(69.) The Turkish circular, of which I speak, was actually issued from Constantinople, and accidentally discovered by one of our consuls.

(70.) The Bashi Bazooks of Selim Agha-el-Muhaineih, Mustafa Bey-el-Hawasaly, and others, the Kurdish Irregulars, under Muhammad Said Agha, and the zaptiés, or police, were among the earliest and the most active in the work of murder and plunder. Many of the Bashi Bazooks, as those under Hawasaly, had been specially enrolled to preserve the peace of the city during the excitement.

(71.) "It appears that some Moslems took pains to reassure them. On the previous evening the now infamous Mustafa Bey-el-Hawasaly called on several of the principal Christians, to persuade them that there was no longer any reason to fear, and that they might go to sleep with their doors open, and he would guarantee their perfect safety. On the 9th July, therefore, the poor Christians congratulated one another that they had escaped, and they generally returned, after a long intermission, to their usual occupations. The government clerks went to the seraglio, the shopkeepers resumed their business,

the tradesmen went to their work, the children were sent to school."—*Correspondence relating to the Affairs of Syria*, 1860-61, p. 142.

(72.) "On that day the pasha ordered two young Moslems to be put in irons for insulting Christians, and about two o'clock P.M., they were sent to sweep the streets. Immediately, as if this had been a preconcerted signal, the people in the principal bazaars began to shut their shops, call on the religion of Mahomed, curse infidels, excite one another to arm and attack the Christians, and run together to the Christian quarter. Almost at the same moment the mob began to collect, arm, and run from the streets adjacent to the Christian quarter, the Shagur, a suburb on the south of the city, the Meidan, a large suburb on the south-west, and a mile and a half to two miles from the Christian quarter, and from Salehiyeh, a large suburban village two miles off. They encouraged and excited one another, by calling on their religion and Prophet, by imprecations on the infidels, and by crying 'Arm, arm! kill, plunder, burn! the time of slaughter has come! the sun of slaughter has arisen!' and by similar expressions."—*Syrian Correspondence*, 1860-61.

(73.) "The mob believed that all this was sanctioned by the views of the officers of government, the chief men of the city, and the heads of religion, and that it was permitted, if not required, by their religion."—*Syrian Correspondence*, 1860-61.

"It seems to Ali Pasha, however, that the tax which M. Outrey proposes to levy on Damascus will be the complete destruction of the city, and will be unjust, because it will fall principally on the wealthy inhabitants who opposed the late disturbances."—Sir HENRY BULWER, in *Syrian Correspondence*.

"Pre-eminent amongst these was Sheik Abdullah-el-Halibi, principal sheikh of the great mosque of Damascus, regarded by the Christians of this city as a principal, if not the chief instigator of the fearful massacre to which so many of them fell victims, and who, in their estimation, ought therefore to have been one of the first criminals executed. I believe that all, or nearly all, the European agents coincided with the native Christians in this view."—*Syrian Correspondence*.

"Many of the sheikhs and ulemas, and principal men, disguised themselves, and plundered in the Christian quarter.

"But the assembling, and agreement, and union, and concert, and purpose of all the people in Damascus, with the villagers and Arabs, in the space of an hour, for the accomplishment of the sedition in Damascus, could not have occurred without some previous determination on the part of their leading men."—*Letter from a Turkish Moslem in Damascus : Syrian Correspondence*.

"The priests and higher orders of Mussulmans seem to have behaved well, and to have done their utmost to save the lives of the Christians and tranquillize the disorder, in which but a small mob seem, at first, to have been concerned."—SIR H. BULWER.

What can have been the motive of this absurd statement of the ambassador?

"There is also a strong feeling that the ulema have been too leniently dealt with. Fuad Pasha says he cannot get positive evidence against some who are in arrest; but most people think the evidence would have sufficed to have hanged any other persons. The sheikh Abdullah-el-Halebee, the Mufti, and Ghuzzee Effendi, are believed to have pushed on the Mussulmans to the excesses they committed. The first, in particular, is known to have been the chief instigator in the murder of the Christians. By common report I learn that

evidence enough of guilt has been given against this man ; his residence was full of plunder, but was not searched. He was assailed in his house by Moslem women wailing the execution of their husbands, and charging him with having caused their fate by his counsels.

“Everybody believes that sufficient evidence could be found, if it be wanted, and that to allow these men to escape the punishment of death will be a great wrong, and do more harm than the executions have done good.”—CONSUL BRANT.

(74.) The admirable way in which Abdel-Kader behaved during the massacre at Damascus is matter of history. He was, in consequence, exposed to the malignant persecutions of the Turkish government. (*Vide* Lord Dufferin's evidence on this point in the Blue Book on Syria.) If the natives wanted proof of Turkish complicity, here was one not unimportant fact. When nearly all the European Powers sent presents and decorations to Abdel Kader, except England, there were not wanting people among the natives, who pointed to the fact as proof of the strong alliance between the Turkish and English Governments. The omission was assuredly a piece of egregious stupidity.

(75.) “The heat is very great now, and I fear, unless the Christians soon be removed, they will have to leave their bones here, for some frightful pestilence cannot but break out soon. There are 12,000 in the castle, exposed to heat, and scarcely fed. I went to see them, and passed through them, but with tremendous difficulty. I was nearly torn to pieces.”—MR. GRAHAM to Consul-General MOORE.

(76.) “Of the men who were in the houses, or in the Christian quarter, some fled to the churches, to the Austrian consulate,

or to the houses of their richer neighbours, but none of these places afforded safety. Many hid in closets, necessities, or cellars, or on the roofs of the house, and they were almost all discovered, and most of them murdered. A number of them went down into wells, &c."—*Syrian Correspondence*.

(77.) "The better armed, the more respectable, and the more bold and violent of the murderers, generally appropriated to themselves the more valuable articles in the house, and then left it for another. But they were followed by successive parties of the lower rabble, the unarmed, the poor, the weak, the women, and even children, and they stripped the house of all that remained. Not only the contents of the house, but doors, windows, window-shutters, and the paneling of the walls, were carried off. Even firewood, charcoal, the marble of the floors, and the timber of the roofs, were in many cases taken away. Besides what men, women, and children carried away, camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, were employed to remove plunder."—*Syrian Correspondence*.

When in Damascus, some months after the event, I met with an English gentleman who was in the city during the massacre, and, from a hole in the wall of his hiding-place, he saw Turkish officers and soldiers in uniform assisting in the work of plunder.

(78.) I have put into the mouth of the consul words taken from the *Saturday Review*.

(79.) "The pashas of Damascus ruled over the greater part of Palestine, and the whole country east of the Jordan; they had also a nominal authority over the warlike tribes of Lebanon. A single instance is sufficient to illustrate the way in which they executed the trust confided to them by the

Sultan. Mohammed Pasha had nominated a local chief to the government of the southern division of the Lebanon; a more powerful rival met him while on his way to take charge of his district, routed his guards, and cut off his head! Having accomplished his purpose, he wrote to inform the pasha of what had occurred. "It is of no consequence," was the reply; "give me a hundred purses, and name what governor you please!"—PORTER'S *Five Years in Damascus*.

(80.) The forests of Turkey, which are, we believe, almost exclusively the property of the Government, produce 660,972 piastres, or no more than 5,000*l.* per annum.

In Greece, which is in extent scarcely one-fifth of European Turkey, and which, though some parts of it produce timber of considerable value, is renowned in about an equal degree for the sterility of its soil and the inefficiency of its administration, the forests are estimated to yield annually to the Government 270,000 francs, or 10,800*l.*

(81.) I speak from my own experience—such scenes happened in the palace of the Greek patriarch when I lived at Constantinople.

(82.) "The Russian consulate, in the centre of the Christian quarter, was one of the first houses attacked, plundered, and set on fire. His dragoman was killed. Two of his servants escaped by hiding in a cellar, where, though the house was burned over them, they remained four days without food or drink. Among the houses first broken into were those of the Dutch and Belgian vice-consuls, the United States vice-consul, and Mr. Frazer, an American missionary. The first of these had escaped with his family before the house was attacked. Mr. Frazer and his family had gone from the city

before the outbreak. The American vice-consul was very severely wounded, and escaped with great difficulty. The houses of the richer Christians were nearly all assaulted, the mob being attracted by the prospect of rich plunder. Then the houses adjoining them were attacked, and so the plundering, murder, conflagration, and ruin spread more and more. The Greek church and patriarchate afforded plunder of great value in church ornament and plate, the rich dresses of the clergy, the patriarch's plate, and the money in the treasury. —*Syrian Correspondence.*

(83.) “A mob of Moslems from Salehiyeh brought, it is said, by Sheikh Abdullah-el-Haleby, under pretence of putting out the fire, commenced a new and very horrid work, in which others soon joined them. They went round the different quarters in which Christians had taken refuge, demanded that they should be given up, and either killed them as soon as they appeared in the street, and dragged their bodies to the Christian quarter, or first conducted them alive to the ruins, and killed them there. The number massacred in this brutal and shocking way, after their property and houses were destroyed, and after that they had hoped that the bitterness of death was past, it is impossible to ascertain with any exactness, unless the Government were to institute a *bonâ fide* and rigid investigation in the districts of the city which were the scenes of these horrible murders.”—*Syrian Correspondence.*

“It is true that some persons among the Moslems took from the Christian quarter a few men, women, and children, and conveyed them to their houses; and they also took some persons to their houses from the castle, asking the privilege of taking them, as though they had merciful intentions towards them; but, alas, for these poor people! what harm

and torture they inflicted upon them in their houses, in order to make them disclose the places where they had concealed their property, and how many acts of wicked violence were inflicted upon them! and on the morrow they would return a part of them to the castle, and kill a part, while others were compelled to become Moslems." — *Syrian Correspondence : Letter of a Moslem Turk.*

(84.) "How deeply rooted is the rancour which has now burst forth among the Moslem population, was painfully shown at Damascus last week, in the attempt to poison the wretched pittance of bread issued to the refugees in the castle, and to which seven or eight fell victims before the diabolical plot was discovered." — Major FRASER, in *Syrian Correspondence.*

I have assumed throughout my story that the government at Constantinople prepared the massacres of Syria. Such a horrible accusation requires strong proofs, as governments in Europe are presumed to be composed of humane and enlightened individuals, altogether incapable of deliberate wrong. I have, however, no doubt on my own mind, that the bloodshed and rapine which devastated Syria in 1860 were the direct result of Constantinopolitan plots.

First. I believe so from an intimate knowledge of the kind of men who rise to power in Turkey. As Admiral Slade observes—"The possessor of greatness in the East, in nineteen cases out of twenty, rises from nothing. Why? Because crime or vice is there the high, the only road to power; consequently men who are in easy circumstances will not, unless goaded by unusual ambition, enter it; they shudder at its first steps, and having the comforts of life, with peace of mind, care not for the baubles of life as the price of it." The personal character of many of the highest dignitaries of the empire, and the steps by which they attained their eminence, are too loathsome to mention; suffice it to say that no plot or con-

spiracy can be too bad to be conceived or carried out by such wretches and their myrmidons.

Had the civil war broken out in spite of the government, it is to be supposed that in those districts where the Turkish troops were quartered the flames would have been quelled, or that some attempt at repression would have been observed. What says Colonel Fraser, who was one of H.M.'s Commissioners, on this point?—

“It is, however, a remarkable fact, that the only points at which serious massacres occurred, were precisely and exclusively the points at which there were Turkish garrisons. Witness the tragedies of Hasbeya, Rasheya, Deir-el-Kamar, Sidon, Zahlé, Damascus, the principal garrisons of this part of Syria. Near Beyrout itself, the villages of Babdal and Hadad were burned within 300 yards of the pasha's camp, and before his eyes, without an attempt being made to save them; the only movement made being on the part of the Bashi Bazooks, who rushed forth to plunder the Christians.”

Lord Dufferin, in his character of British Commissioner, and therefore bound by the traditions of the Foreign Office to support the Turks, could not shut his eyes to the proofs of their complicity in the hellish plot; he thinks, however, that all that the Sultan's advisers intended was a mild blood-letting, but that the clumsy phlebotomists opened a big artery instead of a vein. He says:—

“In proportion as foreign influences exalted the arrogance and fanaticism of the Christians, their independence became more insufferable to the Turks, and a determination was arrived at to inflict on them, through the instrumentality of the Druses, a severer chastisement than they had yet received. What occurred at Hasbeya, Rasheya, and Deir el Kamar was an exaggeration of the plan. Khoorshid Pasha and his accomplices were incapable of carrying so subtle a policy into

execution; the play was overacted, and an esclandre took place."

Lord Dufferin does not give any reasons for this idea of his that the play was overacted. Had such been the case, it is to be supposed that Abd-el-Kader, who saved some hundreds of the Christians of Damascus, would have been eagerly thanked and rewarded by the Turkish Government for having modified somewhat the horrors of that massacre, instead of which Lord Dufferin tells us of the "sinister alacrity" of the Government in depriving the followers of Abd-el-Kader of their arms, and of the "disfavour and neglect displayed by the authorities to those citizens who assisted the Christians during the massacre." Surely this disposition of the Turks does not look like an overacting of the play.

One would have supposed, too, that any civilized Government would have disowned and punished the perpetrators of these foul deeds; nevertheless, Fuad Pasha, the Sultan's vicegerent, made an attempt to keep Khurshid Pasha, of Beyrout, one of the ringleaders, in office, which drew forth a manly rebuke from Admiral Martin.

Fuad Pasha, too, cleverly contrived to allow the Druses to escape by an adroit semblance of co-operation with the French, who were hemming them into a certain district.

Lastly at this present hour Khurshid and Tahir Pasha are living lives of luxury, and possess even political power and influence, after having presided over massacres which have had no parallel out of China in this century, unless it be the massacre of Scio or some of the butcheries of the Greeks, during the war of independence.

It may be said, on the other hand, that some scores of murderers were hanged and shot by Fuad Pasha in Damascus. Granted that many of the mob might be sacrificed to appease offended Europe. But Ahmet Pasha, too, was shot. Was

he? I never yet heard of any reputable witness who saw that execution.

In conclusion, I would notice a clever Turkish trick contrived for bringing odium on the Christians, and which was rewarded by success.

Fuad Pasha called on the Christian bishops to give him a list of the "most barbarous" of the Druses. The bishops named deputies who presented Fuad Pasha with a list containing the names of 4,600 Druses and 360 Mahometans and Metualis, all of whom had taken part in the massacre.

I prefer to quote the words of Colonel Churchill on the result. "An insinuation was immediately mooted and spread abroad, that the Christian deputies had asked for the heads of 4,600 Druses! one actively countenanced by, if not indeed emanating from, the Turkish authorities, who were of course only too glad to see the character of the Syrian Christians placed in such a light as would bring upon them the odium, instead of enlisting in their behalf the commiseration, of Europe. A more crafty, a more malicious, and, shame be it said, a more successful stroke of policy than this, perhaps, was never achieved. For absolutely from this very period, and as a consequence of this accusation, in which the Christian bishops and deputies were alike confounded, the current of public opinion, in some parts of Europe, and especially in England, was completely turned, and English statesmen and legislators, and English journals and philanthropists, vied with each other in unmeasured abuse of the unfortunate Christians."

The different dignitaries and officials of the Turkish empire mentioned in this book are imaginary personages. I was not in the country during the years in which the scene of the novel is laid, and so do not know who held the posts of Grand Vizier, Minister of Justice, Minister of War, Home Secretary, &c. &c.

I have refrained from pointing at any particular individuals amongst the governing class of Turkey, and disclaim personalities, except in the instance of convicted criminals, such as Tahir and Khurshid Pashas.

The reader may find here and there a Persian or Arabic expression in the mouth of a Turk. This occasionally occurs in consequence of the frequent communication between the natives of those countries.

The Turkish words are spelt as pronounced, and some of them are provincial rather than Constantinopolitan.

THE END.

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BY J. W. FULTON, ESQ., OF NEW-YORK

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THE END

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The Hekim Bashi: or the adventures of Giuseppe Antonelli, a doctor in the
Turkish service In 2 vol

Bd.: 2

London 1864

P.o.angl. 604 I-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10753542-9